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By George Haven Putnam

A Memoir of George Palmer Putnam
A Prisoner of War in Virginia (1864-5)
Abraham Lincoln
The Censorship of the Church of Rome
Books and Their Makers during the Middle Ages
Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times
The Question of Copyright
The Little Gingerbread Man
The Artificial Mother
Authors and Publishers

Memories of My Youth

1844–1865

By

George Haven Putnam, Litt.D.

Late Brevet Major, 176th Regt., N. Y. S. Vols.

Author of "Memoir of G. P. Putnam," "Life of Lincoln," "Books and Their Makers," etc.

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London
The Knickerbocker Press
1914

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GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

FOREWORD

FOR the labour of shaping for the press the present volume, I am under obligations, as has been the case with the several books that preceded it, to the skill and devoted service of my home secretary, my daughter Ethel. My eyesight has always been restricted, and as since 1864 my writing arm has been disabled, I am, in preparing material for the press, dependent upon the help of others.

My record of the events of the earlier years is based in part upon some home letters of my own which had fortunately escaped destruction, and in part upon my memory of conversations with my father. It is quite possible that for some portions of the narrative which were not covered by such letters or conversations, my memory may be at fault in regard to one detail or another, but I hope that the oversights will not be found important.

If the time and the strength are spared, it is my purpose to continue this narrative later with a record of the succeeding half-century, under the title of *Memories of a Publisher*.

G. H. P.

NEW YORK,
January 1, 1914.

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Memories of My Youth

Memories of My Youth

Introductory

I HAVE completed the seventh decade of my life, the period in which preparation and anticipation are succeeded by reminiscence. My children have from time to time called upon me to tell them about things which have happened to me, and I am writing out, or rather I am dictating, these reminiscences for the purpose of preserving a record of such matters as I can remember and as are likely to present any continued interest for family or for friends. The events of my life have not been important in any large sense of the term, but my experiences, while similar to those of many other American citizens of my generation, have been of interest to myself, and may, I trust, possess some value for those who are interested in the personality of the writer.

The record of the family ancestry has been set forth, as far as the data were available, in a biographical sketch of my father published some years back, and I will, therefore, repeat here only the more essential facts which are needed to make the present narrative complete in itself.

The family, whose earlier name was Puttenham, had its English home in the County of Buckinghamshire. I understand that the name Puttenham was itself a develop-

ment from the name Putt, which is still common in the north of Friesland, and that my ancestors came over with the Angles and Jutes in the time of Hengist and Horsa. The earliest of the English ancestors of whom I find record was Nicholas Puttnam or Puttenham, of Penne, in the County of Bucks, who was born in 1523. George Puttenham, whose *Art of Poesie* made him known among the littérateurs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, was also a resident of Penne, and appears to have been a cousin of Nicholas. The genealogy of the Putnam family of New England, now in course of publication by Eben Putnam of Salem, Massachusetts, will make clear which of the descendants of Nicholas joined his fortunes to those of the Puritans who migrated to Massachusetts.

The branch from which my father was descended made its home in Danvers. My father's father, Henry, was born in Boston, and having been graduated from Harvard, was admitted, about 1806, as a member of the Massachusetts bar. Henry married, in 1807, Catherine Hunt Palmer of Boston. Her father was Joseph Pearse Palmer, who was the son of General Joseph Palmer. The latter had, in 1774, been chairman of the Committee of Safety. He took part with the "Indians" who threw overboard from the British brigs the tea on which the Colonists refused to pay the tax assessed by Parliament, and I understand that it was at Palmer's house, on the shore of the lower bay, that the so-called "Indians" came together on that eventful night. Joseph Palmer served through the Revolutionary War with credit, and retired at the close, with the rank of Brigadier-General. General Israel Putnam, and his cousin General Rufus Putnam, were cousins of Henry Putnam's grandfather. The record of the former in the Colonial wars and throughout the Revolutionary contest, from Bunker Hill to Burgoyne's surrender (at which time he was disabled by

a stroke of paralysis), is a part of the history of the country.

The career of the younger General, Rufus Putnam, during the Revolutionary War, while perhaps not so important, was creditable. Rufus had made a study of military engineering, and it was by him that were constructed the works on Dorchester Heights which made necessary the evacuation of Boston by the British fleet and by Gage's army. He was also the builder of Fort Putnam at West Point.

The most noteworthy service of Rufus was, however, rendered some years after the close of the Revolution when he acted as leader of the expedition of settlers from Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont, which went westward down the Ohio River and founded the town of Marietta. The name of the town was selected by Rufus in memory of the service rendered to the Continentals by Marie Antoinette. The constitution for the new community was drafted by Putnam on his way down the river and contained the earliest of the territorial declarations against the institution of slavery, the holding of slaves being forbidden between the confines of the newly organised territory. This constitution, accepted by the national government, then located at Philadelphia, served as a model for the several constitutions of the farther north-west territory.

In 1810, Henry Putnam, who had made a promising beginning in his career, had a stroke of paralysis, an exceptional difficulty for so young a man. The paralytic condition passed away, but he was forbidden by his physicians to resume the practice of law, and was recommended an outdoor life. His resources were slender, and the problem of supporting the family (the first child had just been born) must, of course, have been perplexing. My grandmother had received more of an education than

in the early part of the nineteenth century was usually given to girls, and she was also a woman of energy and resource. She opened a school in Brunswick, Maine, to which place she had been invited by her old schoolfellow Narcissa Stone, whose father, Amasa Stone, was one of the substantial merchants of the town. Mr. Stone provided the house which was first occupied by the school.

In the Memoir of my Father, I have given the record of his birth in Brunswick in 1814; his apprenticeship in Boston in a business carried on by his father's cousin John Gulliver; and his coming to New York in 1829, in search for a business opening. The Memoir goes on to recount my father's early service as a bookseller and his association in 1840 with John Wiley in the firm of Wiley & Putnam. My father had, as early as 1837, made a first visit to London as a representative of the preceding firm of Wiley & Long; and he had found himself impressed with the possibilities of building up a business in the importation to New York of British books and in arranging with English publishers for American editions of such of their books as were likely to prove of interest for American readers. He succeeded in persuading his partner, Mr. Wiley, that there would be good promise of remunerative business for the young firm through the institution in London of a branch House, and in 1841 he migrated to London, and established in Paternoster Row a branch of Wiley & Putnam. The business was, a year or two later, moved to Waterloo Place. It was through this enterprise and venture of my father that I came to be an Englishman by birth. It was a convenience for me that in 1842, two years before I had any ground for personal interest in the matter, Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, had brought about an arrangement with Her Majesty's Government to cover the requirements of children born, whether in Great Britain or in the United States, of transatlantic parentage.

Under the provisions of this agreement, a son born in London whose parents were American citizens could make decision on arriving at the age of twenty-one whether he would select citizenship in Great Britain or in the United States, and a similar privilege was accorded to a child of English parents born in the United States.

Under this arrangement, there was no requirement on either side of the Atlantic for naturalisation. On my twenty-first birthday, I was busy in North Carolina assisting General Sherman to secure the surrender of the last army of the Confederacy. In the pressure of other matters, I had forgotten all about this detail of selection of citizenship, but I judge that I have since April, 1865, been an American citizen by implication.

I

A First Glimpse of England

1844–1848

THE sojourn of the family in London continued for seven years, during which time the three eldest children were born. The first home was in Euston Square, the second in St. John's Wood, and the third, occupied during the last three years of our stay, was in Mornington Road. My first glimpse of England came to me in 1844, but as this was also the first year of my life, my personal observations, while doubtless at the time interesting to myself, are not available for record. I have, however, had opportunity since that date of making successive visits across the Atlantic and have naturally been interested in observing the various changes that have taken place in English conditions, political and social, and in the mental attitudes of the Englishmen with whom I have come into relations. Among these changes, I may note certain material modifications in the views taken by Englishmen of men and things in America, but in considering these, it is, of course, necessary to bear in mind that my own point of view and my impressions of matters English have naturally altered with increasing knowledge and with maturer judgment.

In 1848, at the time when my father brought his family

back to New York, I was but four years of age, and my direct memories of the London sojourn can, therefore, at best have been but slight. The fragmentary impressions, however, of these earlier years were supplemented by the stories of our English nurse (who was never wearied of talking of London), by the reminiscences of my mother, and later, during my own annual visits to England, by talks with my father's friends and by visits to our old abiding places, so that as I grew up I came to have in mind a fairly complete picture of our London home, and of the happenings of our family life in England. The children of the St. John's Wood region used in the 40's, as they continue to use to-day, Primrose Hill as a playground. The Hill is, I judge, old-time common land of the Parish of Paddington. At all events, it continues now, as it was in my childhood, unhampered by any restrictions for the protection of the grass or for other purposes. The larger youngsters played ball, and the smaller ones rolled over the slope in the sunshine, when there was any sunshine. Regent's Park was also used for our outings, but we very much preferred the unhampered open green and somewhat mixed society of the ill-kept common to the prim and well-cared-for lanes and paths of the beautiful and comparatively aristocratic Park. Occasionally, we had the excitement of an expedition to Hampstead Heath, where the nurses exchanged legends of footpads and highwaymen, legends the fascination of which for us little ones was to come later. The feeling of homelike reminiscence that comes to me in arriving from year to year at Euston or at Waterloo, I am disposed to connect with the first whiffs of that wonderful compound of soot, fog, and roast mutton that go to the making of the atmosphere of London, and to the association of these familiar odours with the earliest breathings of my infancy in the paternal cottage in St. John's Wood.

My father was the first of the American publishers to invade England, and his circle of friends included, in addition to the leading publishers of the time, many of the writers whose names became famous in Victorian literature, and a number also of the statesmen and other citizens (a group much smaller sixty-five years ago than it is to-day) who were prepared to interest themselves in American affairs and who were, therefore, glad to keep in touch with a well-informed Yankee. The young publisher also came into friendly relations with an interesting group of foreigners, some of whom were exiles, and others for whom exile may possibly not have been enforced but who on one ground or another found residence in the colony of Leicester Square easier or less risky than in their home countries.

The group of publishers included John Murray the second (Byron's Murray), and his son John the third. I have had the pleasure of continued personal association with John the fourth, and with his son, John the fifth, who ably continues the dynasty of this historic House; Richard Bentley, stalwart Tory and "publisher to Her Majesty"; Francis Rivington, "publisher for the Church," whose firm, dating back to 1711, was, I believe, the oldest in the Kingdom; Thomas Longmans, head of the next oldest concern; Edward Moxon, the first publisher of Tennyson, and also publisher for Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb; (Moxon, whom my father described as having a most attractive personality, married Emma Isola, the adopted daughter of Charles Lamb); Henry George Bohn, creator of the first "libraries," or uniformly printed series of books accepted as classics; George Smith, then a youngster among the book men, head of the firm of Smith & Elder, the publishers of Cornhill, from whose office Thackeray sallied forth for his famous journey from Cornhill to Cairo; Nicholas Trübner, a scholarly young

German, who became known as the leading publisher of oriental literature, and Daniel Macmillan, founder (with his younger brother Alexander) of a publishing firm which within a comparatively brief term of years has become one of the most important in Europe.

My father's American agency in Waterloo Place became something of a centre for American residents and for the (not very large) group of Englishmen who were interesting themselves in American affairs. My father described to me in later years his interest in the political activities of the London of the early '40's. He was particularly interested in the events of Charter Day, the famous tenth of April, 1848, when the great petition was presented to the House of Commons, and when, in connection with the outbreaks that were apprehended in London, a number of quiet citizens were given badges of authority as special constables. It is probable that a considerable proportion of the trusted tradesmen were carrying guns for the first time in their lives. In a number of *Punch* issued during the Charter Days, there is a picture of one of these citizen constables in his uniform, surrounded by admiring members of his family, preparing, on the evening of April 9th, for the strenuous service of the following day by drying his powder on a shovel over the kitchen fire!

"The Chartists," says the historian McCarthy, "were divided roughly into three classes: The regular political agitators, who contended steadily for the six points of the Charter and for nothing more, and who hoped to compass their ends (as indeed most of these ends were finally compassed) by open and constitutional agitation; the socialist Chartists, men who believed the whole condition of things to be wrong, and who wanted to turn society upside down in the hope that a general rearrangement must result in a fairer division of the resources of the

community; and finally, the men who had given no special thought to theories of social organisation, but who were driven into Chartism by vague discontent, or by suffering that was not vague but very real and intense, and who attached themselves to Chartism because it promised to get rid of the bread tax and because it held out to them the promise of a fair wage for a fair day's work. There were also with the discontented of 1841–48 (as with those of many later years) not a few whose yearning was for a full day's wage without a fair day's work." A dramatic presentation of the dreams and hopes of the Chartists is given in Kingsley's romance *Alton Locke*.

The six "points" or contentions presented in the "People's Charter" as the programme of the People's Party were: 1. Annual parliament. 2. Universal suffrage. This probably did not include what is to-day called "equal suffrage," or votes for both sexes. 3. Vote by ballot. 4. Abolition of property qualification for membership in the House of Commons. 5. Payment of members. 6. Equalisation of the electoral districts. The substance of the Charter was drafted as far back as 1836 by six of the more "advanced" members of the House, with O'Connell as leader.

Of these contentions, the following have at this date (1913) been secured: Vote by ballot; abolition of property qualification for membership in the House of Commons; payment of members. The demand for universal suffrage has been practically secured as far as males are concerned, and if the suffrage is not yet equal for both sexes, it is certainly not for want of energetic demand and protest on the part of the women.

I can make space here for reference to only one of the friends with whom I came into relations during this earliest sojourn in England. The house adjoining my

father's in Mornington Road was occupied by John Champney Rutter, a solicitor of the old-fashioned type, whose wife had been interested in rendering friendly service to my mother during her first troubles with the problems of London housekeeping. Mr. Rutter's only son Henry was my first playfellow. After taking a degree in London, young Henry entered his father's office and in the ordinary course of succession became later what was known as the "firm." He was an excellent student both as a schoolboy and a collegian, and he preserved through his life the habit of reading and a fondness for classic literature, using the term "classic" to cover, in addition to the great authors of antiquity, a careful selection of English writers down to, say, the beginning of the nineteenth century. For "books of the day," as he called them, he had no respect. A work of literature must have secured the appreciation of several generations before it seemed to him deserving of time or attention. He was willing to admit that some work of permanent value might be produced by contemporary writers, but he preferred to leave to others the task of sifting out from the great mass of current literature the books which were to survive. Harry Rutter had a high standard of citizenship but his range was strictly limited. He found it difficult to make allowance for the changes in conditions, in ideals, and in methods that must come from generation to generation. The Tory gentleman of the Addisonian period who feared God, honoured his king, was intimate with his Horace, and did his duty in the sphere of life in which he found himself, was accepted by Rutter (more or less unconsciously) as a satisfactory working model to guide the action of the Englishman of the nineteenth century. Changes were, in his view, almost of necessity evils. The word "progress" he connected with Radicalism and Radicalism meant the undermining of Church and State. While he was in a

way exceptionally fair-minded, and was always ready to give respectful attention to the opinions of others, it was almost impossible through these opinions to modify in any way his own conclusions or points of view. He lacked ambition and it is my impression that he found persistent application to the routine of office law work irksome. I imagine that his father was probably the better lawyer of the two. The business of the office was certainly much more successful under the father's direction. Shortly after Harry came into charge of affairs, certain important reforms in Chancery procedure were brought about. Some of these may have been suggested by the *Bleak House* of Charles Dickens. In any case, this powerful story and other writings bearing upon the accumulated abuses in the Chancery Courts, brought to bear upon these abuses so large a measure of popular criticism and indignation that the government had to act. In the early sixties, the courts were re-organised and the management of property and of the other matters that came into the Chancery divisions was very much simplified and rendered less expensive. The public rejoiced, while the lawyers, whose business was itself an inheritance through generations, were naturally enough not a little critical as to the value of "reforms" through which their incomes were cut off. The more enterprising among the Chancery practitioners reshaped their methods and made business in other directions. The firm of Rutter & Son could, unfortunately, not be classed as enterprising. Enterprise in Harry Rutter's eyes meant competition, contest, and other things that a gentleman ought not to permit himself. He allowed, therefore, his business to rust away from him and accepted patiently enough the inconveniences of a diminishing income with an increasing family. Apart from political questions, that is to say, from questions of the present time, Rutter was exceptionally intelligent and

his intelligence acted upon a vast fund of information. I should have accepted without question his judgment in a matter connected with Cleon or Nicias, or the Roman Senate; but in any issue between Disraeli and Gladstone or Derby and Bright, his opinion was for me not important. It was not simply that his conclusions were Tory and were always opposed to any change of existing conditions, but that these conclusions were arrived at not through reason but through dogma. With all his limitations, Harry Rutter was a true-hearted Christian gentleman, a man to trust implicitly and to hold in strong regard. He was my earliest friend in England and our friendship continued unbroken until his death in 1895.

The medical adviser of our family, Dr. Newton, was, like his neighbour Rutter, a practitioner of the old type. He was a fine natured and fair-minded man, but his fair-mindedness, like that of his friend Rutter, and for that matter of many Englishmen of his generation, was restricted within certain not very wide limits. It was essential for his consideration of any subject or of any issues that a few main things must be assumed or taken for granted. Among these were the Apostolic Succession in the Church of England and the consequent futility and absurdity of all dissent; the righteousness of all doings of the English branch of the Anglo-Saxon group, at least in so far as the voters of England would keep themselves under the guidance of their natural and proper leaders, the conservative men of the Church. Dr. Newton seemed to have had a very comfortable faith that the Lord was in a direct alliance with the Queen of England, and that through properly selected conservative rulers, the nation could come to know the Lord's will. While devoted to his own daughter (an only child) and possessing also a most chivalrous feeling for women generally, he had a very

definite idea of the proper limitation for the development of women's minds and for the training of their intelligence. A professional woman was to him something to be frowned upon very severely, and it was with sincere personal concern that he learned on my first visit to him in later years that my sister Minnie, his old-time pet and the daughter of warmly valued friends, should have strayed into such heretical paths as the pursuit of medical science. "No, no," he said, "a woman's part has been clearly fixed by God and by Nature. There is work enough for her to do in the home and in vocations immediately connected with home duty." Dr. Newton found some difficulty in understanding why the guidance of the Lord should permit so much radicalism in England and throughout the world, but I think he looked forward to the checking of this radical wave and a recurrence of the old-time conservative ways under which the people were to fear God, honour the King, obey the squire, accept as practically inspired the word of the Rector, and do their duty without any restless ambition for a change of sphere. Dr. Newton's character is worth recalling because he was a type of a generation and of a method of thought and belief that has so largely disappeared.

The England that my father knew in the early '40's was still largely dependent for its communication and transportation upon the stage-coach and the waggon. The first of the passenger railroads, that from Liverpool to Manchester, had, to be sure, been opened as far back as 1830, the opening being associated with the tragedy of the death of Huskisson, recently leader of the House. The development of the railroads for the first decade went on, however, but slowly, and it was not until 1838 that the road from London to Birmingham came into operation.

During the years between 1840 and 1850, although

steamers were already traversing the North Atlantic with a certain measure of regularity, a very considerable portion of the traffic, not only for freight but for passengers, continued to depend upon the sailing vessels. The *Savannah* had crossed the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool as early as 1818, making the passage (with the use both of steam and of sails) in twenty-six days. The first steamers making schedule trips were the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*. The line was known as the Great Western Steamship Company, and its operations began in 1838. The charges for passengers on these earlier steamships were of necessity heavy, and it was a number of years before travellers became accustomed to the idea of trusting themselves on the Atlantic to steam-engines, so that even apart from the question of expense, the more conservative travellers continued to give their patronage to the packet vessels. Of these, there were, back of 1850, several famous and well-appointed lines, such as the Black Star, the Black Ball, and others. The owners of the former line, Williams & Guion, organised later one of the earliest steamship companies, known as the Atlantic and Great Western, or the Guion Line, the flag of which continued to carry the old sign of a black star. To this line belonged the *Margaret Evans* which brought my parents to England.

During my father's seven years' sojourn in England, he experimented more than once with the steamers. He told me that he had his passage engaged for the *President* at the time of her last trip. In connection with some business complications, he was obliged at the last moment to forfeit his passage, and this mischance, which at the time seemed to him to be a serious misfortune, he thought differently of later in the year when all hope of the *President's* safe arrival was finally abandoned. She was one of the first of a considerable list of steamers which, having

met in mid-ocean with some overwhelming disaster, left neither survivor nor remnants to explain the cause. The loss of the *President* and the similar disappearance later of the *Pacific* and the *City of Boston* were charged to the account of icebergs.

II

The Putnam Family Migrates to "the States"

1848

IN 1848, occurred a change in my father's business relations. As has been related with more detail in the record of his life, he had been permitted by his senior partner, John Wiley, to carry on for a term of seven years the experiment of building up in London an agency for American books, and of securing literary connections in England which could, it was hoped, be made profitable for the publishing list of the New York House. Mr. Wiley had from the outset been doubtful, and by 1848 his hopefulness concerning the undertakings of the English branch had been seriously lessened. It was at this time that my father, with a more direct knowledge of the literary material that was taking shape in London, was emphasising the importance of a larger development of the publishing side of the business. He was convinced that an opportunity was presented for an American House, whose managers had already secured personal relations in England, to come into profitable business relations with the younger English authors in whose writings an American public could be interested. Mr. Wiley took the ground that there was but little advantage in expending labour and capital in introducing English authors to

American book-buyers when, under the copyright conditions, it was not practicable for the so-called authorised publishers to retain for the American market the control of the books thus introduced. It was his opinion that the moneys paid to the authors, and the further moneys expended for advertising the books, would be in large part thrown away, as the "pirates" or publishers of the unauthorised editions might easily secure the larger share of the returns. Both men were in a measure right, but Mr. Wiley's view was probably the more accurate for the period then in question.

They finally decided to dissolve the partnership, and it became necessary for my father to return to New York. The family circle comprised, with the father and mother, three children and an old English nurse, a very valuable importation. It was considered advisable also, following, as I may recall, the precedent established by the passengers in the *Mayflower* in 1620, to bring a substantial proportion of the furniture which had been purchased in London. There was no possibility of securing at anything like the same expenditure equally good furniture in New York. Some pieces of this furniture are, sixty-five years later, still in use in the family. I judge that in England, as in the United States, during the earlier half of the nineteenth century, better material, if not better workmanship, was put into furniture than to-day can easily be secured on either side of the Atlantic.

The homeward voyage was made in the *Margaret Evans* sailing packet of the Black Star Line, the same vessel, with the same captain, that my father and mother had taken for their outward trip seven years back. I was told that for this passage nearly forty days were required. The mother and nurse must have had their hands full with the care of three youngsters for such a trip.

The London from which my father returned in 1848 was,

of course, a very different city from that known to the American of to-day, and had not materially changed at the time of my own later sojourns in 1851 and in 1860. In place of the majestic embankment that forms with its great avenue the present northern boundary of the Thames, there was a long line of mud-flats extending up to the arches of Somerset House and to the ends of the little streets running down to the river from the Strand. Similar mud-banks can be noted to-day (1913) on the Southwark side of the river below Westminster Bridge. At the point where Northumberland Avenue now connects with Trafalgar Square, stood the old Northumberland House with its impressive lion on the top. At the junction where Fleet Street on the east meets the Strand coming from the west, stood the old gateway, Temple Bar, marking the boundary line between the City of London and the City of Westminster. Its quaint outlines were almost as characteristic as those of the dome of St. Paul's and are familiar in all the illustrations of London. It was one of the structures contributed to London by Christopher Wren. On the balustrade surmounting the archways, had been placed, in the earlier days when the government of Britain was carried on by more strenuous methods, the heads of traitors, which were permitted to moulder there through the years as a lesson or a caution for citizens of the risk of opposition to the powers that were. It was with reference to two of these heads that Goldsmith made to Johnson the oft-quoted remark: *Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebetur istis* ("It may be that our name too will mingle with these"). The quotation had been made a little previously by Johnson as the two sat in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Temple Bar was itself part of the history of London, and it was characteristic of the loyalty of Londoners to old-time institutions that through the long series of years

they were patient with the enormous interference caused to traffic by this inadequate passageway that constituted rather a barrier than a thoroughfare. The roadway through the arch permitted the passage of only two vehicles at a time, while the footways on the right and the left gave space for but narrow streams of foot-passengers. The blocking finally became so serious that additional roadways were made on the north and south of the gate, leaving the structure, so to speak, in the middle of the road. Finally, the requirements of traffic got the better of the respect for antiquity and the gateway was removed bodily to Theobald's Park in Hertfordshire. Its place was taken by the massive monument to Victoria, surmounted by a characteristic griffin, which stands in front of the magnificent pile of buildings constructed for the Law Courts.

Holborn Hill (formerly Hole-Bourne Hill), described by Hood as "that part of Holborn christened high," constituted a barrier of another kind between the extension of London in the west along Oxford Street and the districts of the City proper. The valley through which now runs Farringdon Street was a serious hindrance for traffic by horses. The building of Holborn Viaduct, which made a nearly level road between the east and the west, was completed by 1869, and made, as I was able myself to realise on my visit in 1870, a great transformation in the appearance of that part of the town. The opening of Shaftesbury Avenue from Oxford Street to Piccadilly Circus was the first step taken in the plan of securing a better communication between the north and south divisions of London, a plan that has since been extended through the destruction of the quaint passageway of Holywell (famous for its old book-shops and for its network of narrow and ancient rookeries) and the construction of Aldwych and the King's Way from the Strand to

Holborn. The picturesque and inconvenient London of the eighteenth and earlier nineteenth century is being rapidly replaced by a new city with open thoroughfares and with few districts into which sunshine cannot permeate, at least on the days when the gods are pleased to send sunshine to London. The new city, while in many ways more attractive than the old, is, it must be admitted, a much more expensive place in which to live and to do business.

My father selected as the first American home for his family, a pleasantly placed house at Stapleton, Staten Island. From the front piazza, we had a broad outlook over the bay with a view reaching to Long Island and to the city. The cottage was but a few hundred feet from the shore, and the water's edge, now covered by commercial piers, was at that time still rural in character and left space for a beach and a row of bathing-houses. Back of the cottage, were the grounds of the hospital, and beyond the beautiful hills of the island still left largely in their original condition of woodland. While Staten Island was at the time settled but sparsely, the settlers represented a very good class of the community. It is very possible that there were on the island more handsome country seats occupied by their owners than is the case to-day. Some years later, there came upon the island the blight of malarious trouble and many of the beautiful houses, deserted by their owners and not finding sale, were allowed to fall into decay. The shores have since been so far taken possession of by lager-beer saloons and by the kind of building that comes most naturally with the saloon, that they are no longer attractive or even available for resident purposes. It is sad that a suburb presenting so much natural beauty should have been allowed to become demoralised and that it should, apart from a few hundred acres devoted to commerce,

have actually diminished in value for homes or for residence.

Our own sojourn at Stapleton lasted from 1848 to 1852. During that time, it was an admirable abiding place, at least for the children, while it was probably the case that the home was more comfortable for the parents than could easily have been secured elsewhere for the expenditure. The house was semi-detached, and on the north side, under the same roof and with a continuation piazza, was the twin house to our own, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Jaques. Mr. Jaques could, I suppose, be described as a *rentier*. It was not easy for us children to understand why it was not necessary for him as it was for our father to go to the city to earn his living. He had time for gossip, and what was of interest for Minnie and myself, he had some time to devote to the amusement of us youngsters. He had no children of his own. According to my memory, we used his side of the piazza as freely as our own, and there was a pleasant little excitement from day to day in anticipating what new devices might take shape in the north corner for our entertainment. The stretch of garden connected with the houses included something big enough to be called a lawn, some locust trees of the outlines of which I have a memory, and, most valuable for the purposes of the children, a mulberry tree with low hanging branches. This latter was utilised for Noah's Ark, for Swiss Family Robinson, and for various other combination amusements the details of which were, as a rule, planned by my sister Minnie, whose resources and imagination seemed to be exhaustless.

One of the pleasurable excitements of the week was to be taken over, under the guidance of one of the older Newbury boys, to spend the afternoon in the garden of the Newbury family, whose home was a mile from our own. One of the afternoons so spent had disastrous conse-

quences. The Newbury boys had been left on the Fourth of July to their own devices, and, in fact, the older ones were competent to give such supervision as was usually required. The parents had gone to spend the day with friends in the city. The firecracker business, the amusement of the day, an amusement that boys of English ancestry, like the Newburys, were quite ready to take from their Yankee neighbours, had been relegated to what was supposed to be a safe corner of the lawn. A stray squib was, however, blown upon the roof of the piazza too high to be reached from the ground, and before this could be recovered the piazza was in a blaze, and in the absence of a ladder or of any available supply of water the blaze could not be checked. The house was completely destroyed, and when Papa and Mama Newbury came back from town, they found their youngsters sitting on the lawn in the midst of a miscellaneous pile of furniture and débris. As one of the youngest of the circle, I did not feel any personal responsibility for the accident. It had the misfortune for us children that our friends moved to a point two miles farther distant, and were no longer available as companions.

We belonged, as did nearly all the families with which my mother had at the time social relations, to the Parish of St. John's at Clifton. It was in the Sunday-school of this church that my sister Minnie and myself received our first formal religious teaching. I say formal, because it is proper to remember that both mother and nurse had given a full measure of care to the elements of the catechism and to the Scripture reading suited for youngsters. Minnie had what is called an inquiring mind, and as her inquiries were often such as neither the mother nor the nurse found easy to answer, they were, I judge, somewhat relieved when the responsibility for the shaping of her theological views was placed in the hands of the Sunday-

school teacher and of the rector. This rector was Alexander D. Mercer, who continued in friendly relations with my father for many years after our connection with the church had ceased. This connection was at best at that time rather a formal one, as neither my father nor my mother were communicants. My father paid his pew rent, however, and took his full share (probably as in later years somewhat in excess of the resources of his income) in the expenditures of the parish. Dr. Mercer later conducted for many years a parish in Newport, Rhode Island. In 1878, the year after his death, an admiring parishioner, Mrs. Pell, printed through G. P. Putnam's Sons a collection of his sermons.

During the earlier years of our sojourn at Stapleton, my mother's sister Corinna, Mrs. John Bishop, had her home in a pleasant country place at Clifton. Mr. Bishop was a retired sea-captain who was attempting, not always with success, to find amusement in a life of leisure. The Bishop homestead was comfortable, and as compared with our modest home at Stapleton, it impressed us children with an air of magnificence. I remember a sunshiny stretch of garden and a range of stables that presented a fascinating playground. Beyond the house was a stretch of beach looking seaward. For years this beach, excepting on rare holidays, was practically free from visitors, and we children were able to look for seashells and other wonders without interference. To-day it is covered with a line of hotels, restaurants, and dance-houses and gives pleasure to thousands coming from the crowded streets of the city.

I do not recall any school experiences during our sojourn on Staten Island. The earliest teaching was divided between the nurse and my mother. My mother maintained the closest relations with her children, not only during their infancy, but in their later years when, as they

became adults, the care came to be given from them to her rather than from her to them. Notwithstanding our early English experiences and the fact that the nursery was in very trustworthy hands, she never had adopted the English habit of accepting the companionship of the children but a limited number of hours of the day. She gave her personal supervision to the reading and to the amusements, and she made herself a part, and the most important part, of our excursions.

The amusements included bathing on the Stapleton beach, which was easily reached from the house. There Minnie and myself, at least, made some beginning in learning how to swim. I am not sure of the exact point at which the art was finally mastered. I remember one serious fright for the nurse, when Minnie, who had been paddling from a floating board, was carried out far beyond her depth and had to be rescued by a rowboat.

Reference was made in the previous Memoir to a theatrical performance given at the Stapleton cottage, which constituted one of the events of the season. The play was the *Rivals*, the preparation for which had been rather more elaborate than is usual with amateur theatricals and had included the building of a stage which occupied the back half of the house. The children were given the place of honour in the front seats. We were interested in the play, but derived a more pleasurable excitement from an occurrence later in the evening. Through some carelessness with the lamps, the basement pantry caught fire, and for a time, at least, the whole house was imperilled. I think it was the fact that so many men were present in the house that prevented its destruction. The water buckets were handled promptly and the catastrophe ended with a comparatively small loss.

Among the guests who were brought to the Putnam

home during these earlier years, I recall Miss Bremer, the Swedish authoress, Susan Warner, the author of *The Wide, Wide World*, Wendell Phillips, publicist and lecturer, and Mr. Fabens, who published a little later through the Putnam House a book on the Isthmus of Panama, with what was possibly the earliest suggestion in regard to a railroad. Miss Bremer brought to my father letters of introduction from London friends and he published American editions of *The Home* and *The Neighbours*. He also assisted her to secure lecture appointments. I have in my memory a picture of a graceful little woman with bright eyes and grey hair and a genial smile, and with attractively broken English. Notwithstanding my father's friendly efforts, the little lady was disappointed with the results of her American venture, chiefly because the Harpers insisted upon bringing into print cheap unauthorised editions of the books. Susan Warner was just coming into fame as the author of *The Wide, Wide World*, and she retained close friendly relations with my father until her death some twenty years later. The visit of Mr. Fabens was fixed in my mind because he brought to my sister Minnie and myself as a present a small alligator. A home was made for the gentleman from Florida in a washtub sunken into the ground in the back garden, and we indulged in great imaginings as to the future of our pet when, grown to full size and fully subordinated, of course, to our own wills, we should be able to make a show of him for the benefit of our friends on the island. For some weeks, the alligator appeared to be fairly contented with his surroundings. We had forgotten, however, that he could crawl as well as swim, and one night he escaped from the tub and burrowed through a hole in the garden fence and was supposed to have made his way to the waters of the bay. We children had anxiety later as to the measure of responsibility that might come upon the

alligator's owners in case, after having grown big and (in the absence of our own moral supervision) having developed ferocity, he might do some mischief in the bay. We inquired from time to time whether the morning papers contained any reference to his reappearance, but he was never heard of again.

III

A Second Glimpse of England

1851

IT seemed in order to make the preceding few references to certain of my father's experiences in England during the years in which my own observations were hardly in shape to be recorded.

The second "glimpse" of England which came to myself was secured in 1851, when I was seven years old. In the spring of that year, my father had occasion for a business trip to England, and decided to take me with him. There was not much advantage to be gained for a traveller of my age in the matter of information, but the family physician had recommended the voyage for the sake of my eyes, which were already developing inadequacies that have hampered me through life, and the boy was more than ready to accept cheerfully so agreeable and so exciting a prescription. We sailed in May on the steamer *Franklin*, belonging to the German American Line that had been recently instituted to make trips between New York and Hamburg with stops at Havre and Southampton. The names of the steamers of the fleet were divided equally between the two nationalities concerned, the three other vessels being called the *Washington*, *Hermann*, and *Humboldt*. They were side-wheel steamers of perhaps three

thousand tons, with three masts, bark rigged. The sails constituted in those days an important factor in the driving power and the length of the trips would be very considerably extended by a series of head winds. The *Franklin* carried, if I remember rightly, about fifty passengers in the first cabin. The captain presided over the chief of the two dining-tables and gave as host personal attention to much of the carving. The saloon was aft, extending to the stern, and the passengers secured through this position a full share of the motion of a "pitching" sea; but there was, of course, none of the annoying vibration such as obtains in the after part of the later screw steamers. The side-wheelers had also a decided advantage over the modern vessel in a rolling sea, at least when the waves were fairly moderate. In a real gale, however, these earlier steamers, too short to bridge successive reaches of rollers, were tossed "every which way," and when one wheel was "whirling free" in mid-air while the other was labouring under immeasurable tons of water, the vibration was tremendous; the effect was as if the vessel were a small rat being worried and tossed about by a strenuous dog. The staterooms on either side opened into the saloon so that the invalids could listen to the cheerful clatter of the diners, while the latter had of necessity full consciousness of what went on in the berths. The ventilation of the saloon, in the absence of side ports, was dependent upon deck skylights and it was difficult to free the atmosphere from reminiscences of preceding banquets.

Notwithstanding these various discomforts, travelling by the old steamers had in it much that was attractive and cheery. The fifteen to seventeen days spent with a small company on a steamer like the *Franklin* gave opportunities for companionship and sympathetic relations such as are, naturally, not practicable in an association

of five or six days with four or five hundred fellow-trippers on one of the modern "floating hotels."

The present magnificent system of docks in Southampton belongs of course to a later date, although a beginning had, I believe, been made in 1851. I recall that the passengers from the *Franklin* were landed by an open tug in a pouring rain as thousands of passengers have been landed since, whether in Southampton Water or in the Mersey. England has a habit of receiving visitors in chilling showers which perhaps serve to impress the value and the warmth of the later sunshine and hospitality. The chief thing in favour of the Southampton showers as compared with those in Liverpool is that in Liverpool it usually rains black.

The picture that came to me on the journey to Waterloo (a picture which has been repeated in many succeeding journeys) was of a landscape that was grey and green. The English skies seem to carry for the larger portion of the days a succession of greyish tints, harmonies in grey none the less harmonious because they are so often presented in water-colours; but the darkness of the prevailing tints of the heavens renders the more brilliant and satisfying the intervals of sunshine; while sky and sunshine alike serve to emphasise the wonderful freshness and brilliancy of the green below. I doubt whether anywhere in the world is there a verdure of grass and foliage to be compared to that of England for its peculiar charm and for freshness of colour. The green has a translucent glow as if some of the sunshine departed from the sky were shining below through the grass and the leaves.

The social season was at its height at the time of our arrival in London and the attractions of the great Exhibition, the original of a long series of world's fairs, had crowded the town with visitors from the Continent as well as from the county towns of Great Britain.

Through the hospitality of friends, we were, fortunately, independent of hotels, with which the London of 1851 was by no means too well provided. It was, in fact, for many things besides hotels, an old-time London that we were entering, a London back of the Thames Embankment and Holborn Viaduct; in which Temple Bar continued to block the tide of traffic between Westminster and the City and the Lion of Northumberland still dominated Charing Cross.

I found myself struck, in walking along the Strand or Piccadilly, with the sound of foreign tongues; Paris, Berlin, Amsterdam, and other Continental cities were largely represented in London during the Exhibition year, more largely probably than ever before. To the New Yorker of to-day, the sound of Continental tongues is, of course, no novelty. In fact, the streets of the "Gateway of America" present possibly a larger variety of race and of languages than can be found in any city of the world; but in 1851, the streams of immigration were, so to speak, but rivulets. New York had inherited a Dutch element and at this date already possessed a considerable Irish population; the Irish immigration, beginning with the famine year, 1847, continued in considerable volume for a period of some twenty years. In 1851, the sounds of German, Italian, French, etc., in the streets of New York were however still comparatively unfamiliar. To-day (1914) it would seem as if every variety of nationality or speech were to be found in one quarter or another of our city, while not a few of the national groups occupy quarters distinctive to themselves, such as a *Klein Deutschland* or a *Piccola Italia* or Chinatown.

A citizens' committee endeavouring to arouse the voters of the city to a sense of their interests and their responsibilities is obliged to print its appeals in five or six languages and to secure for the campaign of talking in the

streets the service of polyglot speakers. I remember a case brought a few years ago before a Grand Jury, of which I happened to be the foreman, in which the accuser, with the person under charges, and the witnesses were all Chaldeans, that is to say they came from the historic region of Mesopotamia. The court interpreter found himself at a loss, and as no gentleman of the jury would undertake the position of making the case clear to his associates, the foreman was obliged to swear in as special interpreter a member of the little Chaldean colony. The Chaldean gentleman was, therefore, in a position to handle the case to suit himself, deciding what testimony was to be accepted, who should be indicted, and later (in the trial itself) who should be convicted. I can only hope that justice was done.

In the early fifties, however, New York could fairly be described as an American and, in large part, a New England city, and, therefore, the sound of various tongues and the sight of bearded visitors with their different fashions of dress impressed the American boy in London with an agreeable sense of novelty, a feeling which was undoubtedly shared by the Londoner of the day.

Many of these foreigners were in England for the first time, the attraction being, of course, the great Exhibition. London was, so to speak, keeping open house for Europe. It would not be easy at this time, after a lapse of more than threescore years, to separate my direct memories of the Exhibition from the information gathered in my reading later in regard to its purpose and its character. I can, however, trust to my memory for the picture that has remained in my mind of the wonderful glass dome with the great trees thrusting their green branches up into the imprisoned sunshine. For once, at least, the London weather was not disappointing and provided a delicious

sunshine to meet the special requirements of the great Exhibition.

"What shall I look at first," I asked, somewhat dazed, not unnaturally, by the multitude of objects calling for attention. "Look up," said my father, and the memory to carry away from the Exhibition, whether the observer was a child or a greybeard, was the effect of the sunshine and blue sky through the translucent covering of the fairy palace and of the masses of foliage of the noble Hyde Park trees whose lives had been saved by the genius and ingenuity of Paxton.

The long series of world's fairs have familiarised us with crystal palaces, but, in 1851, the idea that glass and steel could be safely and effectively utilised for any structures larger than conservatories was a startling novelty. The palace in Hyde Park was, of course, simply an ingenious development by Paxton (himself a builder of conservatories) of the conservatory idea. We learn from the life of Prince Albert that the committee, of which he was himself chairman, had practically decided upon a plan for an elaborate building of brick, in the construction of which the beautiful trees of Hyde Park would have been destroyed. In a number of *Punch* of one of the later weeks of 1850, there is a picture representing the Queen interceding with the Prince, who is inspecting a plan of the brick palace, with the words: "Albert! spare those trees. Touch not a single bough."

It is my memory that my father was interested in having me with him in the crowd to which the Prince delivered his address at the opening of the Exposition. It is not likely, however, that we were near enough to hear, while if we did hear, I should certainly have understood but little; but I have in my memory a picture of the June sunshine breaking through the crystal glass and the tree tops and falling upon the uplifted heads of the dense

crowd and upon the figure of the man speaking. I have been interested in reading, since, the report of the speech. It impressed me as characterised by prescience, breadth of view, and a high ideal of human relations. In fact the whole scheme of the Exposition, the idea of which, as I understand, originated with the Prince, gives evidence of what may be called practical imagination. Albert was, I believe, very nearly a great man. The ideal that found expression in his international creation was the bringing of the peoples of the world into a better understanding with each other, an understanding to be arrived at by closer knowledge and by a larger measure of personal relations. Albert believed that the responsibilities of government and the direction of national relations were coming more and more into the hands of the people. It was his conviction that, as the people succeeded in securing the management of their own affairs, they would come to realise the unreasonableness as well as the wastefulness of war. A large proportion of the wars of the world had been brought about through the ambitions and perversities of individual rulers, and would never have been permitted under governments which were directly representative of the interests of the people. Albert contended further (sixty years in advance of Norman Angell's *Great Illusion*) that the old-time belief, or rather prejudice, that one nation could prosper only at the expense of another had been finally exploded by the facts of commerce and by the analysis of the actual working of social relations. With nations as with individuals, prosperity was the result of an effective production and of an intelligent distribution of, that is to say an intelligent trading with, the things produced. Profitable trading requires prosperous customers; and the worst thing, that is from the selfish point of view, the most disadvantageous thing, to do with a customer is to kill him, and the next

worst thing is to bring him to ruin. The best thing, speaking commercially, is for each nation to exchange with the others those goods that each can produce most effectively, that is most economically. The advantage of such exchange is, of course, not merely commercial. The freer intercourse, the closer relation, brings wider knowledge and secures the exchange not only of goods, but of information, of ideas, of ideals, and of experience; and, in breaking down the barriers of national or international prejudices, these exchanges tend towards the progress of humanity.

Albert was also hopeful, as the result of the closer knowledge of the artistic productions of the Continental states, of advantage for the development of the artistic standard of England; and it is probably the case that the replacing of the ugly furniture and decorations of the Georgian and early Victorian periods dates from the Exposition of 1851. It is probable also that the Continental visitors had something of importance to learn from English productions in the division of engineering and mechanics. If I understand the record rightly, Great Britain had secured, during the period of which 1850 was the centre, a well-earned pre-eminence for skill in engineering and in the construction of machinery; but by the beginning of the twentieth century, this mechanical superiority is being sharply and from time to time successfully contested in both France and Germany. In 1851, Great Britain was doubtless well in advance also in the construction of smaller domestic appliances. *Punch* (of 1851) has a picture representing some French visitors to the Exhibition standing in a state of perplexity in front of a well-equipped washstand with the inquiry: "*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" Twenty years later, I found that the business of importing from the States into Great Britain articles which are classed as "Yankee notions," and

which cover all possible variety of domestic mechanism and patented ingenuities from mouse-traps to refrigerators, had become of importance. An English friend, who had built up a large business in Yankee productions of this miscellaneous class, told me in 1880 that during the preceding year he had brought over a special form of American skewers to the value of £2000.

It is probable that during the years immediately succeeding the Exposition, there came to the women of England some appreciation of the fact that their neighbours across the Channel had arrived at a better understanding than themselves of the art of dressing; and that it was from this period that we find the customs of London society favorably influenced by the fashions from Paris. I may admit, however, that after half a century of observation (observations to be sure of a mere man who can claim no real insight into such mysteries), I am still puzzled to understand why the assimilation of French standards of dress, and of the capacity to secure with a given expenditure artistic effects in dress, has not gone further, and why the results of English costumes are not to-day, taken as a whole, more satisfactory.

I can but think that good society in England could in this matter of dress secure with a more intelligent study of the conditions (such, for instance, as is given in New York) a more artistic effect for the money expended. In the matter of artistic costumes, it is probable that in 1913, as in 1851, the Champs Élysées makes a better showing than Hyde Park, and doubtless with a decidedly smaller average expenditure. I believe also that the picture presented in Fifth Avenue is, in this matter of costumes, more artistic than that of Piccadilly, but it may at once be admitted that the expenditure for dress in New York on the part of the same class of wearers is much in excess of that either in London or in Paris.

Among other *Punch* pictures of the time of the Exhibition, I find views of the wonderful hoop-skirts of our mothers. I imagine that in those days New York took its fashions by way of London, and that American women were, therefore, a season or two later with their "novelties." I know that in June, 1851, the big bell-shaped skirts struck the small New Yorker as a decided curiosity; and I was impressed by the annoyance caused to pedestrians on the narrow sidewalks of London streets and with the fact that the ladies occupied more than their fair share (or more even than their proper share of the fare) of the penny-worth of room in the "busses."

The dress of the middle and lower middle classes in English towns struck the outsider in 1851 as hopelessly and stupidly ugly, not to say repellent, as compared with that of similar townsfolk on the Continent; and on this matter also I doubt whether there has been any material improvement during the sixty years since. Nowhere else in the world does one see such absolutely depressing examples of tawdriness and slovenliness in women of the lower and lower middle class as in the streets of London, Liverpool, or Glasgow. It is fair to remember, however, that the group of trained servants in the houses of the upper class makes a very fair showing in this matter of dress, which is not only neat but often picturesque. A certain uniformity of style is evidently required in regard not only to such details as caps and ribbons, but, if I have been rightly informed, for the exclusion of undue ornamentation; the waitress must keep her artistic ambitions within reasonable bounds, but even then she often presents a more satisfactory costume effect than that of her mistress.

The flowers in the Covent Garden market are fully as beautiful as those to be found in the Marchées des Fleurs in Paris or in Brussels, but on any such Marchée,

the blossoms are offered by a trim, genial person whose gown and scarf present a nice harmony of gay colours, whose cap is white, whose footgear, whether shoes or sabots, is neat, and whose face and hands are clean. Her very smile contributes an addition to the value of her wares. The Covent Garden saleswoman on the other hand is too often a frowsy, unattractive individual whose costume is objectionable in every visible detail and whose hand one would prefer not to touch. I doubt whether in this detail there has been any material change between the Covent Garden of 1851 and that of 1913.

The fifty years following 1851 witnessed a lot of fighting, much of which could, as we now realise, have been avoided, and all of which was wasteful and in many ways disastrous. But the twentieth century opens with better prospects, and it seems probable that the international relations of men are coming to be managed with larger knowledge and with more common-sense. Many sharp issues of no little importance have been decided without war and by methods more effective, more equitable, and enormously less expensive, and such methods appear likely to become the rule, while war will remain the exception. This change is doubtless to be credited in large part to the rise of representative government and in part to the growth of interstate relations, factors which have worked together for the development of a higher civilisation. In the matter of international relations, the Exposition of 1851 was certainly a most important influence, serving both as evidence of what had been accomplished and as a forerunner of further progress. The work and the prophecies of Prince Albert are being justified fifty years after his death.

In looking over the English papers of the Exposition, I find that the United States was at the time in not very good repute on the other side of the Atlantic. The Eng-

lish journalists were not only as a rule critical, but they seem to have taken an almost malicious pleasure in selecting as news items to bring across the ocean those that had to do with the barbarism of the new community rather than those that gave evidence of its progress. Frequent references are made to the abominations of slavery, and to the brandishing of the bowie-knife or of the Colt revolver. The American community that was described in the *Times* or was pictured in *Punch* was not that of Massachusetts or Connecticut, but of South Carolina or Arkansas. The judgment in regard to the selection of the news that it is considered worth while to select from the happenings of the great continent and to bring across the Atlantic for publication in the English journals does not seem to have improved during the past sixty years as much as might have been expected. It is true to-day that large outlay is incurred for cabling to London papers reports of a hold-up in Texas or of some unimportant fad of the "Four Hundred" in Newport, while it is almost impossible to find even in the best of English papers prompt information concerning important legislation, decisive elections, or expressions of public opinion on matters of moment not only to the United States but to the world. English journals ought to make a more intelligent use of their international correspondence and of their cable facilities.

In 1851, it was necessary from time to time to admit that however low the civilisation of the United States, there were some things that the Yankee could accomplish. It is then that the yacht *America* crosses the Atlantic and comes out so far ahead of the best specimens of English yacht-building that the message brought to the Queen from Cowes reports "America first, the rest nowhere." *Punch* has a picture of a British yacht-builder with his model under his arm, complaining to John Bull,

"If you please, Sir, there is a nasty, ugly American that has been a beating of me."

We may recall that in spite of a series of enterprising and plucky efforts on the part of the English builders and sailors continuing during a term of sixty years, the cup captured in 1851 remains, in 1913, on the western side of the Atlantic.

In 1851, as later, it seemed to be the routine in Great Britain if a new fad of any kind came up which was undesirable and deserving of repression to class it as an "Americanism." In *Punch* and other journals of that day, "Bloomerism" is one of the American nuisances referred to. I do not myself recall the birthplace of the original Mrs. Bloomer, but her followers seem to have been about as active in England as in the States.

IV

A Home in New York

IN 1852, some months after my visit to England, the Staten Island house was given up and the family migrated to a new home that my father had secured in East Sixteenth Street opposite St. George's Church, and nearly adjoining Stuyvesant Square. My father's business undertakings had developed, and he found it desirable to be more closely within reach of his authors and of social happenings in the city. The Staten Island of those days possessed certain advantages over the region as known to-day, in that it really was a rural neighbourhood still unspoiled by commercial piers, by railroads, by beer saloons, and by the dance-houses. The arrangements for communication with the city presented, however, not a few inconveniences, as the boats were neither fast, commodious, or regular. I can but think that in the early fifties there must have been a larger proportion of severe winters. It is certain that during those years the bay was more frequently clogged with ice floes than I can remember in any later period. The boats were frequently detained by the ice and sometimes were compelled to stop running altogether, leaving the wives on the island in a state of doubt as to whether their respective husbands were safely placed in city hotels, or were drifting down towards Sandy Hook in an unmanageable boat.

The five children who constituted the family in the Sixteenth Street home were somewhat critical at the limitations of city life, but the use of Stuyvesant Square as a playground gave some compensation for the loss of country privileges, while there were also, of course, many new interests in the city surrounding. For some months, no arrangements were made for the schooling of my older sister and myself, and the direction of the study hours remained in the charge of my mother, with the exception of one hour in the morning which was spent in the study of my father's friend and author, the Rev. Dr. Hawks, Rector of Calvary Church. Dr. Hawks, in visiting the house, had found himself attracted by the brightness and originality of my sister. As I learned later, he was at the time owing my father some money. He had the reputation of being not very precise in money matters, and he was apt to purchase things, including books for his comprehensive library, for the payment of which he did not have the funds available. It was possibly a suggestion on the part of my father that Dr. Hawks might devote some spare time to giving to two of his youngsters instruction in Latin. I doubt whether we learned very much Latin, but the hour was always interesting. The Doctor's conversation was varied and dramatic, and his counsel concerning books that we could read to advantage was suggestive and was in large part followed. I do not mean that Dr. Hawks recommended what in the ordinary sense of the term would be called courses of reading. His unsystematic mind would never have troubled itself to scheme out any such courses. In conversation, however, he found out from time to time something of our interests, and he would propose one day one book and one day another. Our reading was in any case discursive enough and it had the effect of keeping our minds fairly awake.

A little later I was myself placed in a school, or rather class, carried on under the supervision of Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, who was for many years Rector of St. George's Church and who was during a large part of the century a familiar and influential personality in the life of the city. It was in connection with this class that I received my first military training. The oldest son of Dr. Tyng, called like his father Stephen, organised a company of cadets, as he called them, and he gave us some drilling exercises in the rear of the church.

During the years of this New York sojourn, we children were too young to have much direct knowledge of the social relations of the family. I may recall, however, certain receptions at which my eldest sister and myself were permitted to be present in the earlier hours of the evening. These receptions were held on Tuesday evenings throughout the winter months and represented an attempt on the part of my father to bring together in social relations certain interesting people who might he thought find pleasure in meeting each other, although the majority of them did not belong to what was more formally known as "society." The fashionable society, the "Four Hundred" of the day, was being chronicled with no little cleverness by George William Curtis in *Putnam's Monthly* in the series of articles entitled the "Potiphar Papers," articles which have since taken their place in the literature of the country. With the society in which Mr. and Mrs. Potiphar moved, my father and mother had little to do. They did not have the money to meet the required expenditure, and they were not interested in the personalities of the *nouveaux riches* nor of the sometimes equally uninteresting inheritors of the riches of the preceding generation; while apart from their own personal taste in the matter, it is fair to say that they would not have been included in the invitation lists of the leaders

of Mrs. Potiphar's "best society." It was, nevertheless, true that they did have pleasant social relations with some of the best people in New York. The circle of which Mr. Bryant was the acknowledged head included the men and women of letters, the leading artists and journalists, and a group of the younger writers whose work was not yet sufficiently assured to entitle them to be called men of letters, but who were feeling their way through journalism towards authorship in literature. With this group were to be included George William Curtis, Parke Godwin, Frederick Beecher Perkins, Frederick S. Cozzens, Caroline M. Kirkland, Miss Lynch, afterwards Mrs. Botta, Catherine Sedgwick, and a number of other writers with whom in his publishing office, or through the pages of his magazine my father had come into personal relations. I will not say that it was the theory of his publishing policy, but rather was it the necessity of his nature, that people whose characters were refined or whose personalities and intellectual capacities were interesting, in coming into business relations with their publisher came almost of necessity into the circle of his personal friends. A publisher should perhaps never consciously mark out for himself as a wise business policy the desirability of establishing and maintaining with authors whose works were likely to prove of importance, personal relations developing into friendship; while it is probable also that if such a course were pursued simply as a matter of business policy, the relations would at best become formal rather than friendly. Attempts at friendship made with the hopes of resulting in business advantage would sooner or later be found out and would repel instead of attracting the people whose friendship was really worth while. When, however, as was the case with my father and with his group, the personal interest in the other fellow was natural and increased with the length of the association, the relation

thus established could become, and in my father's case did become, an important factor in the development of a business based upon literature.

For this and for other reasons, the circle that came together in my father's house was distinctive, representative, and in more ways than one attractive. I retain in my memory impressions of the faces of certain of the men and women who were my father's guests, the names of many of whom have taken honourable place in American literature and in the history of the community; but this impression is doubtless in large part based upon my relations later with these same people grown half a generation older. I recall at one of the receptions the burly figure and broad face (which if it had not been for the broken outline of the nose would really have been majestic) of Thackeray, whom in later life I did not have an opportunity of meeting. I may also recall, on the same evening in which I had looked up at Thackeray, being patted upon the head by a kindly old gentleman in a priest's dress whose touch my father bade me to remember. "It is probable, Haven," said my father, "that you will never again have your head pressed by the hand of a king." The old gentleman smiled as he heard my father's word, but it was a smile of acceptance. He believed himself to be, and as far as it is possible to judge of the evidence of the day there seemed to have been fair probability that he was, Louis the Seventeenth who, if the fates and the people of France had not stood in the way, should have occupied the throne in the Tuileries. Mr. Eleazar Williams, the name by which the old missionary had for sixty years been known, was in New York for a few months with his friend Mr. Hanson, who had occupied himself in putting into shape, with the aid of Dr. Hawks, the evidence upon which rested the claim of Williams to be identified as the son of Louis XVI. The

substance of this evidence came into print in *Putnam's Monthly* in an article entitled "Have We a Bourbon Among Us?" and the material was afterwards expanded into a book published by G. P. Putnam & Co. under the title of *The Lost Prince*.

The impression is very general among the men of my generation that there has in the past half century been a change in the conditions of the weather in the New York region. According to our memories, the winters in the '50's were more severe than any of which we have had knowledge in the later years. I recall the use nearly every winter in Broadway of stages on runners, and for this purpose there must, of course, have been snow in the street for a long enough time to warrant the cost of keeping such runners in readiness. There was in the '50's no attempt to clean the streets from snow, and it is possible that the stage companies took some pains even to preserve and to level the snow on Broadway. The stages were large open sleighs with straw on the floor for the protection of the feet of the passengers. The fare was six cents for a ride inside, while three cents was charged to the boys who, either because the inside seats were occupied or for the fun of the thing, chose to take their rides on the runners. It is my impression that whatever was the theory about a three-cent fare for a runner-ride, there must have been not a few occasions on which the conductor did not succeed in getting around or in getting his arm over, so that the boys had their little excitement without any direct expense.

In 1854, the pleasant home in Sixteenth Street was given up and the family migrated to Yonkers, which was at the time a pretty rural village. The group of children had increased, and my mother found herself somewhat perplexed with the difficulties of keeping them all well and properly cared for under the risks and restrictions of city

surroundings. She still retained in her own hands the main responsibility for the supervision of all the youngsters and she took a large part in the education of the older ones. It is my memory that from the time when I was first old enough to ask questions about things, my mother was nearly always within reach to give, if not a finally satisfactory answer, at least a sympathetic consideration. She made herself very much a part of the life of her children, and they held on to her as a companion and the companionship increased and strengthened as they grew older, until in later years it came to be the mother who was the one cared for. The fact that at the time of her marriage she was herself but a child of sixteen, while it must have been perplexing enough for meeting her steadily increasing responsibilities as a mother, made her not only actually nearer to her children in point of years, but sympathetic with them from a very early date in the matter of acquiring knowledge. She had herself never had anything that could be called an education or a training that could constitute a proper foundation for an education. Her mind was, however, active, and with a large measure of industry and persistence, she continued through her entire life to read for information as well as for pleasure. In the years of which I am now speaking, the reading that was carried on for the guidance of us older children was for herself also a matter of personal interest and enlightenment. During the later years of her life, when freed from responsibilities for household cares in New York, she made frequent journeys through Europe with my sisters, and she always made fresh attempts upon the language of the country in which she was sojourning. She secured enough knowledge of French, German, and Italian to keep herself interested in the literature of the three countries and to be in direct touch with the talk in the streets and with the conversation of the people whom

she met. In this respect, the contrast between herself and many of the lazy minded American women of her generation was marked.

The home in Yonkers was on what is known as the Albany Post Road, about a mile north of the village centre. The house commanded a beautiful view down the river and was surrounded by a playground which, to children whose experiences had recently at least been confined to city streets, presented all the magnificence of an estate. This estate included a stable, a chicken house, and a garden for my mother's flowers and for some raising of vegetables, and also a piece of land which, originally a lawn, was speedily converted into a ball-ground. After the first year in our river home, the control of the vegetable garden came into my hands, and the work was carried on by myself under contract with my father. The provisions of the contract must, I judge, have been liberal, because with only a moderate amount of hours of labour per week, I was able to secure quite a satisfactory addition to my pocket money.

In the second year of our sojourn in Yonkers, I was sent to a school kept by a Dr. Starr. The Doctor called his school a Military Academy, and certain hours during the week were given to drilling. The sports of the day included baseball, football, and cricket. The latter would be exceptional in an American school of to-day. The baseball and the football were of the old-fashioned variety. Baseball has doubtless in the past sixty years developed in a most interesting fashion, and represents to-day not only athletic capacity, but the results of scientific and psychological analysis. I may be permitted to doubt, speaking of course with the prejudices of an old man, whether the "open" football of 1856, under which the game was decided almost entirely by the kicking of the ball, was not a better constructed sport than the football

tussle of later years, which is in so large a part a matter of pushing combinations and of the bringing together and the dissolution of living pyramids. Writing in 1913, I am reminded by my nephews that football is now again practically an open game. The victory won during the past season by the Army over the Navy was, as they explain to me, won by the use of the forward pass.

I do not recall among my schoolfellows of that day any boys who in later life became famous.

William B. was the pattern boy in the school in behaviour as well as in scholarship, and of him great things were prophesied. He possessed, in addition to scholarly instincts, a fine spirit of adventure. He expected to investigate the world as a travelling student and, with certain literary ambitions, he hoped in later life to associate his name with scholarly work of continuing value. The Fates were not kind to his aspirations, but I do not now recall what were the special hindrances that interfered with his plans. He was able to secure but a partial course in college and later he entered the ministry. When I last heard of him, nearly forty years later, he had for more than a quarter of a century held a pastorate of a small village on the Upper Hudson. His environment had evidently been narrow, and he had apparently been able to make but little progress in the development of his own intellectual capacity. He brought into my publishing office a volume which, in place of giving evidence of the realisation of his early ambitions, was characterised by crudity and by lack of knowledge of what had been done before in the same direction. I hoped he had forgotten his schoolboy dreams. It would have been pathetic if he had himself remembered how far in actual life he had failed to realise these dreams.

Philip R. was a bright, witty, but rather lazy minded fellow who had the fortune, or the disadvantage, of a

wealthy father. Philip had various plans of life, no one of which included requirement for any continued work. He said once that he thought that it would probably be easiest to be a preacher. "A fashionable preacher, mind you, with a big salary and with lots of female parishioners to admire you and to send you presents." Some one referred to the necessity of composing the sermons. "Oh," said Philip, "that is easy enough. All you have to do is to choose a text and then say, Beloved brethren, and then go ahead." His father placed him in college with the idea of making a finished gentleman of him, but young Philip and the college authorities had many differences of opinion, and he was obliged to leave in the middle of his course. When the property finally came into his hands, he managed to squander it in an unnecessarily brief term of years, and he died young.

Edward P. was an attractive companion who did fairly good work at school. I remember more particularly that he was an expert fisherman, and that he had the shrewdest eye for finding shagbark hickory nuts. Edward, Philip, and myself were companions during the play hours and together we canvassed the country back of Yonkers (at that time a beautiful rural region) in fishing and nutting expeditions, for many miles out. We also had some practical experience on the Hudson River. On one occasion we pooled together our savings and with the result, which amounted to $2.50, we purchased a small punt. Prior to this purchase, our fishing on the river had been done from piers and from the railroad viaduct at Glenwood. The possession of the boat gave us, as we felt, the control of the whole vast sweep of the waters. We did secure from its use one or two delightful voyages in the open. We could all swim and our respective mothers, in so far as they knew of the excursions, were willing, for the sake of the pleasure, to let us incur the risk. On the third or

fourth of these Saturday trips, the fishermen came to grief. We were well out from the shore working against a head tide when the boat, which, as may be judged by the modest price paid for it, was by no means new, began to leak. The water came in faster than the tin cups and the hats could bail it out and our craft sank beneath us while we were still some hundreds of feet from the shore. We brought ourselves to the shore in safety, but bedraggled and disappointed. With the wreck had gone down our entire capital, because we had lost not only the punt itself, but our full accumulation of fishing tackle and of other valuable boy properties. We never again became boat owners; and it was probable that no other occasion offered for a purchase at so low a price.

In the second year of our sojourn in Yonkers, the young people in our set organised a debating society, which was noteworthy for this early period in including girls as well as boys. The moving spirit among the girls was my sister Minnie and the plan of the society had in fact originated with her. The boys outnumbered the girls, and there were few of the latter who had the mental activity to take part in the discussions; but Minnie's energy was so keen and so inexhaustible that she made good any inertia on the part of the other girls. One of the fathers was kind enough to place at the disposal of the society an old red barn situated on the Post Road not very far from the Putnam home. Our secretary was entrusted with the key of the barn, and we were able to secure by contributions from different households such furniture as was necessary for fitting up the division utilised by the society. In a number of the debates, Henry A. and my sister Minnie were pitted against each other, and the girl did not have the worse of the argument. We naturally tackled some of the old stock questions connected with the treatment of the negroes, the management of the

Indians, the service rendered to the world by Napoleon, the rights of women, etc. However incomplete our investigations of these questions may have been, I judge that there was some decided gain to what might be called our general education in the suggestions brought out in these debates and in the incentive given to reading up for "ammunition." The older members of the circle impressed upon the youngsters some of their own energy and ambition, and those of us who at the outset, at least, were not prepared to take part in the debates were allowed to make our contributions in the form of recitations. Connected with the society was a local paper produced in a single manuscript copy. Of this paper my sister was the editor and also the chief contributor.

Our home was situated in what was known as North Yonkers, which in 1854 made a community for itself distinct from that of the central village or of the corresponding extension of Yonkers on the south. We had a few friends, however, at the farther end of the village, among whom the most important were the Clevelands. Cyrus Cleveland was a produce merchant who later during the years of the Civil War rendered good service to the government as an inspector of the provisions that were being purchased for the use of the troops at the front. My father told me that it was through Cleveland's pluck and persistency that thousands of barrels of pork and beef from the supplies furnished by the contractors were condemned as unfit to be eaten. It was, unfortunately, the case that even among the army officials themselves who were directly responsible for the protection of the soldiers there were not a few men hastily selected from civil life who were ready to utilise their posts to make fortunes for themselves at the expense of the soldiers. Fortunes were made not only out of rotten beef and decayed pork, but from shoddy blankets, flimsy overcoats, paper

soled shoes, and other fraudulent supplies. The men who brought themselves into sharp antagonism with the fraudulent purveyors and with the still more rascally officials who were in collusion with these purveyors to divide the spoils, were men who had to do fighting as sharp as, and often much more distasteful than, that which was being done at the front. They ran the risk not only of unpopularity, but of libel suits, and sometimes even of personal violence. It was not always easy in the face of a network of lying officials and suborned witnesses for the honest civil inspector or efficient army officer to make good his case before the higher authorities in Washington. If he could not maintain his contention, he ran the risk of being classed as a grumbler or "sorehead" and of having his own reputation brought into question and his career blocked.

Cleveland stood the test and maintained his position. He served his country well, and at the end of the war terminated his service a poor man, with the necessity of beginning business life over again. He and my father were close friends and co-workers in nearly all the public-spirited undertakings in which my father was interested. Some years after my father's death, Cleveland came into my office with the question, "Is there a Putnam to spare?" He knew that there were several sons in the circle, but after our removal from Yonkers he had lost track of the details of the family history, and was not sure how old many of the boys might be who were not already, like myself and my next brother Bishop, fully occupied with publishing responsibilities. He wanted a confidential clerk and he considered it more important for his purpose that the boy should be of stock that he could trust than that he should already have secured business experience. Cleveland was at that time an insurance adjuster, and had built up for himself an honourable

position in this special class of business, which is properly to be ranked as a profession. I was glad to be able to place at his disposal my brother Kingman, who was just getting through with his work in the City College. He was sent down to Cleveland's office on trial, found favour with his chief, married later his chief's ward, and came, in the natural course of affairs, to be the head of the concern founded by Cleveland.

Mention has been made in the Memoir of my father of his own active work in organising a village library and in carrying on in connection with this institution a series of lecture courses. The lecturers brought to Yonkers, largely at his own personal solicitation, were most frequently guests at our house. As a result, we children came to have a personal impression of representative citizens like Beecher, Bethune, Storrs, Wendell Phillips, Curtis, Hale, and many others. Curtis came to the house also from time to time in connection with the business of *Putnam's Magazine*. He was at that time quite a youngster, but I remember even then being impressed by the maturity and finish of his talk and by a certain grace of dignity and manner which made me think of Sir Roger de Coverley. (The wise mother was at that time giving to us older children some reading in Addison.) Another of the younger men who came to the house with matters belonging to the publishing office was Frederick Beecher Perkins, a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher. My father and others who knew him spoke with large hopefulness as to the promise of his career. It was an expectation which was, however, never fully carried out. Perkins remained until his death, forty years later, a clever man who was on the point of doing noteworthy things but who never quite arrived. He was for a time assistant editor of the *Monthly* and contributed to this some stories and sketches which attracted attention, the most noteworthy being "The Three

Conversations with Miss Chester." It was from Perkins that I received my first lessons in chess, and I have in later years had occasion to credit to chess so many pleasurable hours that I certainly owe a word of appreciation to the man who was kind enough to trouble himself with the instruction of a youngster.

In 1856, I came first into touch with the excitement of a national election. My father was, as has been related in my Memoir, as an old-time anti-slavery worker, an earnest supporter of Frémont. The statement of principles which at the National Convention was framed into a platform for the new Republican party, had been first brought into print in an article by Parke Godwin, published in *Putnam's Monthly* in January, 1856. It was on the strength of this article that Godwin was asked to serve as secretary of the platform committee at the famous convention in Cincinnati in which the Republican party effected its organisation.

Taking into consideration the more or less incongruous elements out of which the new party had been created, it is surprising that in this its first fight for the control of the national government it came so near to success. I believe that the popular vote secured for General Frémont was larger than that which gave the election to Buchanan. Without possessing any large personal knowledge of the nature of the issues involved, I was by inheritance an anti-slavery Republican. Among my immediate schoolfellows and other friends there was naturally a division of political sympathies. Edward P., whose father had once run as a Democratic candidate for governor of Maine, did his shouting for Buchanan; Edward H., whose father was an old-time Whig and was now associated with the "know-nothings," belonged to the minority group of boys who were burning barrels for Fillmore and Donelson, while Philip R. gave me help with my Republican

barrels. As between the boys, the contest was good-natured enough, but I can still remember the impression of surprise that came to me in noticing the bitterness of feeling and of talk between many of the men of Yonkers who had heretofore lived in friendly relations with each other, a bitterness that increased as the campaign went on, and that as a fact presaged the cleavage of the Civil War. We Republican boys had to share the disappointment of our fathers when the count of November declared that Buchanan was elected, but four years later, with the triumph of Lincoln, some of us felt that we had gotten square with our Democratic opponents.

Looking back now over the history of the war period it seems safe to conclude that notwithstanding the great disappointment that came to the anti-slavery workers of 1856, their cause would not have been furthered by the election of Frémont. The man had in his personality much that was attractive and that commended him to his fellow-citizens, but his later career showed that he did not possess the natural force or the stability of character for the leadership of the Republic at a time when the great issue had to be fought out.

It was also the case that in 1856 the North was not sufficiently at one in its own conclusions, and the anti-slavery groups were too scattered and not well enough organised to be in a position to direct wisely the policy of the nation. The election of Frémont would doubtless have raised a barrier to the political aggressions of the South that had been proceeding with hardly a check over a long series of years, but it would probably have resulted in a fresh series of compromises that would have crystallised for another quarter of a century the slavery conditions and that might easily have opened up further territories for the extension of slavery.

Four years later, the steady increase of Southern ag-

gression had heightened the indignation and strengthened the anti-slavery convictions of the North. The utterances of Seward, of Chase, and last, but in their influence upon public opinion by far the most important, those of Lincoln, had made clear to great masses of citizens outside of the circles which had formerly listened to Garrison, to Phillips, and to Beecher, that slavery was incompatible with the continued existence of the government. The majority of the people of the North, while coming to the decision that slavery must first be closely restricted and must finally be exterminated from the continent, were at the beginning of the war prepared to do what might be necessary for a just and adequate recognition of the property claims and of the constitutional rights of the slave-holders. In 1860, such recognition could have been secured by the South, and in this way the great communities south of Mason and Dixon's Line could have been saved from the ruin that was brought upon them by the war. After the sacrifices of four years of war, it was no longer possible to secure from the North a majority opinion in favour of compensation for slave-owners.

Yonkers was a village of hills, and coasting formed, therefore, an important part of winter amusements. I remember a bargain that I was able to complete on one Saturday afternoon, which made it possible for the little sister Edith to take her part in the sport. For some reason or other, possibly because she had been considered too young, the child had not up to that time been provided with a sled. My pocket money was exhausted, but I owned a carpenter's rule. I looked about among the boys in my acquaintance for some one who had a sled small enough in size and correspondingly low in price to make a fair offset to the rule. The chance of finding such a sled, and at the same time of finding an owner who might prefer the rule, was, of course, but slight, but the two chances

did occur together. I secured in exchange for the rule a sled which, for the time at least, met the little sister's requirement and made her one of the coasting party.

Skating there was also in plenty. The Saw-Mill River (the Yonkers people, or at least the boys, were apt to forget the historic and more beautiful name of Nepperhan), which for fishing and for pool-bathing made so large a contribution to our summer amusement, in the winter time obligingly spread itself over certain low-lying meadows and gave us acres of fairly effective ice. It is, I think, a very general impression that with the progress of the centuries, the winters grew milder. I know that our fathers were in the habit of making reference to the ice seasons of the earlier years and to the times when New York was so completely snow-bound that for days traffic was in large part suspended. The actual blocking of the harbour with ice has hardly occurred within the last twenty-five years, while such blocking of the streets as now and then comes up can (with the noteworthy exception of the time of the great blizzard, March 12, 1888) safely be debited against the slovenly management of the street-cleaning department. It was certainly the case that during these early fifties, the Hudson River managed to tie itself up with ice at points as far south as Yonkers more frequently than I can recall in later years. At least twice during the time of our Yonkers sojourn, it came to be practicable to cross the river on the ice to the village of Closter which lay at the foot of the Palisades. On one of these occasions, I managed (certainly without the knowledge of my mother) to be of the party. The journey was toilsome because the ice was rough and because also holes or cracks in the floes made frequent detours necessary.

The home of Washington Irving was a few miles north of our cottage on the Post Road, and the family horse (one

of a long series of patient, although not very effective, beasts) was put to use from time to time for a drive or a sleigh-ride to Sunnyside. My sister Minnie and myself were more than once companions on such an excursion, and I have a definite memory of the kindly expression of the old gentleman's face as he sat behind his big desk in the little study, or as he stood at the door of the study, which opened directly out on the lawn, waving his hand good-bye. My brother Irving was also naturally taken to visit his godfather, but he was too young to retain any direct memory of Sunnyside. I remember one Sunday afternoon when my father was busy arranging some of Mr. Irving's papers, the old gentleman took the pains to give me some word about his own childhood. Irving was born in his father's family home in Pearl Street in 1783. His mother told him some years later, when he was old enough to be interested in historical events and personages, that when he was a year old, the nurse, taking him out in his baby-carriage, saw at the corner of Broadway General Washington passing by on horseback. The nurse, holding up the little boy, called out to the General that here was a boy that had been named after him, and she hoped that the General would be willing to give the boy his blessing. Little Washingtons were not so plenty in 1784 as they became in later years, and the General was quite ready to delay his ride for the purpose of giving a greeting to his little namesake. He took the boy up on the saddle and placing his hand upon the little one's head gave him a formal blessing. I looked up with interest at the head that had been touched by Washington, and then found myself perplexed at Mr. Irving's word that I should not see the spot on which the General's hand had rested. I spoke to my father afterwards about the incident, and he said, "Why you stupid, don't you know that Mr. Irving wears a wig?"

In the last week in November, 1859, I made a final visit with my father to Sunnyside, on the day on which his old friend Irving was being buried in the little graveyard in Sleepy Hollow, the memory of which is perpetuated in one of Irving's most characteristic sketches. I recall the picture presented under the beautiful grey sunshine of the autumn day by the old Sleepy Hollow Church, with its background of great trees, the greensward, the moss-covered venerable tombstones, and the great gathering of vehicles from all parts of the county. Irving had made a place for himself on both sides of the Atlantic as one of the world's authors; and it was evident from the affectionate and sympathetic tributes of his neighbours that he had also impressed upon all who knew him the charm of his gentle and winning personality.

My eldest sister and myself, as is common with children generally, formed more plans than we were able to carry out. One of these covered the building of a greenhouse as a birthday present to the mother. We took some lessons in brick-laying, and we progressed sufficiently with the work to make the brick foundations for the building, after destroying for the purpose a pretty flower bed that lay under the parlour windows. Whether the difficulty was lack of persistence or lack of pocket money I do not now recall, but the superstructure was never completed and those open foundations remained until our departure from the house as a reminder of the ill-advised scheme.

I was permitted from time to time in between schooldays to accompany my father to the office in New York, where I secured an outside impression at least of some of the details of the publishing business. Sitting with a book in a corner of my father's office, I obtained an occasional glimpse of noteworthy people among his visitors, such as Irving, Cooper, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Kirkland, and

others, and I now and then listened to conversations, portions of which I could understand and found interesting. My father was at the time, as he had been since 1837, active in connection with the attempts to bring about international copyright, and I heard in 1852 some talk between himself, Mr. Bryant, Irenæus Prime, and other leaders of the Copyright League in regard to a copyright treaty that was then in train in Washington. It was forty years, however, before an international arrangement for the protection of literary and artistic productions was finally arrived at, and the result was secured not by treaty, but through the enactment of a statute by Congress. During the same year, 1852, my father introduced me to a tall, good-looking man in the dress of a naval officer. "Haven," said he, "you want to remember this gentleman. He tells us that he has discovered a new people of whom, in the course of the next half century, we shall hear a good deal." The tall officer was Commodore Perry who had been received by the Tycoon of Japan and who had secured for the commerce of the United States privileges that had thus far been accorded to the representatives of no other nation. It proved, of course, impossible to refuse to Great Britain, France, and Germany facilities that had been conceded to the United States. I judge, therefore, that the visit of Perry may be considered as marking the acceptance by Japan of relations with the outer world and the beginning of the career as a member of the world's family of this active and enterprising nation of the Pacific. My father published Perry's account of his visit, which was in its way an epoch-marking book. It is of interest to remember that in the lifetime of one man a state has emerged from a chrysalis condition of seclusion and has impressed itself so emphatically upon the affairs of the world.

One of the books that I picked up in my father's

office a year or more later was Layard's *Nineveh and Babylon*, the American edition of which was issued by G. P. Putnam & Co. I was attracted first by the novel illustrations, and later by the dramatic narrative. The ruins of Nineveh had, as I then learned, been discovered by Layard as far back as 1847, but it was not until the operations in 1853 and the publication of his second work, *Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon*, that the record was placed before the general public and that the full importance of his discoveries came to be realised not only by scholars but by the great circle of unscholarly readers. I judge that this distinctive work of Layard was not paralleled until the brilliant investigations carried on by George Smith in 1872–73–74. I remember that in 1873 the London *Telegraph* was bringing into print from the correspondence of George Smith, in columns parallel to those containing the news of the day, the records of the war and of the glories of the kings of Babylonia about 6000 years back. About forty years later, G. P. Putnam's Sons had the opportunity of bringing into print another work which made a distinctive contribution to the history of Babylonia and of the world. This was the account of the Temple of Nippur, which had been discovered in an expedition made by the Rev. John P. Peters in the excavations that were completed some years later by his successors. As a result of the explorations initiated by Peters in the region of which the ancient city of Ur was the capital, the recorded history of the world was, I understand, extended back to something over 6000 B.C.

I remember my father's report to me in 1854 that he had been successful in securing from the company that had been organised to carry on the World's Fair in New York the contract for the illustrated catalogue. He explained to me that the publisher who had issued the similar catalogue for the London Exhibition of 1851 had made a

very satisfactory profit on the undertaking. The New York Committee, comprising some of the more public-spirited citizens of the city, included a number of personal friends of my father's. It proved difficult to secure within four years of the close of the English Exposition the measure of interest that was necessary on the part of the important states of Europe, sufficient to bring from these states fairly representative exhibits. The expense of getting such exhibits across the Atlantic was considerable, and there was not yet sufficient certainty of profitable sales in the United States to encourage the manufacturers of artistic and costly goods to incur the very considerable expense of the shipment of such goods for the New York Exposition. The ground available for the building was restricted, and the managers, working without experience, were seriously delayed in their undertaking, while unlooked-for difficulties cropped up on the financial side of the venture. In the face of these difficulties, the New York Exposition may be described as a creditable undertaking. The building, placed in what is now in part Bryant Park and in part the site of the New York Library, was constructed of glass and steel and followed the general lines of the plan pursued successfully by Paxton in London, and it was, I believe, considered an architectural success. The Exposition was, however, brought to an untimely conclusion by the destruction by fire of the Palace. The fire broke out in a corner storage room, and whatever other advantages might be possessed by a structure of steel and glass, it was evident that it could offer but the slightest possible resistance to an assault by heat. The steel crumbled and the glass fell in. The managers had on their hands the ruins of a building and a long series of claims on the part of the exhibitors for the value of the property that had been destroyed, and the Exposition Company had no resource but to go into bankruptcy.

My father's loss on his great illustrated catalogue proved for him serious, and absorbed resources that two years later might possibly have saved his firm from downfall in the panic of 1857.

Among the New Yorkers whom I was introduced to in my father's office was Cyrus W. Field. Field was a paper manufacturer whom my father had come to know first in business relations, but with whom he came later into close and friendly relations. It was the imagination and persistence of Field that brought into existence the first Atlantic cable, and while the experiments with this cable in August, 1858, were themselves to be classed as a failure, the work foreshadowed a great revolution in the methods of communication, a revolution the influence of which on international relations, on commerce, on ideas, and on kinship can hardly be exaggerated. Field was a man whose large business experience, an experience which included serious business misfortunes, could not impair the hopefulness of his imagination or the persistency of his optimism. In the face of all kinds of discouragement, scientific, commercial, and governmental, he accomplished the task of collecting the dollars required for the floating of his company and for the manufacturing of successive cables. He finally succeeded in securing for the experiment the co-operation of the governments of the United States and of Great Britain.

At the time when the first cable was in readiness, there was no vessel afloat on the Atlantic of sufficient capacity to carry the entire mass, and it was necessary to divide between two steamships the twenty-eight hundred miles (more or less) of wire. The British Government gave for the purpose the service of the steam-frigate *Agamemnon*, while from the American navy came the *Niagara*. The two vessels, each carrying one half of the cable, met in mid-Atlantic, and when the two ends had been spliced,

they started respectively for Ireland and for Nova Scotia. The first splice proved unsuccessful, so that it was necessary for the vessels to come together again, when cable number one was finally placed in position. A few messages, very imperfect, were flashed across the Atlantic, and then, after some feeble "peeps," the communication ceased. Cable number one had to be abandoned as useless, and the money invested in it could only be closed off as a loss.

With the benefit, however, of the experience secured in this first attempt, Field again went to work, collected further money, and organised a fresh company, which constructed a second and a stronger cable, and with the use of the steamer *Great Eastern*, cable number two was finally placed in position. A longer series of messages were exchanged, making clear to the electricians and the others who had been studying the problem that the scheme was really practicable, but after a few months communication again ceased. Something had gone wrong either with the coating of the cable or with the wires carrying the current and the discouragement of this failure was sufficient to block the undertaking for no less than eight years. It was not until 1866 that it proved practicable for the promoters of the undertaking, with whom the indomitable Field was still the leader, to bring to successful completion the third attempt. I recall the doubtings of certain skeptical journalists of the time who contended that there never had been any real messages and that the words given to the press from Nova Scotia by (the more or less mythical) De Sauty had been concocted for stock-jobbing purposes.

The fact that during the period of the Civil War, 1861–65, there was no cable communication between America and Great Britain, affected in many ways the relations of public opinion in the two countries. It is quite possible,

for instance, that if immediate communication had been practicable during the burst of indignation that followed the seizure of Mason and Slidell, in November, 1861, war could hardly have been averted.

V

The Troubles of 1857

IN 1857, came business troubles for the country at large and for my father's firm, troubles which have been described with sufficient detail in the earlier memoirs. These necessarily brought about a material change in the plans and in the possibilities for the home life of our family, which at that time comprised eight youngsters. The blow to my father caused by the undermining of a business with which he had so closely identified himself, and for the future of which he had had such legitimate and apparently well assured hopefulness, was a very serious one.

I can recall the way in which he appeared to age rapidly during the calm months of the summer and autumn of that disastrous year. There was, however, no slackening in his energies, and in fact he was working with double power. He had a complicated series of business matters to adjust, and the labour fell almost entirely upon himself. A full measure of the responsibility for the disasters must rest upon the memory of his young partner who was drowned on the Fourth of July. It was only after his death that my father discovered how muddled the financial management had been and discovered, further, that the resources of the firm had been utilised in connection with certain individual speculations of the junior.

Mr. Lowell Mason, who accepted, at a considerable personal sacrifice, the troublesome post of assignee, was an old friend of my father's and did what was in his power to smooth the difficulties of the situation. In connection, however, with the general undermining of credit throughout the country and with the suspension of the banks, it proved impossible to utilise to any substantial advantage the resources of the concern. These had to be sacrificed at a nominal value and when the creditors had received their sixty cents on the dollar, there was practically nothing left as capital for the publisher. At the age of forty-three, he had to begin his business life over again and to make the foundations of a new concern while supporting a large family.

The Yonkers home had been made the property of my mother. At the time of this gift to her, there was no question of the entire solvency of the firm. Mr. Mason advised her that the house was hers by law and in equity and that no creditors could criticise her retention of it. She refused, however, to believe that it was right for her to retain property that had been my father's as long as any moneys were still owed by him to creditors. My father fully approved of this view and the house was, therefore, turned over to the assignee for the benefit of the creditors. I have a very appreciative recollection of my mother's pluck, patience, and cheerfulness during this troublesome time. She kept the household going as cheerily as if it were not that of a ruined man. The children's lessons were not permitted to be broken in upon excepting in so far as I was utilised at certain hours in the New York office as a special messenger boy for my father. For the husband she always had the cheeriest possible welcome on his return from his black days in the city, at a time when such welcome must have been for him of special value.

In October, 1857, the family migrated to a cottage in the township of Morrisania lying about a mile east of High Bridge. For the children the change was not in itself a disaster. Fond as we had been of Yonkers, there was always an interest and novelty in going to a new place and the new home presented not a few fascinations of its own. The house had been built, through some whim of its first owner, all in one story or on one floor. The children understood that it was on the model of a French château, but I doubt whether any château in France was ever constructed in so weird or so fantastic a fashion. On the west side, a big piazza overlooked an inlet of the Harlem and the hills beyond. On the east, the house was shut in from the village of Morrisania, lying a mile beyond, by a ridge and a slope of woodland. The ground included no less than seven acres which were largely covered by the original forest trees. This presented a most fascinating wilderness for the explorations of the children. There was a spacious stable, which, in the absence of any horses, gave the youngsters an additional playground. There was also a good-sized garden for which I promptly made with my father a leasing under which I secured in the course of a couple of years a substantial return. The bit of forest land actually included hickory trees so that our nutting could be done on our own ground. Nearer to the house were some old-fashioned but very satisfactory cherry trees. The difficulty with the home as an abiding place for children was the fact that the entire country suffered at that time from malarious influences and this particular house, built without any cellar, increased not a little the risk of malarious trouble for those who lived in it. As a fact, several of the children did have their health impaired by this malarious influence.

Minnie and myself went to school in the city, taking the train from the station named Melrose. This meant a

morning walk of perhaps three quarters of a mile. The school selected for myself was kept by John MacMullen, who was an old-time friend of my father's and who was with my father a member of the Century Club. MacMullen was Irish by birth but had come to the country as a youngster and had secured his degree from Columbia College. He remained active among the alumni of the college and closely identified with its interests until his death in 1894. After graduating from Columbia and doing some service as a teacher, he was made librarian of the Society Library, a post that he held for some years and that brought him into friendly relations with a large number of representative New Yorkers. Later, he established his school, occupying for this three floors in the building on the south-east corner of Broadway and Twentieth Street. The school was, for a time, one of the successful and noteworthy institutions of the city. The list of pupils included representatives (sometimes of successive generations) of a number of the well-known families such as the Bells, the Spoffords, the Van Werts, the Roosevelts, the Cuttings, and others. I entered the school late in the autumn term of 1857. My father was at that time counting dollars closely and he probably could not have afforded any payment for my school fees. An arrangement was made which, considering the circumstances, was certainly liberal on the part of MacMullen. For the first term, I was to have my schooling in exchange for some service as an assistant or tutor. After the first term, in case my work had proved satisfactory, I was to receive in addition a salary of $200 a year. At the time my school work began I was thirteen years old and in my fourteenth year I received my first earnings. My first teaching was, I think, in the primary department. The school occupied three floors, of which the top was retained for a play-room, a liberal arrangement considering the costliness of Broadway

rents; the next below was devoted to the senior and junior departments, and the third, under the charge of Miss Riley (who afterwards became Mrs. MacMullen), served for the work of the primary department. After a few months' teaching of the youngsters, I was sent upstairs to take care of certain classes containing boys of my own age. I remember among these "pupils" Isaac Bell (son of the well-known merchant of the same name), who was afterwards Minister in Brussels; Gardiner Spofford, whose father was the managing partner of the old shipping firm of Spofford & Tileston; George W. Folsom, whose father was a leading lawyer and an owner of old-time family estates near Stuyvesant Square; Nicholas Fish, the son of Hamilton Fish, who was afterwards Minister to Berne; Alfred Wagstaff, of the Long Island family, who became a lawyer and is at this time a clerk of the General Term in New York. He served with distinction during the Civil War, returning as Major.

I doubt whether I taught these youngsters very much. In Greek and Latin, I managed to keep myself a few lessons ahead of them. It is fair to say that they had other work in both languages with MacMullen himself. The teaching was in any case a decided service to the teacher, and there was also service in the experience and training for responsibilities. I remember the special satisfaction that I had in MacMullen's word that my control of the boys in the class-room was very satisfactory. He thought that it was by no means easy to take part in the football upstairs as a comrade and an hour later to maintain discipline in the class. MacMullen himself was one of the most devoted teachers. I have never known a man who gave of himself so freely in time, money, and sympathy to his pupils. This was, of course, an important factor in bringing into the school a good class of boys whose fathers could appreciate the intelligent service they were

securing. His unselfishness or altruism had, of course, the usual necessary disadvantages. At the time he was securing from the school very considerable annual receipts, it was his habit, in place of capitalising these receipts, to expend a large proportion, in one way or another, on extra instructors or matters connected with the boys' amusements. Other schools began to crowd upon him in competition, the rent was raised, the net income was reduced, and when it finally became necessary to seek other quarters, the earlier generation of pupils were not promptly replaced with a sufficient number of successors. The school declined in force and in repute until, during the later years of MacMullen's life, it had been transferred to Washington Heights where his home was, and had dwindled down to a small group of primary boys. It was a very keen disappointment to the old teacher to feel that, while his mind was still vigorous, he had apparently lost his hold in the teaching world. His chief difficulty was a lack of business common-sense. If he could in those earlier years have had a practically minded partner to keep track of the business, the school ought to have made for itself a continued success.

My own sojourn in it was not only pleasant, but, as said, satisfactory for training. It seemed best, however, to my father, after taking counsel with some friends of college standing, that I should, before entering for the Columbia examinations, take some months' work in the Columbia Grammar School, the graduates of which were supposed to have certain special advantages in entering the college. The master and chief owner of the grammar school was Dr. Anthon, a man who for half a century was a prominent figure in the scholarly circles of New York. Anthon also held the post of Professor of Greek in Columbia. He was the compiler or editor of a number of classical text-books, the notes in which gave fuller render-

ings of the original text than are considered wise by the later editors of classical works. There was no particular difficulty on the part of the shrewder pupils, either in the grammar school or later in the college class, in learning by heart the renderings which old Anthon had framed and in utilising these in the recitations. Nothing pleased Anthon better than to hear his own interpretations thus presented. Later, however, as my own knowledge of Latin and Greek increased, I was able to recognise that Anthon had gracefully skipped in his renderings not a few of the more difficult passages. My work in the Columbia Grammar School covered the winter of 1859 and I have therefore, in referring to it here, advanced my narrative somewhat.

I found time in between my school duties for some work on the home estate. My father was at the time employing no gardener or serving man and the chores of the place fell largely upon myself. It is fair to say that Minnie was always ready to do her share even in the tasks that are especially considered as belonging to the boys. Bishop also took hold at a fairly early age. Among my tasks came a certain piece of work that belonged perhaps rather to our play account than to household chores. In the second year of our sojourn in the Melrose house, Minnie and myself became possessed of a couple of ponies. We had for some time been saving money towards a pony purchase. I remember as far back as the Yonkers time a box with a slit in the top that hung in the hall by the hat-stand where it could attract the attention of guests. This box was labelled "For the pony fund." Some dollars, I do not remember how many, were accumulated through the friendly interest of visitors. To this beginning was added a little fund from birthday deposits which had been made by the parents in the Savings Bank, and by 1858 we had an amount

available for the purchase of any ponies that could be bought cheap.

I remember very well the visit made with my father to the horse market in East 25th Street, known as the "Bull's Head." As previously stated, my father's knowledge of horses was of the vaguest, but as often enough happens in the case of really modest men, he was unwilling, in this branch of knowledge or investigation, to take counsel from an expert. This time the tyro fell on his feet. A couple of really attractive Canadian ponies were offered to him at a price which, even with his imperfect knowledge of the market, he understood to be extremely low. The ponies, tested in the street by one of the stablemen, showed what the seller called "a beautiful action," and the purchase was promptly completed. The ponies were delivered in due course at the stable on the estate and it was not until some days later that we realised why the Canadian had been so urgent to make the sale. A distemper of very serious character developed in both beasts. The horse doctor told us that the chances were against the ponies' ever being of any service, and that they would probably have to be shot. He prescribed, however, a course of treatment which involved a daily washing out of mouth and nostrils, and with the utmost faithfulness this treatment was carried out by Minnie and myself. We learned only later that the distemper was contagious for human beings as well as for horses; but we also fell on our feet. The ponies were saved and did good service during the years of our sojourn at Melrose.

The name given to Minnie's pony was "Guyas cutus" after the mythical animal in a Georgia circus show, who had, according to the story, eaten up his comrade the Paw. He was, naturally, called "Guy" for short. My own beast rejoiced in the name of Osawatomie Brown, as a record of our interest in the anti-slavery fight in Kansas.

As he was always called "Tony," it is possible that he never himself realised how much history he was carrying. After getting my share of the ponies cared for in the morning and doing some "redding up" about the house, I caught an eight o'clock train leaving the Melrose station for New York and got to the Grammar School in Fourth Avenue a few minutes before nine. I believe during my winters' journeyings that I was late at school but twice. On the first occasion our cow (I had forgotten to state that this constituted one of my home cares) saw fit to bother herself with the pangs of motherhood just at the time when I ought to have been catching the first train, and as a result I caught the second and arrived an hour late and had to take my place at the foot of the class. Dr. Anthon would not accept a new calf as any excuse for lack of promptness in his Greek class. The second time I had a better excuse, and while I was promptly sent to the foot of the class (at that time my ambition kept me in Greek and Latin either at the head or number two) I was permitted on the verification of my hurriedly given statement to retake my place the day following.

Our Harlem Road train, blocked in the tunnel through the breaking down of its engine, was run into by the New Haven Express. I remember the excitement that came upon us younger passengers when the brakeman rushed in after the train had been brought to a standstill for some minutes, shouting to us, "Jump, jump quick." Jump we did and in my car, at least, no one was injured. On returning to the car after the shock of the collision had passed, I found the seats tossed about and I did not succeed in finding my copy of Sallust which I had been grinding at diligently up to the time of the entrance into the tunnel.

I got home, as a rule, to a light mid-day meal at a little before three. On the Saturdays in the winter, there was,

of course, time for skating and coasting. In the summer and autumn months, Bishop and myself took part in a baseball club of the Melrose juniors. The work on the garden previously referred to did not, however, leave me very much time for amusements. I had, I think, about an acre of ground to care for. To the proceeds of this garden my father was liberal enough to add the control of the fruit of certain peach trees, which naturally did not call for much individual care on my part. With the best attention, it was, of course, not possible for me to do all the work required for the cultivation of an acre, and I made a business arrangement with a stalwart Irish neighbour who put in his spare hours on my potatoes. My brother Bishop was hired (for a sum which, in later years, he declares to have been very much below his market value) for such weeding as was within the powers of a small boy. During the two years of my labour, I cleared from this contract the sum of $300. This sum was later utilised as working capital for my first student terms in Göttingen.

The château, while a biggish building to look at, contained barely enough rooms for the requirements of the increasing home circle. Bishop and myself slept in a basement bedroom which had no cellar beneath it. The results for his health were bad, but at that time, at least, I seemed to be malaria proof. I got a different impression of my liability in later years when I was experimenting in a Louisiana swamp. By some method of doubling up with the children, we did manage in time of need to have a spare-room. My father's hospitable tendencies had by no means diminished and the spare-room was occupied pretty steadily by friends from the city. The most regular visitor was Kingman Nott, the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Broome Street. In the Memoir of my father I have given in a sketch of Nott some record of the

impression that he had left on my memory. During the troublous times of 1857, occurred what was known as the Great Revival. The influence of this revival was felt very generally over the country, but it is my impression that it impressed itself particularly on New York. How far the awakening of religious interest was due to the large amount of trouble, disaster, and discouragement that had come upon the business community, or how far religious interest was strengthened by the fact that so many thousands of men had lost their hopefulness in the management of their worldly affairs, it would be of course impossible to determine. It was certainly the case that the consolations of a newly instituted or a newly revived religious faith were most important during those dark months of the autumn of 1857 for many men and for many women upon whom trouble and disasters had come.'

My father had from his earliest youth found himself among religious circles. His mother was an earnest Baptist and my father as a boy had taken his part in the regular Sunday services and home worship. He had never, however, been able to accept for himself the Calvinistic doctrine. When he was first absent from his mother's home, he had been thrown in with Unitarians among whom he found many of his own near friends. It was a Unitarian divine, Dr. Dewey, by whom his marriage service was performed. During the sojourn in London and later, on Staten Island and in Yonkers, he had accompanied my mother to the Episcopal Church, to which she had found herself drawn and in which for a number of years she had accepted membership.

During this revival of 1857, my father had been drawn into personal companionship with the young preacher Kingman Nott, whose influence over him became very strong. Nott himself appeared to have little interest in the Calvinistic doctrine, but devoted his own work as a preacher

and as religious adviser to emphasising what may be called the universal truths of Christianity. These my father was fully able to accept. It seemed to him of comparatively little importance with what body of Christians he might be associated, as long as he knew that some good work was being done to the community by the organisation in which he belonged, work in which he could take his share. Under Nott's influence and very much to the delight of his mother, he accepted membership in the First Baptist Church. My mother, not willing to be separated from her husband and caring herself very little about doctrine one way or the other, gave up her preference for the Episcopal Church and herself became a member of the same church. The influence of their example together with the personal magnetism of the young preacher, who, as said, had become very much an inmate of our home circle, proved to be sufficient to bring me also into the Baptist communion, and what was, under the circumstances, much more surprising, stirred in the same direction my active-minded sister Minnie. This connection with the First Baptist Church was for us children brought about before the close of 1857.

On the Sundays when the weather permitted and the trains ran, we journeyed from High Bridge to Broome Street for the church service. When this service for one reason or another might not be practicable, the family attended service in a small hall in the village of Morrisania which had been taken possession of by a group of Baptists not yet strong enough to build a church. Under Nott's general direction or suggestion, Minnie and myself carried on some courses of religious or theological reading, but I doubt whether we ever became what might be called "good Calvinists." My father's orthodoxy as a Calvinist was brought into question not very much later, but during the lifetime of his pastor he was permitted to remain a

member in good standing of the very orthodox First Baptist Church.

In the summer of 1860 young Nott was drowned. It seems to me probable now in looking back over his career, that his early death was for him a blessing. He had made a great success as a preacher and during his comparatively short sojourn in the metropolis, to which he had come from a small village in Maine, he had won for himself an influence that was most noteworthy. He had been a conspicuous figure during the months of the revival and his own preaching in the Academy of Music and elsewhere had gained attention from great masses of hearers from all classes of the community. It was the case, however, that the hard-headed deacons of the First Church did not consider him to be quite sound in his theology. It is very possible that he would have come into trouble a little later on points of doctrine, and it is probably well that he was spared this trouble. He was for my father a valued and valuable friend, and I judge that for the young preacher himself the companionship and friendship of a man like my father must have been of no little service.

In February, 1860, it was my good fortune to secure a personal glimpse of Abraham Lincoln, the man who was to have the responsibility as leader in the great contest for the maintenance of the Republic. Lincoln had been invited by certain of the Republican leaders in New York to deliver the first of a series of addresses which had been planned to make clear to the voters the purposes and the principles of the new party. As a result of the series of debates with Douglas in 1858, Lincoln's name had become known to many Republicans in the East. It was recognised that he had shown clear understanding of the principles on which the new party had been organised and that his counsel should prove of distinctive service in the

shaping of the policy of the coming Presidential campaign. The Committee of Invitation included, in addition to a group of the Old Whigs (of whom my father was one), representatives of Free-Soil Democrats such as William Cullen Bryant and John King.

Lincoln's methods as a political leader and orator were known to one or two men on the Committee, but his name was still unfamiliar to an Eastern audience. It was understood that the new leader from the West was going to talk to New York about the fight against slavery; and it is probable that the larger part of the audience expected something "wild and woolly." The West at that time seemed very far off from New York and was still but little understood or little realised by the communities of the East. New York found it difficult to believe that a man from the prairies could have anything to say that would count with the cultivated citizens of the metropolis. The more optimistic of the hearers were hoping that perhaps a new Henry Clay had arisen, and these were looking for utterances of the ornate and grandiloquent kind, such as they had heard from Clay and from other statesmen of the South.

My father had the opportunity, as a member of the Committee, of smuggling me in upon the platform at Cooper Union, and from the corner where I sat, I had a fair view of the speaker. The meeting was presided over by Bryant and the contrast between the cultivated Chairman and the speaker was marked. Bryant, while short, gave the impression at once of dignity and of control. His magnificent big head, with the mass of flowing hair, was that of a bard. Bryant's fame as a poet has possibly eclipsed the importance of his service as an editorial teacher with the highest standards of citizenship and as a wise and patriotic leader of public opinion.

The first impression of the man from the West did

nothing to contradict the expectation of something weird, rough, and uncultivated. The long, ungainly figure upon which hung clothes that, while newly made for this trip, were evidently the work of an unskilful tailor; the large feet and the clumsy hands of which, at the outset, at least, the speaker seemed to be unduly conscious; the long gaunt head, capped by a shock of hair that seemed not to have been thoroughly brushed out, made a picture which did not fit in with New York's conception of a finished statesman. The first utterance of the voice was not pleasant to the ear, the tone being harsh and the key too high. As the speech progressed, however, the speaker seemed to come into control of himself, the voice gained a natural and impressive modulation, the gestures were dignified and natural, and the hearers found themselves under the influence of the earnest look from the deeply set eyes and of the absolute integrity of purpose and of devotion to principle which impressed the thought and the words of the speaker. In place of a "wild and woolly" talk, illumined by more or less incongruous anecdotes, in place of a high-strung exhortation of general principles or of a fierce protest against Southern arrogance, the New Yorkers had presented to them a calm but forcible series of well-reasoned considerations upon which was to be based their action as citizens.

It was evident that the man from the West understood thoroughly the constitutional history of the country; he had mastered the issues that had grown up about the slavery question; he realised, and was prepared to respect, the rights of his political opponents. He realised equally the rights of the men whose views he was helping to shape, and he insisted that there should be no wavering or weakening in regard to the enforcement of those rights; he made it clear that the continued existence of the nation depended upon the equitable adjustment of these issues,

and he held that such adjustment meant the restriction of slavery within its present boundaries. He maintained that such restriction was just and necessary, as well on the ground of fairness to the blacks as for the final welfare of the whites. He insisted that the voters in the present States of the Union had upon them the largest possible measure of responsibility in so controlling the great domain of the Republic that the States of the future, the States in which their children and their grandchildren were to grow up as citizens, should be preserved in full liberty, and be protected against the invasion and the control of the institution that represented barbarity. Such a contention could interfere in no way with the recognition that was due under the obligations, entered into by the grandfathers and confirmed by the fathers, to the property rights of the present owners of slaves.

With the New Englanders of the anti-slavery group, the speaker emphasised that the restriction of slavery meant its early extermination; and with this belief he insisted that war for the purpose of exterminating slavery from existing slave territory could not be justified. He was prepared, however, for the purpose of protecting against slavery the national territory that was still free, to take the risk of the war which was threatened from the South, because he believed that only through such action could the existence of the nation be maintained. He believed further that the maintenance of the great Republic was essential not only for the welfare of its own citizens, but for the interests and the development of free government throughout the world. He spoke with full sympathy of the difficulties and problems resting upon the men of the South, and he insisted that the matters at issue could be adjusted only with a fair recognition of these difficulties. Aggression must be withstood

from whichever side of Mason and Dixon's Line it might be threatened.

I was but a boy when I first looked upon the gaunt figure of the man who was to be accepted as the people's leader in the great struggle, and listened to the calm but forcible arguments in behalf of the principles of the Republican party. It is not likely that I took in at the time with any adequate appreciation the weight of the speaker's reasoning. I have read the address since more than once, and it is, of course, impossible to separate my first impressions from my later knowledge. I do remember that I was at once impressed with the feeling that here was a political leader whose methods differed from those of any politician to whom I had listened. His contentions were based not upon invective or abuse of the other fellow, but purely on considerations of justice, on that everlasting principle that what is just, and only what is just, represents the largest and the highest interests of the whole nation. As I learned from the later history, this Cooper Union speech gave the keynote for the coming campaign, and it also decided the selection of the national leader not only for the Presidential campaign, but through the coming struggle. It was through the impression made upon New York, and later upon the States of the East, by Lincoln's speech and by the personality of the man that the votes of New York and of New England were secured for the nomination in Chicago of the man from Illinois.

Robert Lincoln (writing to me in July, 1908) says:

After my father's address in New York in February, 1860, he made a trip to New England in order to visit me at Exeter, N. H., where I was then a student in the Phillips Academy. It had not been his plan to do any speaking in New England, but as a result of the address in New York, he received requests from New England friends for speeches, and I find that before returning to the West he spoke at the following places: Provi-

dence, R. I., Manchester, Exeter, Dover, and Concord, N. H., Hartford, Meriden, New Haven, Norwalk, and Bridgeport, Conn., and Woonsocket, R. I. Through Boston he passed as an unknown traveller.

An edition of Mr. Lincoln's address was brought into print in September, 1860, by the Young Men's Republican Union of New York, with notes by Cephas Brainerd and Charles C. Nott (later Colonel of my own regiment, the 176th New York, and after the war Chief Justice of the Court of Claims in Washington). The publication of this pamphlet shows that as early as September, 1860, the historic importance and permanent value of the speech were fairly realised by the national leaders of the day. In 1909, I brought the speech into print again as an appendix to my biographical study of Lincoln, and my good friend Colonel (or Justice) Nott was sufficiently interested to prepare a new introduction for the text. Justice Nott took the view, which I think is now generally accepted, that the speech is, on the ground not only of its contents but of its final influence on the history of the country, to be ranked in the first group (and possibly first in the group) of the political addresses of the United States.

In 1858, the construction of Central Park had been begun under the direction of Frederick Law Olmsted and of Calvert Vaux. Olmsted was a Massachusetts man who had recently taken up the profession of landscape gardening. He was a man of distinctive force and originality, and he had already given evidence of executive ability and of cleverness in observation in several directions. He had published through my father a year or two earlier, under the title of *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England*, an account of a tramp that he had taken with a friend through a large portion of Great Britain. He had made a study of agricultural and of social conditions, and some of the more intelligent reviewers compared the book,

as well for its information as for the cleverness of presentation, to the writings of Cobbett. In 1857–58, Olmsted found time for a horseback journey through the South. Starting at the Great Dismal Swamp, he rode along the coast, making detours into the Back Country, and he extended his trip as far as Texas. The results of his observations were presented in three books, *A Journey through the Seaboard Slave States*, *A Journey in the Back Country*, and *A Journey through Texas*. Olmsted interested himself in studying in each community through which he passed the conditions, rural, social, and commercial. He was trying to find out upon what depended the prosperity of these slave-holding communities and whether the prospects of prosperity were on an upward or a downward wave. The most important of the conclusions arrived at after a study extending over a number of months, was as to the unprofitableness of slave labour. It seemed clear to Olmsted that even on the plantations where the raising of cotton or of rice was going on with full measure of activity, and when there was an assured market for the things produced, the planter was not making any net income, and that in his financial status he was steadily slipping backward.

Olmsted had, as a typical New Englander, always believed that slavery was on moral grounds an abomination, but in these narratives he gives little attention to the moral side of the question. There is not a word of invective or abuse against the slave-holders. He finds himself in fact very sympathetic with their problems and their difficulties. It was his belief, however, that in the near future, the financial foundations of the plantation system were going to break down. He pointed out that a number of the planters were spending money, and spending it very freely, which had been borrowed from their factors, chiefly in New York and in Philadelphia, on the crop that

was still to be harvested and sold. In some cases, these loans covered crops two or more years ahead. He recalls that in the history of the world, economic difficulties had frequently resulted in political disturbance and even in revolution. The books have been compared to the studies made by the English traveller Alfred Young in France in the years immediately preceding the revolution of 1789.

The analysis made by Olmsted of the unsound condition of the business of producers in the South was supplemented a year or more later by a book written by a North Carolinian, Helper, in which, with rather sharper emphasis, he presented similar conclusions. Helper's book made his fellow-citizens so indignant that he was driven out of the State. Both authors were, however, fairly justified in their predictions by the events of 1861–65. It is proper to recall in this connection that one of the first acts passed by the Confederate Congress in Montgomery, Alabama, was one confiscating into the Confederate treasury all debts due to "alien enemies," that is to say to the factors and merchants of the North. The financial history of the Confederacy shows that not very much money was collected in this fashion, but the Southern planters had at least the advantage of sponging off the slate a great mass of obligations. It may also be borne in mind that however good the will might have been on the part of such of these planters as survived at the close of the war, there were at that time, with the annihilation of property in slaves and with the destruction of the plantations, no resources left with which to meet any outside indebtedness. The millions of dollars due to the North from the South at the beginning of the war, while, of course, not to be described as the cause of the war, had undoubtedly constituted a sharp additional motive on the part of many leading Southerners for hastening secession.

This, however, is a diversion into later history. Calvert

Vaux, who had co-operated with Olmsted in the design that was after competition selected for Central Park, was an English architect who had come to the country a few years before in the company of Mr. Downing. It was Mr. Vaux who was responsible for the construction of the larger part of the bridges and other architectural work in the Park. It is probable that the credit for the ingenious idea of the transverse roads should be shared between him and Olmsted.

I utilised the vacation months of the summer of 1859 for work on the Central Park. My cousin, Mr. Olmsted, placed me on the staff of an Austrian landscape gardener, Pilat, who had at that time the responsibility for the shaping of the Ramble, and my summer's work was done under Pilat's directions.

It is not easy for the New Yorker of later generation to realise the condition of the ground out of which was created the portion of the Park lying between Fifty-ninth Street and Seventy-second Street. The region was made up of rocky hills, with the slightest possible covering of earth at their base. These hills were largely occupied by the shanties of Irish squatters and by their goats and pigs. Nearly all the earth needed for the growth of the trees and shrubs south of Seventy-second Street had to be brought in from outside. The pond which begins at the angle of Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue is an artificial creation. I remember taking a good deal of pride in the success of the curves of one of the paths in the ramble, for the shaping of which I was responsible, but I have never been able since to identify that path with any degree of certainty. I received the daily wage of $1.10; the dollar being for my work and the ten cents for the payment of my fare back to town. I was expected to find my own fare for the morning journey. At the close of the day's work, the labourers could, if they chose to pay ten cents, go back to

town by some old mule-driven stages which had been secured for the purpose, and which made the trip from the gateway of the old Arsenal building. It was in this building also that we received our weekly wage.

In the winter of 1860, my school work was brought to a close by a rather serious illness. It is probable that I had pushed work as a student a little too hard in connection with the necessary fatigue of the journey in and out to the city. I still held my places in class, first and second in Greek and Latin (alternating with a stubborn friend) and second in mathematics, and Anthon looked upon me as a promising student for his Columbia class. The time lost through the illness was made up in a measure by some coaching given by a young student named Suydam who came to Melrose for the purpose and who gave me the last supervision required before the Columbia examinations in June. These I passed successfully and was duly recorded as a member of the class of 1864. As usual, the Columbia Grammar School boys came well to the front in the matriculation examinations. It was the very natural criticism on the part of the other boys and of the instructors that Professor Anthon, who held the chair of Greek in Columbia, looked after his own youngsters. I divided the honours of the examination with my friend Lawrence who had contended with me steadily in the Columbia schoolroom, and with an outsider named Demarest. I believe later that Demarest got the better of Lawrence, so that the headship of even Anthon's Greek class did not rest with the Columbia Grammar School.

After the successful completion of these June examinations, I was taken by my father to his old-time friend Dr. Agnew the oculist, to be overhauled as to my eyes. Agnew's report was decidedly pessimistic. He said that it was perhaps well that the examinations had been completed, as if I had come to him a few weeks earlier, he

would not have permitted them to be taken. He said that there was no good in my planning for college work in the autumn and that the proper thing to do was to send me off on a voyage. Dr. Agnew's decision was given in June, 1860, just after the college examinations. My father had still some hope that the blocking of the college work need not be as final as the oculist anticipated. He arranged that I should spend the summer months on a tramp through the White Mountains with the hope that by October, with the strengthening of the general health, the eyes might again possibly be fit for use. I was fortunate in securing as a companion for this summer tramp my old-time friend and schoolfellow, Cabot Jackson Russell. In the MacMullen school we had competed with each other in class work, in the school debating society, and at football. Latin and Greek were for Cabot stumbling blocks. His mind was in certain directions quick enough, but he could not concentrate on study. In oratory he held his own and in football and anything else that included contest he was always a leader. His boy companions recognised in him the personal courage of which fuller evidence was given before his death. His charm of manner, lively spirits, and good-fellowship secured for him a wide circle of loving companions and friends. His sister, who had much more of a headpiece, was a school friend of my sister Minnie. The father was a New York lawyer who had been active in anti-slavery work. He was a capable and cultivated man and his interests were those of a scholar. Possibly on the ground of interest in anti-slavery work and in other reforms, he did not make a great success at the Bar.

One of Cabot's difficulties was that of keeping his finances straight. Money disappeared through his hands or from his pockets before he knew that he had any, and while his tastes were sufficiently refined, and his pennies

were certainly never used for unworthy purposes, it was usually impossible for him to make clear to his father or to his older sister what had been done with his funds. I remember that on this particular trip, the sister gave me his travelling money with strict injunctions that I was to let him have no cash other than the necessary expenses of the trip from day to day. I managed, although with some difficulty, to follow these instructions, and it is only fair to Cabot to say that in spite of the necessary annoyance of being obliged to come to his chum as an applicant for his own, he never lost temper with me in connection with certain refusals on my part which I believed to be necessary. When, at the end of the trip, I turned him over to his aunt Ellen Jackson who was waiting for us at the foot of Mount Kearsarge, I was able to place in her hands a substantial balance from the amount allotted for expenses. "Well, Haven," said Miss Jackson, "this is the first time in my memory that Cabot ever arrived at the end of a trip with money in hand."

We went by train to Springfield, Massachusetts, and walked from there to Brattleboro and from Brattleboro to a village at the foot of Mount Kearsarge. There, Cabot's part of the trip ended but he accompanied me a stage farther to North Conway, from which point I journeyed by stage and rail to Portland, coming home in the Portland boat. It was for both of us boys a great spree. At different points along the road we came into touch with friends or connections to whom we had letters. I remember particularly a big group of Tyler cousins in Brattleboro. We had fishing tackle with us and in the early sixties many of the New Hampshire brooks which have since been pretty thoroughly exhausted still gave good sport. I never saw Cabot again after leaving him at North Conway. My course led me to Germany, while his lay in the direction of Harvard. He managed, although with rather a serious burden of con-

ditions, to pass the admission examinations in October. He was in trouble with his class by the close of the first year and it is my impression that during the second year he was sent home with the word that he had better take some more tutoring outside of the college. Fortunately for him, other interests came in which left college matters in the background. He enlisted, as soon as he had reached the required age of eighteen, in one of the Boston regiments and did some service in North Carolina as a sergeant. A few months later, when the Fifty-fourth Coloured Regiment was organised in Boston, he was recalled by Boston friends to take a captain's commission under Colonel Shaw. He took his full share in the training of these Massachusetts negroes, training which, in connection with the exceptionally intelligent material that came into the two Massachusetts regiments, was much less difficult than that which I had on my hands a few months later in Louisiana when we were going through the task of turning plantation negroes into soldiers. As well on the ground of the intelligence, the ardour, and the keen fighting spirit of the rank and file, as because of the rather exceptionally high quality of the picked officers, the 54th and 55th Massachusetts, under the leadership of Colonel Shaw and Colonel Hallowell, took rank among the best of the regiments that went to the front during the year 1863. The record of the 54th is well known in the history of the long campaign about the coast of Charleston. Young Russell fell with his Colonel in the assault on Fort Wagner, an assault in which five out of six of the officers were killed or wounded. His name finds place at the head of the roster of the company commanders carved on the beautiful monument by St. Gaudens erected in memory of the regiment on Boston Common.

On arriving at Portland by the first of September, I found in my home letters news of the sudden death of

Kingman Nott and realised in my father's reference to Nott how close the two men had been to each other and how much of a personal loss the taking away of the young pastor was to my father. On arriving at home, I had some further experimenting with the eyes with the result of the confirmation of the counsel given in June. I was for the present at least to give up all plans for college work and was to take an absence from home, beginning with a sea voyage.

VI

I Am Sent Abroad

MY father found among the vessels loading in New York a bark called the *Louisa Hatch.* The vessel attracted his favourable attention partly from her graceful lines and partly from the fact that she bore what he might have called a Maine imprint, as she sailed from Bath. The captain, himself a Maine man, belonged to a type of American seamen which, under the pressure, first of Civil War conditions, and later of pig-headed mediæval laws revived and strengthened under our protective policy, has so largely disappeared. He was, I judge, a first-class sailor and he had also a very high standard of discipline. The crew was much more largely American than would be the case in these later years in which our American vessels, as far as they are still to be found at sea, are largely manned by Scandinavians and Britons. His first mate was his brother-in-law, a sad-eyed, right-purposed man who did the best he could without having any hopefulness as to the result. The second mate was a rollicking fellow who was rather out of place in this strict New England craft but who was very valuable, if only by contrast, in keeping up the spirits of the company. My father secured passage for me in the vessel, which was bound to Bristol, for the sum of forty dollars. I was the only passenger, as at that time

sailing vessels had practically been given up for the North Atlantic passenger service. The captain remarked that my passage-money would become the perquisite of his wife. We had what might be called a successful trip, reaching Bristol in the remarkably fast time of eighteen days. As a fact, we were absolutely blown across the ocean by south-westerly gales which, coming on the quarter, secured for the vessel her best speed. She was loaded with grain and in those days, well in advance of the Plimsoll reforms, there was practically no supervision as to stowing methods for grain cargoes. The grain was, if I remember rightly, practically loose in the hold, or if there were bin divisions, the bins were so large that the grain was still left free to shift. On the third or fourth day out, the seas being heavy, a leak developed and the pumps were started. The second mate, having not much else to amuse himself with, had indulged in some teasing of the small passenger. He took pains to mention to me the variety of mischances to which a grain vessel was exposed in case of a leak: the grain might take in a little water and, becoming heated through the damp, swell out and break open the seams of the hold, or, as sometimes happened with a small incursion of damp, the grain might heat and take fire; or, if the weather was not only heavy but shifty and the vessel were suddenly thrown over on her beam, the cargo might shift so that the vessel could not right herself; or (as was nearly sure to happen) a leak might develop under the grain, and the pumps becoming choked, it would be impossible to free the hold from water. Here was the leak sure enough and if it were really beneath the cargo, there would undoubtedly be no little difficulty in keeping the hold free of water. For some days, however, the seas were so heavy that it was not possible to make any thorough examination as to the place of the leak and the crew had to be satisfied with

their success, in spelling each other at the pumps during the long twenty-four hours, in keeping the water in the hold from increasing. I remember now the feeling with which, lying awake at night, I listened to the steady stroke of the pump, and when now and then some intermission came, would wonder whether the grain *had* choked the pumps and how long in that case the ship was going to keep afloat. The pumps were not choked but it was some days before, in connection with the continued heavy seas, it proved practicable to locate the leak and to make sure that it was not in a place where the complications with the grain cargo were likely to occur. The second mate, who from his so-called worldly and frivolous disposition had not found favour in the eyes of our captain, was the person who first suggested that the leak must be abaft of the main hold and might be looked for by the stern post, and who volunteered himself to make the search. He was suspended over the stern of the vessel, supported in an improvised canvas crate. The sea was still high and as the vessel was running before it, the waves broke with considerable force under and occasionally over the poop. The task of investigation required that in between these breaking waves an inspection should be secured of the stern post at a point considerably beneath the sloping angle of the stern. Twice an assaulting wave dashed the mate violently against and beneath the overhanging stern, knocking the breath out of him so that he was brought to the deck almost black in the face. The third time, recovering his breath and timing his descent more accurately, he succeeded in getting at the particular point of the stern that he had had in view. The day following, when the sea had subsided, the same point was reached with less difficulty and some temporary repairs were made which lessened the inflow of the water. The pumping, however, continued with fatiguing regularity (fatiguing no less for

the single passenger who listened than for the members of the crew who spelled each other) until we reached Bristol.

The vessel lay at Avonmouth, a settlement which was growing up about the docks at the mouth of the Avon River. The river was low and on account of the force of the current downward at certain hours of the day and of the tide upward at others, and in connection also with the fact that the course was very twisted, the towing of a vessel up to Bristol presented, as the captain explained to me, serious risks. I had never before seen a shore at which the difference in the tide was so considerable. It is my memory that in the river and in the narrower divisions of the Bristol Channel outside of the river, the tide rose to from thirty to forty feet. We rowed up the Avon with our own crew, the distance being about eight miles. The tide was low and the sloping banks of mud rose from thirty to forty feet above our heads on either side. I can recall to mind the picture presented by the schooners or channel luggers which rested near the upper edge of this steep mud-bank and which were kept in an upright position by ropes carried from the masts to the chimneys of the houses on the upper edge of the bank. It was fair to assume that every craft was fastened to the chimney of its owner. Three years later, I read with a feeling of personal injury, that the *Louisa Hatch* had been burned by the *Alabama*.—I fear that for once in his life, the good Puritan captain swore.

On arriving at Bristol, I was presented by the captain to the Consul. I had no letters of introduction but he knew my father by reputation and promptly extended a hospitable invitation for me to be his guest during my sojourn in the city. I accompanied the Consul to his house in one of the more attractive suburbs and my box was sent up by train the day following. The hospitality

of the Consul's family was so cordial that my visit extended beyond the twenty-four hours originally intended to a term of four or five days. I was the companion of Mrs. Consul (I have forgotten the family name) and her sister in drives taken in the various directions about the city, drives by means of which I secured a much better impression of the surrounding country than would in any other way have been practicable within the same time. I finally broke away from my hospitable entertainers and started to carry out my original plan of proceeding to London on foot. My father had provided a knapsack for the purpose, and my box being forwarded to London to the hotel that had been selected, I put myself on the road at an early hour in the morning in weather which was doubtful but did not appear to be entirely discouraging. I got as far as Bath, a point, I think, about eighteen miles distant, having encountered on the road nothing more serious than half a dozen heavy showers.

I found myself seriously disappointed in regard to one detail. I had been told that the country between Bristol and Bath was picturesque and that on either side of the road there were attractive country homes or estates. I have no doubt that both statements were correct, but I was not able to verify them by my own eyes. The estates were thoroughly protected by solid and high brick walls over which the view of a boy of my height could not possibly reach, and I had to take the picturesqueness on faith. If the same trip were being made to-day, the boy would be mounted on his wheel and his view would be satisfactory enough.

By the time I reached Bath, the showers had consolidated into a steady pour. I waited in an inn for twenty-four hours, and the weather prognostications being considered unfavourable, I gave up the tramp as a bad job and took a second-class ticket for London. In later

journeyings in England I have done a large part of my travelling by the third class, but partly in connection with my recent sojourn in the high society of the Consul's family and partly with the feeling that my father's position was in some way at stake, I did not venture during this trip below the second class.

Among the books that I had had for reading matter on the voyage over was the clever narrative by Frederick Law Olmsted entitled *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England.* Olmsted's journey had been made in 1851 or '52 and the book was one of the Putnam publications. His descriptions were so direct and vivid that I felt as if I knew the country before my eyes had rested on it. The book would, I think, still have value if only as a record of certain country conditions which have during the past fifty years very materially changed in England as elsewhere. In London I reported myself at the Ludgate Hill Coffee House, the name of which had, I judge, been put into my note-book by my father. I remember having a very David Copperfieldish feeling of extreme youth in taking my first solitary dinner in the murky coffee-room and in having a waiter entirely at my own disposal. I can still recall the feeling of annoyance (perhaps mortification would be the more correct word) in having my phraseology corrected in a patriarchal manner by the pompous waiter. I had put some question concerning dessert with a view to an innocent pudding, and when the answer had referred only to nuts and raisins and I had explained what I had in mind, my English was very promptly set to rights. "Oh, dear sir, in this country we call puddings, sweets." I let the waiter have his way in the matter of the phraseology as long as I got the pudding. My stay in the hotel covered only a couple of days, as for the rest of the sojourn I was the guest of my father's old friends the Rutters, whose home was still in Morning-

ton Road. There is a convenience in going from decade to decade to London as compared with other cities, in that with rare exceptions one's friends will be found in the same abiding places. In accordance with my father's instructions, I reported myself to an oculist selected under the counsel of Dr. Newton. He experimented with me for a fortnight, and then reported that the difficulty did not seem to yield to his plan of treatment, and that I had better consult an oculist in Paris whose name he gave me. After a few weeks' visit in London, I found my way to a Channel boat and a few hours later was puzzling over my phrase book at the Paris station of the *Chemin de fer du Nord.*

I had the address in Paris of the son of John F. Trow, a printer of New York, who was an old friend of my father's. It was Trow, senior, who had in 1832 found means for the printing and publication of a little journal called *The Publishers' Circular*, which my father, at that time a boy of eighteen and a bookseller's clerk, had originated. The association begun with this little undertaking continued through a long series of business years, and the larger portion of the publications of the Putnam House during my father's time bore the imprint of the Trow Press. The son at that time in Paris had found no taste for the work of printing or for any business interest. He was devoting himself to the study of French literature, and being a young man of the most mature and staid habits, and already at home in Paris, he was a very good person for a youngster to be consigned to. He had secured a room for me in the Pension in which he had himself for some months been sojourning. The house was in the old Place Royale (after 1871 known as the Place des Vosges), back of the Rue de Rivoli and within a few steps of the Place de la Bastille. The Place Royale had been constructed in the reign of Henry IV. and the houses

had, under municipal enactment, been preserved with their original façades. The two streets that crossed it at right angles came in through the archways beneath the four central houses. The entrance from the Rue de Rivoli came beneath the keystone house of the square and carried over the main floor window a characteristic bust of Henry IV. It was in this house in the ninth or tenth story, up under the roof, that I had a convenient little chamber connecting with that of my friend Trow. The sky view was good and included a fine variety of roof lines and chimney pots.

The head of the house, Juste Olivier, a cousin of the more famous Émile Olivier, was a Master in the Lycée Charlemagne. He was quite ready to add to his Master's salary by private lessons, and several of the fifteen students who formed his household were, like myself, taking their French from their landlord. Outside of the students, the family consisted of the Master's wife and a daughter, who in my memory (which may have been somewhat coloured) was a very charming young person. She was in any case attractive enough to be the point of admiration for all her father's lodgers. Their admiration had to be given at a distance, as she was very effectively hedged in, in the dining-room and in the reception room where the coffee was taken, by the portly figures of the professor and his wife. The students' circle was a genial one and gave me for my first months in Paris some pleasant and varied companionship and on the whole a comparatively small allowance of mischief. I was in fact really too young to come under very strong temptation in regard to the usual students' risks in Paris. I remember one youngster who was the millionaire of our party, his father being a wealthy watch manufacturer in Switzerland. He luxuriated in the possession of the state chamber, which being the largest students' room in the house was, as a rule, the place of our

gatherings. The idea came to him that something might be done with the head of Henry IV. This head, placed above the window of the great drawing-room below, was beneath the central window in his own room and could be reached from an outer ledge. He succeeded, after several futile attempts, in piercing through the plaster and brick of his wall a hole which connected with the mouth of Henry, and then stepping out on the ledge, he worked in between the lips the stem of a long clay pipe. The square was by no means a thoroughfare and the passers-by were few. On this particular afternoon, however, the one or two who first passed and who were struck with the novel effect of seeing the old king smoking an afternoon pipe, stopped and pointed. They were naturally soon joined by other passers until quite a group stood in the little square, looking up at the mysterious stream of smoke coming from the stone lips of King Henry. The old professor had returned from his classes and was busy in his study up under the roof. He could see the group in the square pointing at his house but naturally could not identify what it was that had excited them. He began coming down the long twisted stone staircase but long before his heavy steps had reached the door of his Swiss lodger, the pipe had been withdrawn, the flap of paper carefully replaced over the hole, and there was nothing (within the building, at least) to indicate what had called forth the attention of the crowd. The incident occurred only a day or two before my departure from the house and I never learned whether the youngster attempted to repeat his experiment. I imagine that he would probably have been forgiven as there would always have been an unwillingness to push matters to extremes with so profitable an inmate.

In the condition of my eyes, I was able to do but very little reading. Under Trow's advice, I entered my name for a couple of courses of lectures at the Sorbonne. One

course was devoted to French literature and the other, if I remember rightly, to the literature and history of Rome. I do not now remember what had influenced my selection of subjects. It really made very little difference as during the first weeks, at least, I naturally secured not very much of the purport of the lectures. I was, however, training my ear, and with this aid and with very good oral instruction from landlord Olivier, I made better progress than I had at first ventured to hope for. My days soon fell into a regular routine. My first lecture at the Sorbonne was, I think, at nine, and the walk from the Place Royale across the river may have taken thirty minutes or more. I remember frequently adding a few minutes to its length in order to take a glimpse as I passed at the horrible yet fascinating window of the Morgue. The Pont Louis Philippe which formed my more direct route has since been replaced by a more substantial structure.

Two hours were given to the lecture rooms, after which there was the usual mid-day breakfast. Then it was nearly always possible to get one or two of the more leisurely of the students away from their own routine (they had of course a longer series of study hours) for a walk towards Vincennes or to other woods that might be within reach. The days of cycles were not, and few of us excepting the Swiss had any money for horses. In fact, we economised pretty closely on railroad fares. Some hours each week were always given to a study of different divisions of the great galleries. I got to know the Luxembourg pretty thoroughly and certain bits of the great collection of the Louvre. Among the pictures in the Luxembourg the memory of which remains with me was the *Third Day of Terror* by Müller, the *Decadence of the Romans* by Couture, the *Muezzin* by Jerome, and the *Horse Fair* by Rosa Bonheur. From the Louvre I recall most vividly the group of Murillos including the *Immaculate Conception*,

and, of course, the *Venus of Milo*. In those days, she was fully accepted as a Venus. Behind the statue was hung the drawing of a reconstruction which had been prepared under the direction of the Director General of Louis Philippe under whose control the statue had been placed in the gallery in 1846, and which showed the lines on which the arms must have been completed. According to his theory, which was the one accepted, at least in France, for many years, the left hand held a mirror and the right a comb. It took at least two revolutions to correct this erroneous conception. The Venus passed unscathed through the Revolution of 1848, the *coup d'état* of 1852, and the Prussian siege of the troublous winter of 1870–71. When, towards the close of this winter, the Communists were for some weeks in control of Paris, and the public collections, and, for that matter, the whole city were, under the desperation of the leaders of the lost cause of the Commune, threatened with destruction by fire, certain men, chiefly artists and men of letters, under the direction of Élisée Réclus, formed themselves into a guard for the protection of the treasures of the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Luxembourg, and the Louvre. They were able, by constant vigilance during these two nights of flame and destruction, to keep the vandals away from these buildings and even to prevent the flames from the Tuileries from breaking across the partitions into the galleries of the Louvre. It was reported that they had found it necessary to use pistols with certain of the petroleuses. Doubting whether they would be able to maintain their guard, it seemed to them wise to take out of the Louvre two of the articles of the most world-wide reputation and of the greatest value. The works selected were the *Immaculate Conception* of Murillo and the Milo statue of Venus. The picture and the statue were taken down at some time when the rioters were busy elsewhere, and were buried under the

wooden floor of the Mairie of the arrondissement just back of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

Later, when the Thiers government came in, there was for a time no little dismay on the part of the new Director General of Arts and Letters when he could not find his Venus or his Murillo. Réclus, as an office-holder under the Commune (he had caused himself to be appointed Director General of Arts and Letters in order to get the right to protect the galleries), had been promptly arrested. From his prison he managed after a day or two to get word to the new Director as to the whereabouts of the missing works of art, and these were replaced without injury. In the moving, however, certain wedges which had been placed in the back of the Venus fell out. These wedges had apparently been inserted by the old Director of the Louvre in order to bring her shoulders to conform with his theory of a Venus. With the straightening up of her shoulders the possibility of her hands having been utilised for a mirror and a comb disappeared. She is, I understand, now classed as a Victory, but I have forgotten what use is given to her hands in the present restoration. In the winter of 1860, she was satisfactory enough to me as a Venus. I had, of course, in any case no critical art knowledge. I had just enough education to be impressed by certain things, and I was glad to find that it was the really great things that impressed me the most and to which I returned the most regularly.

Amusements I took rather economically. My roommate was like myself spending the smallest possible amount of money, while apart from expenditure his tastes were of the quietest. I took an occasional evening at the Odéon, the students' theatre of the day. For the Saturday or the Sunday afternoon there were always the open entertainments of the Champs-Élysées in the one direction or the Bois de Vincennes in the other. I came to know

fairly well the odd ends of Paris. I had read a good deal of Victor Hugo and what eyesight I had to spare during the winter I gave in part, at least, to finishing up *Les Misérables* and *Notre Dame*. To these I added Sue's *Les Mystères de Paris* and I think also at the same time *Monte Cristo*. It was a never failing interest to identify as far as practicable the streets and squares of the Faubourg St. Antoine or of the Quartier Latin or Montmartre with the incidents of the romances. I allowed myself a little reading also of the morning papers. Our host was a Republican, but being an official (the Lycée Charlemagne belonged of course to the government system) he kept pretty quiet on political matters. The students took in such papers as happened to fit with their own political proclivities. I read the *Journal des Débats* and permitted my views of French politics to be guided by the gracefully written editorials of Louis Alloury. I also read, if only for contrast, the two Ultramontane papers, *L'Union* and *Le Monde*. In the winter of 1860–61, the Ultramontanists were becoming very pugnacious indeed in regard to the fate of Bomba. For some reason or other, the destinies of conservative and orthodox monarchy seemed for the moment to be bound up with the fate of the disreputable little kingdom of Naples. As the particular revolution of this winter progressed, Bomba's territories became smaller and smaller until finally he was shut up in Gaeta, the siege of which lasted long enough to give time for the concentration of orthodox sympathies throughout Europe. The loyalists could sympathise, but they could, however, do nothing else. Gaeta fell, and when Garibaldi handed over to Victor Emmanuel, as the residuary legatee, the control of the territory of Naples, a large step had been taken towards the unity of Italy.

After I had been in Paris two or three months and had felt my way into the French language, I received a call from

C., a New York acquaintance who brought a line of introduction from my father. Young C. had lately bought a controlling share in the ownership of a New York paper. He had no experience in journalism, and it is my impression that his partners, in order to free themselves for the moment from the difficulties of his inexperienced "control," had planned for him this trip to Europe where he was to act as a special correspondent. He certainly had no better training for a correspondent than for an editor. He knew no language but his own, while his knowledge of history or of European conditions was of the slightest. He had, however, what might be called the Yankee readiness for guessing at things which he did not understand and for putting together into an attractive narrative the results of his guesses. I felt myself to be quite a finished Frenchman in listening to C.'s vague questions about matters in France and in hearing his struggles with the language for the ordinary requirements of the streets. He finally induced me to devote two or three days to showing him about Paris. I was to steer him into the gallery of the Corps Législatif; I was to take him to the Panthéon, to the Champs-Élysées, to the Hôtel des Invalides, and to the big galleries; I was to point out to him the noteworthy things, of which he could secure a rapid impression; I was to give him some information as to the matters that were being talked about in the street and were being discussed in the morning papers, and finally I was to hand him over to certain guides who could steer him (as I could not) into certain of the dissipations of Paris, of which he said it was absolutely necessary for him to know something, although, as he explained, he had himself no personal tastes for dissipation.

In return for these various services, I was to have my "scot" paid for all journeyings, amusements, etc., and was to have the further advantage of placing under an

obligation a friend who expected to exercise as a journalist a large influence in the country. I did my part dutifully enough and with a large feeling of responsibility to the readers of the New York paper. I was impressed with the true seriousness of possible consequences in case the information given by me concerning matters in France might be erroneous or misleading. I was puzzled to understand, however, how my friend was going to make up from this hastily gathered information and from my more or less haphazard translations of French utterances, any letters that could be taken, or that ought to be taken, as guides to French conditions. I was not a little interested in having the opportunity of reading, after the necessary interval of three or four weeks, the first two of the letters. Friend C. had certainly been very clever, if not very accurate. He appeared in these letters to have skimmed the surface of Paris society. He gave the *on dits* of the street, the issues of the Legislative Assembly, the witicisms of the theatre foyer, the banalities of the students in the lobbies of the lecture-rooms, the précis even of the leading editorials, and a very fair survey of the condition of French art. Where it all came from I am still puzzled to remember. I began to feel as if I myself must have been a genius without knowing it. In leaving Paris, he thanked me very cordially for my valuable co-operation in journalism. That experience is now more than fifty years back, and my friend is still a journalist although no longer interested in his original journal.

My study of conditions of life in Paris naturally included some experience with the churches. It is to be borne in mind that I was myself at this time still to be classed as a Calvinist, having retained my membership in the First Baptist Church. As soon as my ear had been sufficiently trained to take in the meaning of French oratory (and in fact some time before I was able to fully understand

spoken French with any degree of accuracy), I made my way in succession to one of the two or three congregations of French Protestants which were at that time permitted to exist in Paris. Under the regulations of the Empire, regulations which were continued later under the Republic, Protestant congregations in Paris, and throughout France, were registered or licensed by the government and received a certain percentage of the state appropriation for religious instruction. I do not pretend to know whether this percentage was allotted in proportion to the size of the congregation or to the number of Protestant believers in France. It was my impression that the government found it convenient to make this subsidy as in so doing it secured the right to supervise the teaching given in the pulpit. I do not mean to say that the sermons were under censorship, but it was certainly the case that no preacher could utilise the pulpit of a licensed Protestant congregation as the channel for the distribution of opinions that were considered dangerous by the authorities. Athanase Cocquerel, the incumbent of the oldest of the Protestant pulpits, had had his training in Geneva. I judge that this was the routine pursued at the time by all young Protestant students who were giving themselves to the study of divinity. I doubt whether there was in France under the Empire any school of Protestant theology. The French of the pulpit was different enough from that of the Sorbonne, or from the classic literature which Olivier went over with me in my home lessons. It was, however, quite simple in structure and I found myself, more speedily than I had anticipated, following with fair understanding the arguments and invocations. I remember being impressed with what I might call the mediæval character of this preaching. The doctrines and the theology seemed much nearer to the period of the Reformation than was the case with the utterances that I had been accustomed to

from Calvinist pulpits in New York. I may admit that the New Testament in French never seemed to me to be quite scriptural, while the Old Testament for some reason or other impressed me in some passages as really ludicrous. The natural generalisation of the conceited Anglo-Saxon is that French is not a language for devotion, a generalisation which is doubtless as false as most others.

I interested myself also in attending Mass in a number of the more noteworthy of the Catholic churches, including, of course, Notre Dame, la Sainte Chapelle, and St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The list did not include St. Geneviève because the building that had originally been consecrated to this particular saint was in my time still doing duty as a panthéon. I believe as a matter of fact that the ægis of the saint had been transferred to some other church in the parish. The Panthéon struck me as cold and unattractive. It did not seem possible to get up any enthusiasm for the "worship of humanity" in that great empty structure, or to humanise again the men whose statues surrounded the rotunda.

I remember being not a little impressed with the stirring eloquence that on certain days (the preachers changed from week to week) one could listen to in Notre Dame. The Catholic Church is wise in its organising policy. It does not commit the mistake, which under the arrangement of Protestant churches is almost inevitable, of assuming that a man may be well fitted both for parish duties and for preaching. As I understand the method pursued, the priests are tested, during their novitiate and later in their active years, for all classes of work and are finally assigned, according to what might be called a common-sense business method, to the work that they can do best. As a result, in each fully organised Catholic parish, the parish visiting is carried on by one set of workers, the executive business and management of the

property is cared for by another group, while the pulpit is reserved for men, taken in turns from week to week, who have shown a power for reaching their hearers with inspiring eloquence. It is my impression from my experience in Paris and later in Germany, that the average Catholic preaching is more intelligent and more effective than that of Protestant pastors, at least in any of the state churches. I have never heard in a Catholic pulpit such trivialities or banalities as one sometimes comes into touch with in visits to successive churches in England; while it need hardly be said that the preaching of the great leaders in the English church is not to be excelled in any other religious community. It would be absurd to say, however, that these reflections occurred to the small boy who was making his own first comparisons of Catholic and Protestant methods in Paris. It is almost impossible to avoid confusing with the reminiscences of the earlier years conclusions which were not reached until later life. My roommate, George Trow, was my companion at the hours of the Protestant service. He was, however, himself too good a Presbyterian to be willing to join me for the early Mass. I do not think that at any time did I persuade him to go into a Catholic Church during service.

I had, of course, very little opportunity while in Paris of seeing what is called society. My father could have secured letters which would have brought me into certain social circles, but I was really too young to be properly available for social functions, and my French was also too fragmentary for social requirements. I remember presenting one letter (I do not recall just why it should have been given to me) that came from my father, to a certain Comte de Circourt. The Comte was a member of the Academy and had made himself an authority in history, giving special attention to the record of the relations of France in North America. He mentioned that he had had

some correspondence with my father concerning the American authorities on his special subject matter. I know that while I sat waiting for him in the outer division of his series of libraries, my eye rested upon a group of sets of American histories which included, in addition to Bancroft and Hildreth, the two earlier volumes of Parkman. The fame of Parkman was, however, still to come, and I doubt whether the Comte, who was when I saw him in 1860 already an old man, lived to read the *Montcalm and Wolfe*. He certainly did, however, understand a good deal about American history. He was very civil to the small Yankee student, but perplexed me somewhat with his long series of conundrums concerning American political conditions. He was, of course, familiar with his de Tocqueville, and he wanted to ascertain what changes, if any, had occurred in the political organisation of our state since the day of de Tocqueville's visit to the country. I was to tell him as precisely as possible the present relation between the town and the township, the township and the county, and the county and the state. I was also to make clear to him the precise division of responsibilities between the state and the national government.

If I could only have looked ahead a year or two, I ought, of course, to have cautioned him to wait until the Civil War was over when the last named inquiry could have received a fuller reply. I am afraid that the information that I was able to give to the political catechiser was neither comprehensive nor precise. I did know a little about the New England township and I had some impressions concerning the relations of New York with Albany and of Albany with Washington. If I only could have referred the Comte to the two volumes of Bryce, my task would have been completed, but unfortunately the Comte would have had to wait more than twenty years for the report of the shrewd Scotch investigator. He gave me a

cup of coffee, apologising for not having the tea which he understood Americans and Englishmen preferred, but which he himself used only when he had the *migraine*. He offered me some cigarettes and praised me for refusing. "Yes," he said, "you young students ought to be temperate, but you *are* a long way from home." I remember being impressed with his button as an officer in the Legion of Honour. I had had the vague impression, until this interview, that the Legion of Honour was reserved for men who had distinguished themselves in the army. On returning to my *pension*, I secured from old Olivier a full record of the development of the Order which, according to my host, had had a wide influence for the development of achievement in science and in literature not only in France but throughout the world.[1]

My second letter was presented to a very different character. Mr. Henry Huntington had for many years lived in Paris and had been the correspondent of the New York *Tribune* since 1858. Horace Greeley, the energetic editor of the *Tribune*, was a good friend of my father's. He had possibly suggested that Mr. Huntington, with his old-time knowledge of Paris, might be of some service in keeping the boy out of mischief. I waited upon him in his den which, while full of books and papers, was as different as might be from the well ordered library of the noble member of the Academy. Huntington's books, like those of the Comte, were contained in several apartments, but these apartments included bedroom, dining-room, sitting-room, and study, between which the books were distributed in so miscellaneous a fashion that it was difficult to understand how the scholarly owner (and

[1] Thirty years later, I had the honour, on the ground, according to my parchment, of "services rendered to France and to literature" (in connection with the International Copyright Bill), of being myself accepted as a Chevalier in the Order.

Huntington was, as is by no means always the case with journalists, a real scholar) could put his hand with due promptness upon the particular volume required. My New England standard was somewhat unpleasantly impressed with the general dirt of this series of book-cumbered rooms. The volumes looked as if they had not been dusted since the beginning of the Empire, and as they covered the floor and the tables as well as the book shelves, it seemed probable that the duster had not even been permitted to touch the furniture. In between the books lay a variety of pipes, many of which had evidently been placed at chance immediately after the smoking and with the ashes still in them.

These were, however, minor matters; Huntington received the young Yankee with cordial hospitality and placed himself at once *en rapport* with my interests and requirements. He *was* of considerable service, not so much in keeping me out of mischief as in suggesting the lectures that I could take hold of to best advantage with my lack of college training, the sights in Paris which were most profitable for the time and (lack of) knowledge that I possessed, and above all the places outside of Paris to which inexpensive trips could be made to best advantage. I remember, after my first talk, breakfasting with him and meeting a group of young Americans one or two of whom were still fresher than myself. I had also one excursion with him, in company with one or two older friends, to St. Cloud. I had, of course, no right to trouble the busy man often, but his personality attracted me much and I wish that I could have seen more of him. I remember his talk, I think it must have been to others rather than myself, concerning the stability of the French Empire and (a matter that interested him much more nearly) concerning the risk of civil war in the United States. He was not a very good prophet on either subject, but in that respect

he differed very little from other wise students of the times. He thought war in the United States impossible. He believed that that generation of Americans would concede and postpone as the generation under Webster had conceded and postponed. "No, no!" he said, "the South will overstretch its claims and will exhaust the patience of its Northern opponents. The time will come when the North will prefer rather to risk the existence of the nation than to stand a longer series of truculence and assumptions on the part of the States south of the Mason and Dixon Line, but I doubt whether I shall live to see the protest made, at least in such a manner that the South will believe that it will be backed up by force." It would have been interesting to talk this matter over with Huntington five years later. Of the Empire he doubted the stability, but he thought that the foundations were more insecure than they proved to be. It was his belief that serious trouble would come within the next few years. This idea was a little exceptional at the time, because the successful conclusion of the Italian campaigns of 1859 had certainly very much strengthened the hold of Napoleon on France. I should say that the later history had shown the soundness of Huntington's analysis of the weakness of the Empire, but it took ten years to bring this prophecy to a fulfilment.

A third letter was presented to the Reverend Dr. McClintock, who was at that time in charge of the American Chapel in Paris. Dr. McClintock was one of the scholarly leaders in the Methodist denomination, a church which includes many earnest workers but not so many scholars. He had been sent abroad for a rest and change and it was only in connection, I think, with some unexpected vacancy in the American Chapel that he had taken charge of the services for this winter. I went once or twice, as in duty bound, to hear him preach, but I admit that I found

Coquerel on the whole more interesting. I was, of course, fairly familiar with the ground covered by McClintock's sermons, and I believe further that his repute was rather that of a scholar than of a preacher. Later, he had charge of the Methodist Church on Fourth Avenue and 22nd Street, the congregation of which has more recently removed to West End Avenue and 86th Street. His principal literary undertaking was in collaboration with Dr. Strong in the compilation of an *Encyclopædia of Biblical Knowledge*. The encyclopædia was published by the Harpers, the first generation of which, the four original brothers, were all good Methodists. The Doctor was very cordial to the publisher's son and gave me, in fact, more invitations than I found it convenient to accept. His home, close to the Chapel, was in one of the streets leading off the Champs-Élysées and was a long distance from my own quarters. It was also the case that the American circle of which he was the centre was the very group that it was desirable for me to avoid. Having so little time in Paris, I did what I could to keep my ears free from English or from English-spoken French.

VII

A Student in Germany

IN March of this winter of 1861, in accordance with the counsel of my Paris oculist, I decided to make a journey to Berlin for the purpose of having my eyes examined by von Graefe who ranked at that time as the leading oculist in Europe. My French advisor had worked patiently over my eyes but had not succeeded in putting them into such shape that I could do any reading, and I was, naturally, impatient for further progress. One of the American friends whom I had come to know in Paris as an inmate of our pension, had himself migrated to Berlin in February, and I had the advantage (which for a youngster who knew no German and had no other friends in the Prussian capital, was a very material advantage) of being able to report myself to the family where my friend had already secured quarters. The friend in question was Henry Rose Hinckley who was the son of a well-to-do manufacturer in Northampton, Massachusetts. Hinckley had been graduated with honors from Yale (he was three or four years older than myself), and was now making the European round which was considered desirable for the American college graduate, before he should settle down to the work of business or of a profession. Hinckley was taking his round with a full measure of intelligence. He had been long enough in Paris to get a fair mastership of

French and Olivier congratulated him on the grace of his pronunciation. He had followed two or three courses of lectures in the Sorbonne and was proposing to matriculate himself for some work in literature and in history in the University of Berlin. He was in those days a cheery and light-hearted youngster and in these later times, for I have kept in touch with him during the past forty years in which there have come to him a full measure of cares and misfortunes, it is pleasant for him to recall that he did get fun out of his experiences as a student on both sides of the Atlantic. I remember a characteristic picture of my long-legged friend balancing himself on one leg of a chair in my room, with his feet gracefully poised on the mantelpiece. The mantelpiece was so far out of the reach of my own toes that I could not but look on with admiration. The appreciation was not so keen on the part of our landlord who happened to come in at the moment and evidently was troubled for the safety of his chair. Hinckley bowed gracefully, without disturbing his pivot. "Will you let me know, Mr. Hinckley," said the professor, "what, according to your understanding, the other three legs of the chair are made for?" "Oh, certainly, sir," said Hinckley; "they are to support the chair when nobody is sitting on it."

On a rainy day in March, I bade farewell to my chum Trow, to the professor, the wife, the pretty daughter, and my group of student acquaintances, and took the railroad for Berlin by way of Strasburg. I was the master at that time of no single word of German. I was not expecting to spend any hours or any extra thaler in sightseeing on the trip, but I had decided to stay over a train in order to inspect the Cathedral at Cologne. In the train I practised up from my phrase-book, "Wo ist der Dom?" I thought that it would be absolutely necessary, as I was to have but an hour or so at my command, that

I should lose no time in being steered through the streets of Cologne to my Cathedral. When I alighted on the long platform of the station, I recognised that I need not have been so anxious. The great mass of the Cathedral towered over the town in such fashion that it was hardly possible to lose sight of it. I gave up the chance for dinner in order to have the entire time for the building and I succeeded in investigating as many corners as were at that time open for travellers. With the aid of some extra groschen I was even permitted to make my way up a temporary staircase to the top of one of the towers where had been standing for many years the builders' crane just as it had been left when the work had last been suspended. The crane was blackened with age and was probably no longer fit for service. The Cathedral authorities had at one time proposed to take it down but their decision met with so strong a protest that they gave up the idea and permitted the blackened timber to remain to decay at its leisure, with some risk I imagine of a débâcle on to the street below. The protest was based on the feeling that the coming down of the crane would be an indication that the plan for the completion of the spires had been given up and that, as was the case with so many of the cathedrals of Europe, this also was to be left unfinished. I believe it was not until after the War of 1866, when Prussia had established its control over Germany, that, with a special grant from the Prussian treasury, the building operations were resumed. The spires were completed (with the use of funds from the French indemnity) sometime after 1870 and the Cathedral is one of the few in Europe which is not more or less of an unfinished fragment.

The purchase of a couple of sandwiches, obtained with no great difficulty by the sign language (I could not find sandwich in my dictionary), made up for the loss of my

dinner and I resumed my journey with one bit of fresh experience that took me right back to mediæval times. I think that the trip from Paris to Berlin occupied at that time about twenty-six hours. While I had no companions, the way did not seem tedious as from the car window I was taking in from mile to mile fresh views of interest. The country between Cologne and Berlin is for the most part certainly not picturesque, but there was an interest in hearing called out at the stations names that could be connected with historic events.

My faithful friend Hinckley met me at the terminus at Berlin, realising that my phrase-book might not have steered me safely across the city. He had secured economical but comfortable quarters for me in the house where he was himself living at 22 Kleine Münze Strasse. The host for our apartment was named Lindermann and like our professor in Paris, he was an instructor, but instead of holding a government position he was at the head of a private school. I remember later when I was able to do some talking in German, being catechised by Lindermann as to the fees paid for private schooling in my own country. When I reported to him annual payments averaging from $200 to $400, he broke the tenth commandment very decidedly. "Oh," said he, "I should be a millionaire if I could secure from my boys one quarter of the amount of such munificent stipends." He had, if I remember rightly, some two hundred pupils, and yet with the most continued hard work, his income was very moderate. The establishment was much more compact than the Pension Olivier. In addition to the family (mother, daughter, and niece), there were but two other students. Hinckley was in the full swing of German lectures. He found himself with his French training rather antipathetic both to the language and to the general conditions; but, Yankee fashion, he was determined to get the most out

of his experience. I did not venture to matriculate for any regular courses, but I took advantage of the privilege, extended in all German universities, of *hospitirenden* in an occasional lecture-room, if only for the purpose of accustoming my ear to the sound of the language, a sound which seemed harsh enough after the language of the Paris lecture-room. My first task, of course, was to report to the oculist. The Baron von Graefe, for he held that rank in a noble family of North Prussia, was at that time, although still a young man, at the head of his branch of the profession in Europe. I can recall the impression made upon me by the beauty and piercing quality of his eyes. The whole face was fine but the eyes and the forehead were particularly noble. He was very sympathetic with the small Yankee who was so anxious to get the use of his eyesight and he told me that if I would be patient for a month or two, it would be all right. He began his talking in French but reverted without difficulty to English when he found that certain of the phrases of the diagnosis were not quite clear to me. I remember that one detail of his treatment consisted in the removal of the eye-lashes or of a large portion of them in order to enable him to control better the chronic inflammation on the inside of the lids. It was troublesome, but it proved to be worth while, and by May I was permitted to read for a certain number of hours per day. Before that I had been limited to very small fragments.

In the absence of reading I gave my time largely to the galleries. I have not seen Berlin since 1860. I understand that in these later years the galleries have been quadrupled in extent and in completeness and that the whole city has developed into a very worthy metropolis of the great German Empire. In those days it struck me as rather ugly; the building material was chiefly a cheap brick covered with a grey stucco and the stucco, after a

series of years, had the habit of breaking off in flakes, giving to the houses a very weather-beaten appearance. This method of building was utilised not only for the less costly houses but for certain of the palaces. I remember getting the impression in looking at one of the Schlösser that it must have been peppered by successive bombardments of grape-shot. There were some fine streets, if by fine would be interpreted a thoroughfare that was regular and strait and fairly wide, but there was a grey monotony about the blocks which was to my eye very tedious. An exception was made in the case of the great Unter den Linden which with its four rows of beautifully grown linden trees struck me as the finest city thoroughfare, possibly excepting the avenue of the Champs-Élysées, that I had ever known. The general effect of Berlin, however, was grey, while that of Paris was a clear yellow brown, making a much more cheerful picture. The great architectural feature of the Unter den Linden in those days (some magnificent monuments have been added since) was the group by Reusch of which the centre was the equestrian figure of Frederick the Great.

The galleries gave me many hours of enjoyment. The collections did not differ so much as I had expected to be the case from those in the Louvre. The latter, of course, contained a very much larger proportion of French productions, but the Berlin gallery had a very fair representation of all the national schools of art of Europe. Apart from the galleries, my leisure time was naturally given largely to walking. Brandenburg must to-day be a paradise for the wheelmen. I remember being impressed with the absolute table level of the country and with the long even highways stretching out in every direction from the city across seemingly endless plains, highways that were marked by lines of poplars. It was difficult to understand why this particular tree should be selected

for the roadside. It was dignified but entirely ineffective as far as shade was concerned. I was told afterwards that these trees in the district of which Berlin was the centre, had been planted by the father of Frederick the Great. He preferred them because they reminded him of the tall grenadiers who were his special hobby. In trudging along the dusty road in the June sunshine, we had occasion to wish, often enough, that the fancies of the first king of Prussia had not given him the grenadier as the idea of beauty.

Remembering that Berlin was (as is the case with nearly all the world's capitals) placed on a river, I had looked forward to some aquatic amusements. The Spree was, however, at least in those days, not tempting. It seemed to find great trouble in making its way at all across the Brandenburg plain, and in certain stages of the wind, it was often doubtful which way the river was flowing. This doubt became the greater after the stream had entered the confines of the city itself as there the water became thicker, blacker, and more sluggish. In the summer-time the water was dirty to an extent which was certainly uncomfortable for the great city and which must, I imagine, have been decidedly unhygienic. In connection with the perfect flatness of the plain on which the city stood, there had been difficulty in getting any outflow for the sewerage. I remember in Friedrich Strasse, the curious effect produced by the long line of gutter which beginning at one end with a few inches of depth, reached a mile farther on a depth of five or six feet, which for an open gutter, seemed to me rather perilous. The Berliners were used, however, to the peril, and I did not hear of any accidents from gutter drowning. All this, I am told, has since been changed. The Spree is no longer permitted to absorb any serious proportion of the city's dirt, and has, I believe, had the swiftness of its

current furthered by pumping machines, while the gutters are now safely covered. I imagine, in fact, that whatever can be done by a wisely ordered government to make Berlin a comfortable abiding-place, has been done. I wish that our New York aldermen might have taken some training in the present Berlin municipal arrangements and might have intelligence enough and honesty enough to learn from the Germans.[1]

On Sundays, when the labours of the school and the University were over and when the weather permitted, we made excursions into the country, taking in succession each of a series of suburbs. While the country itself was not really picturesque, the green of the fields and of the trees gave an agreeable contrast to the grey and white effect of the city streets. The suburbs were also planned with reference to just such tramps. There was always at convenient intervals a well-ordered beer-house, placed in as rural a surrounding as could be secured. If there were no groves of trees within reach, the fences and tables could, at least, be painted green in order to give a country effect and the beer was always good. As a beginner in student experiences, my beer drinking was naturally modest. I think I very rarely went beyond the single schoppen, the cost of which was two and a half cents. The other students, young and old, had much larger capacities and old Lindermann himself could drink as long as the time lasted and any silbergroschen were in his pocket. It was the routine at the end of such trip to divide up the expenses evenly per head and I never quite got over the feeling of injustice in being called upon to pay

[1] This remark can be made with still more conclusiveness in the year 1913. The reports that have been given to us not only by German visitors, but by skilled American investigators, show that the system of municipal government has reached a higher perfection in Germany (under the simple test of the securing of the largest amount of returns for the citizens from the moneys spent by them) than anywhere in the world.

my fifth or sixth part of all the beer drunk by the stalwart Germans. The advantage for me came, of course, in the freedom of the talk during the walk and at our modest lunch tables. Restricted as I was as to the use of my eyes, I did succeed in taking in through my ears, with fair rapidity, the German vernacular and before the spring was over, I felt myself fairly at home in the language.

I presented in due course a letter of introduction that came to me from New York to the American Minister, Mr. Wright. Wright was a Democrat and had served one term if not two, as Governor of Indiana. He must have shown ability as a political leader and have convinced President Buchanan's administration of the value of his influence, or he would hardly have secured so important a mission as that to Berlin. Whatever claims he had for the post must have been based upon political influence at home; they could hardly be pressed on the score of any special qualifications, either diplomatic or social, for such a post as that of Minister to a formal court like that of Berlin. Governor Wright was, I believe, by occupation a lawyer; his appearance, however, was that of a farmer and rather a rough-cut specimen at that. His English was forcible rather than graceful or accurate, and of French and German he had not the slightest knowledge. He was probably familiar with the history of his own country and doubtless had a close knowledge of the political details of the State of Indiana. It is my memory, however, that his impressions of Germany, of the relations of Prussia to the Confederation, of the present conditions or the past history of Europe, were of the vaguest. He had a certain native shrewdness which came out in his conversation (and his conversation was altogether too outspoken to be diplomatic), and I was told that his guesses at the characters of the officials and the other diplomats

with whom he came in contact (guesses which had to be based almost entirely on personal appearance) were often very close to the truth. His communication, however, with the diplomatic world or with the social circles in which as a Minister of a great nation he properly belonged, had to be made entirely by the aid of an interpreter. He was a widower and had no member of his own family to help smooth away the barriers or difficulties. He was entirely at the mercy, as far as this matter of communication or expression was concerned, of his Secretary of Legation, a clever Virginian named Hudson.

If in connection with these limitations, Governor Wright was not very successful as a diplomat, he took a large-hearted view of his responsibilities as a representative of the United States. He seemed to feel as if it rested upon him to keep watch of the young Americans who were within his reach in Berlin and to see that they kept out of mischief. The reading-room of his Minister's quarters (quarters which also served him for a private residence) was open to any American sojourners, irrespective of a formal introduction. The Minister interested himself, moreover, in securing a personal acquaintance with each visitor. He informed himself as to the purpose of the visitor's stay as a student or as a traveller, and, particularly with the younger fellows, he insisted upon being told how thoroughly they were carrying out what their parents expected them to be doing.

The Governor was a good Methodist and he laid particular emphasis on the importance of seeing present in the American Chapel on Sunday all of those who had found it convenient to visit his reading-room other days in the week. The chapel services were at that time being cared for by a Methodist. I do not remember on what foundation or resources the chapel was supported. The collection was, however, emphasised as very important if the

work of the chapel was to be carried on and I can recall the clink of the silver *thaler* that the Governor was accustomed to put in the plate, which as a matter of deference was always passed to him first in order. Certain of the students who made pretensions to being members of society, preferred the English Chapel which was a comparatively formal institution attached to the British Embassy and in which the services were, of course, those of the Church of England. Upon such delinquent Americans, Wright looked with an eye of criticism, but he was willing to accept their word that they had been to church somewhere. If the visitor to the reading-room admitted that the church service had no interest for him, there was, if not a request, an implication that his presence was no longer welcome at the ministry. I heard from time to time of kind things that were done quietly by our Minister for students or travellers whose funds had given out. American ministers and American consuls must always have a good deal of pressure from impecunious fellow-countrymen, and it is doubtless often difficult enough to distinguish between the unfortunate, those who are accidentally hampered, and the dead-beats. Wright's strong feeling of loyalty and acceptance of his responsibilities as representing the American Government probably brought upon him a large proportion of the last-named class, but he had not a little native shrewdness as might in any case have been expected from a successful political leader, and when he was being talked to in his own language, I judge that it was not so easy to get the better of the old gentleman.

One of the amusements for us youngsters in the reception-room was to see the Governor preparing for a Court levée. He would come out of his dressing-room, tugging away at a second or a third pair of gloves, the remnants of those first experimented with being on the floor behind

him. It seemed difficult to secure gloves large enough for his Indiana hands and his natural impatience of social details prevented him from mastering the ordinary methods of soothing a refractory kid. His smooth Secretary, Hudson, would carry him off to the carriage, still tugging at a glove and swearing with a kind of Methodist oath at the nuisance of conventionalities. The pair looked as much like a bear and a leader as anything else.

It was not until much later that the Governor could come to know all the utterances made by Hudson in his name concerning the issues of our Civil War. After the attack on Sumter in April, Hudson gossiped freely in the lower diplomatic circles and with the Hebrew bankers in regard to the establishment of the new nation in the West, of which nation he expected to be made the Minister or Ambassador to the Court of Berlin. He put into print in Berlin while he was still Secretary of Legation, a very cleverly written pamphlet which had for its purpose the bolstering up of the Confederate cotton loan and the undermining of the credit of the United States. This pamphlet was distributed within a day or two after he had turned his office over to his successor. I came across a copy and with some estimate of its importance, I mailed it to my father with a translation of its text. The Confederation began its financial operations in Europe by sending cotton from the not yet blockaded ports to be held for its account in certain European ports of which ports Liverpool was the chief. The cotton was not sold in the States because there was an assured expectation that it was certain to appreciate in value. The first issue of Confederate bonds, the blue-back loan, was based upon cotton said to be in the ownership of said Government either in European ports or on vessels on their way to such ports or at shipping points in the Confederacy

ready for forwarding. The bond issues succeeded each other, however, with considerable rapidity and before many months had elapsed, the amount outstanding for which the cotton was supposed to serve as security, must have exceeded many times the market value (great as this value per bale had become) not only of all the cotton held subject to the orders of the Confederate Government but of all the cotton of any ownership whatsoever that was likely to find its way over to Europe. Hudson set forth in his pamphlet, however, as an assured fact that the security for the debt that the Confederacy was incurring was "based on this solid foundation of cotton," a foundation the market value of which was steadily increasing. On such a security, he pointed out that it was perfectly safe for European friends of the Confederacy and for investors generally, to loan their money. He contrasted this assured value of the Confederate bonds with the "lack of financial foundation" for the five-twenties which constituted the first issue of the War loan of the United States. He contended (quite without foundation but it was a very plausible contention) that as these five-twenties rested upon the credit of the entire nation called the United States, and as, according to the contention of the Northerners, the nation still comprised the full series of thirty-six States, if any group of States succeeded in breaking away, the "nation" that had issued these bonds would no longer be in existence. The new nation, comprising possibly the States of the North and of the West, or more probably, as he argued, the New England and Middle States alone, would as a new organisation have no responsibility, and would not be likely to be prepared to assume any responsibility, for an indebtedness contracted by an earlier and quite different political organisation. It was evident, therefore, said Hudson, that if the South succeeded in establishing its independence, the

bonds issued by the Government of the so-called United States would be worthless. The value of these bonds was contingent upon the success of the North, a success which on many grounds he had already made clear was impossible. The bonds of the South would be paid by the cotton assigned as security whether the South succeeded or not, but the success of the South was in any case assured. These arguments had considerable influence in Germany and in France and these and similar arguments had the result of procuring from England some millions for bonds, paid over not in money but in munitions of war. The Erlangers, clever Hebrew bankers of Frankfort, brought themselves into international repute through their skill in managing the Confederate cotton loan. They utilised as a tract and distributed widely throughout Europe the Hudson monograph and other similar specious arguments.

My father was so much impressed with what I wrote about the purpose and character of the pamphlet that I sent to him that he took pains to submit the substance of it in translation to the leading New York journals, and the publication brought out as was to be expected a full measure of indignation. The Loyal Publication Society, organised by my father a little later, had for its special purpose the publication of documents which should make clear to Americans and to Europeans the actual nature of the contest, and which should also do the service of specifying the extent of the resources on which the National Government could depend in carrying on this contest. My father's old-time friend and partner, David A. Wells, took upon himself the task of preparing a monograph that, after replying to the misstatements and arguments of Hudson, should make clear to European investors the nature of the security upon which the United States loans were based. This pamphlet, entitled *Our Burden and our Strength*, was translated into all the more impor-

tant European languages and was circulated, through the United States consuls and through bankers, in all districts in which there was any possibility of making sale for the five-twenties or the later seven-thirties. It was not long before, on the Continent at least, the investors came to recognise that the North had the better security to offer. The seven-thirties and the five-twenties were sold in large amounts throughout Europe, the most important centre of distribution being Amsterdam; next in order came Frankfort and Berlin. Smaller quantities were taken in Paris, where the feeling among the moneyed and government classes, acting under the lead of the Emperor, was largely pro-Southern. England, which was in a better position to secure trustworthy information as to the course of the struggle and as to the relative business soundness of the two contestants, failed to take advantage of its position. Large sums were risked by English investors in the Confederate securities, but the sales of American bonds in Great Britain during the entire four years of the war were but inconsiderable. It is satisfactory to remember that the English judgment in this case not only proved at fault but brought upon the investors serious losses, while our shrewder and wiser friends in Holland and in Germany secured very handsome returns indeed on their investments in the seven-thirties and the five-twenties.

This, of course, is a matter of later history of which I could know but little in Berlin in the spring months of 1861. I had done my duty in sending home the pamphlet, and in common with other loyal Americans who were at that time in the Prussian capital, I was gathering up a strong fund of indignation at the misrepresentation of our country through the good-natured ignorance of the Minister and the sharp but treasonable practices of his clever secretary. We youngsters had, however, natu-

rally no diplomatic relations and no social status, and we were, therefore, not in a position to contradict effectively the gossip that from day to day came to our ears, as to the breaking up of the great American Republic. "Why, your own Secretary of Legation says that it is a foregone conclusion and he tells us that the Minister is willing to admit the same." Among those who fumed and fretted was my friend Hinckley, and being then nearly of age and practically his own master, he packed up his trunks and started for home to take his share in the fighting. It had been difficult to convince ourselves that fighting was coming, and, in any case, we thought that it would be but a matter of a few months. Hinckley secured a commission as Captain in the First Coloured Cavalry Regiment of Massachusetts, the only coloured cavalry regiment that went out from the North. He did his duty pluckily enough during the term of service of his regiment, but considered himself unfortunate in having had no opportunity in getting in touch with any of the larger operations of the war.

Minister Wright's religious interests were not limited to the American Chapel or even to his own denomination. He had, I found, given some substantial aid to work that was carried on by certain itinerant preachers who might have been classed as missionaries and who journeyed from village to village in districts where the peasants were not being well cared for by the established (Lutheran) Church, or where, whatever the inducements held out by the local pastor, the peasants had kept away from the parish church. I came myself to know one of these itinerant preachers, probably through meeting him at the Chapel or in the Minister's reading-room. I found myself not a little interested in the description given of his work among the farmhouses. One Friday evening, I fell in with a suggestion of my friend, that I should accompany him on his next trip, spending Saturday and Sunday in the

village where he was to preach. We went out Saturday morning by a return market train, travelling fourth class. Fourth-class trains on the German railroad provide "standing room only," that is to say there were no seats. Seats would in fact be very much in the way of the fruit baskets and crates of the market women. We journeyed, if I remember rightly, about two hours from the city and found ourselves at the end of the trip in a Brandenburg village of a thoroughly primitive type. I should have mentioned that after leaving the train, we had a drive of about an hour in a farm-waggon. The village comprised only a dozen or two houses, nestled about a little market-place. I remember being struck then, as I was later, when I had had some pedestrian experience in Prussian country, by the fact that the North German farmers' homes were better arranged as far as social intercourse and the organisation of the villages were concerned than were the farms of New England. The houses, instead of being placed in the centre of their respective farms, and thus separated from each other by the width of the farm land, were grouped together on the high road or at some intersection of roads connecting with their farms by a narrow strip. Occasionally there was no direct connection between the farmhouse and the farm. The farmer appeared to consider the advantage of living in touch with his neighbours to offset the inconvenience of a little longer tramp to his barns and to his fields. I have the impression, however, that pains had been taken in dividing or apportioning the farms so to shape the home fields that the narrow points of these fields came together at the village centre. I spent the afternoon with my preaching friend tramping over the fields in the outer circuit and visiting the cottages in the village. These visits indicated that the preacher was in close personal touch with the villagers, although his visits to them

were, as he told me, separated by considerable intervals. My German was still imperfect and I found not a little difficulty in taking in the village patois. There was no real dialect but a certain broadening of the vowels and roughening of the consonants which prevented the utterance being clear to an unaccustomed ear. Saturday evening we spent in the beer-house but it was a very temperate and well-ordered assembly that was there gathered. In later years, when I had occasion from time to time to visit the ale-house of an English village on a Saturday night, I made a contrast that was by no means favourable either to the temperance or to the good manners of the peasant of England. It remains my impression that the class of man that works in the furrows represents for Germany and for France a higher grade of intelligence and of refinement of nature than one finds in the furrows of Britain, or at least of South Britain. The talk in the beer-house that Saturday evening turned largely upon village interests, but there was more or less questioning of the *Pfarrer* as to the news of the great city, and later, when my friend had introduced me to the circle as coming from the distant land of America, there were not a few conundrums to which I was expected to find replies concerning the conditions of labour, the rates of wages, the comforts of living on the other side of the Atlantic, etc. I am afraid that my knowledge of industrial conditions in the States was altogether too hazy and imperfect to be of any material service to these good villagers. On Sunday we had a Bible Class in the early morning and then preaching; in the afternoon village sports (I remember bowls and something like quoits), and in the evening preaching again. There was no chapel (the parish church where the regular Lutheran service was being held was some miles distant) and our services were conducted in a loft over the village shop. For the

evening service the light was given by tallow candles. I tried to ascertain, in following as far as I was able the preaching of my friend, what his own denominational connection might be. I think that he classed himself with the *Reformirte Kirche*, in which case he was a Calvinist. The preaching was very simple, straightforward, and, I should judge, effective. I know that the little loft was so far filled that the air became very "solid." My thoughts went back to the account of a somewhat similar preaching by St. Paul when one youth grown heavy with sleep (was his name Eutychus?) fell out of the window. I kept as near to the window as I could for the sake of the fresh air but held on bravely to a side post.

I lodged with one of the elders of the congregation, a shrivelled up little farmer whose questions concerning American conditions had been among the most intelligent of those put to me. The fare was black bread, cheese, and beer. The payment for two nights and a considerable proportion of two days was, if I remember rightly, ten groschen, or twenty-five cents. The welcome given to the stranger who came as a friend of the *Pfarrer* was most cordial and there remains to me an impression of a very wholesome and loyal home life for these villagers and of a simple faith that evidently stood them in good stead. I was glad to have had the experience.

On the Fourth of July, 1861, the Americans in Berlin arranged for a commemoration dinner which was to be something more of a function than usual. We had with us for the occasion two United States Ministers, the outgoing incumbent, Governor Wright of Indiana, and the newly appointed representative, Mr. Judd of Illinois. With the Ministers we had, of course, the two secretaries. The Virginian Hudson has already been referred to. We were rather surprised that he should have had the "face" to come to this dinner of American loyalists, for his own

disloyalty to the Government whose paid representative he was, was by this time a matter of general repute with every one, excepting possibly Governor Wright. Hudson brazened the matter out, however, gracefully enough. He was a good-looking fellow with a gift of fluency in German and in French as well as in English. He certainly helped to make the dinner a success, although in order to do this it was necessary for him to say not a few things that he did not believe, but he said them very prettily. Mr. Judd from Illinois, who was for the coming four years to stand as the representative of the United States to Germany, possessed, like his predecessor, but very few qualifications as a diplomat. Like Governor Wright, he knew no language but his own, although it is fair to say that his command of English was somewhat more effective and more accurate than that of the gentleman from Indiana. He was a lawyer and had, I believe, been Chairman of the State Republican Committee. He had become known to Lincoln in connection with his services in organising the loyal opinion of Illinois. The fact that he had no knowledge of German was not considered a serious disqualification. To remedy any difficulties on this score, he had had assigned to him as Secretary of Legation a clever German-American named Kreissmann. Kreissmann had, I think, been a refugee of 1848; in any case he belonged in his boyhood years to the revolutionary group of Germans. I do not know how far his experiences with the circles of men who had been "agin the government" may have stood in the way of his official relations with the Court of Berlin. If he had come as Minister they might have decided that he was *persona non grata*. I judge, however, that a criticism of this kind does not lie against a Secretary of Legation. Kreissmann knew his Germany and he knew the rights of German-born American citizens. I was told that a very important part of the work of these four

years of the Ministry was that of maintaining the rights of Americans who happened to have been born in Germany, to be freed from the requirement of German military service, and to be protected, in the case of visits later to Germany, from any penalties on the score of having avoided such service. I believe, however, that the fuller recognition of this claim on the part of American students who had been born in Germany was not given until some twenty years later when Minister Bancroft Davis negotiated a new treaty to cover the point.

These matters did not, however, come up for consideration on the Fourth of July, 1861. Our utterances at this dinner, both in the more formal speeches and in the conversation, had to do with the grave condition of affairs at home and the prospect of our being able to organise the strength of the North rapidly enough to withstand the military force of the South, which was, at the outset of the war, in so much better a state of preparation. In spite of the anxieties, anxieties which were perhaps more keenly felt by those who had just come from the States than by those of us who had been abroad for a year or more and who did not as fully realise the extent of the difficulties, the dinner was a cheery one, much cheerier than would have been the case if we had known that that same July was to witness the sorrowful defeat at Bull Run. Unfortunately or fortunately there were no cablegrams in those days and the news of the defeat did not reach us until weeks later. The dinner was, after the German fashion, long drawn out. I have some impression of referring in my home letter to a series of seventeen courses. Each of the Ministers and each of the secretaries had to speak, and I admired the skill with which the clever Virginian, Hudson, steered his way between the pitfalls that surrounded his position and managed, while keeping within the conventionalities of loyal expression, to make clear

his own opinion that the Union was at an end. A group of us were going home in the small hours of the morning, and as we came across the open square at the head of the Unter den Linden, one of the group looked up and saw what seemed to him to be a comet with two tails. The dinner had been so long and the night hours were so far advanced that it seemed to him wiser to say nothing of his discovery. Each one of the group took a shy glance into the sky and became conscious for himself of the existence of that comet with two tails and each one kept his great astronomical discovery to himself. It was in taking up our paper the next morning (at rather a later hour than usual) that we realised that there really *had* been a comet with two tails and that we might have enjoyed all the prestige belonging to an original observation.

I made in Berlin but few social acquaintances. The men whom I came to know were almost entirely in the University group among the students and certain of the younger instructors. Now and then I had the opportunity of meeting in my host's smoking-room certain older visitors of the typical bourgeois type, the type so cleverly presented some years later in the *Familie Buchholz*. Americans I was, of course, meeting from time to time in the Minister's reading-room. It was impossible in Berlin to carry out my Paris policy of avoiding my fellow-countrymen. I was making fair progress in the German language and did not dread hearing words of English. All such considerations, moreover, were brushed to one side in the eagerness, during these anxious first months of the war, to get news from home and to confer with others as to the probable meaning of the news.

VIII

A Tramp to Göttingen

I HAD prolonged my stay in Berlin in order to be present at the Fourth of July ministerial dinner. The good oculist von Graefe had been making satisfactory progress with my treatment, and he finally reported that if I would devote two or three months to exercise in the open, my eyes would be again in condition to render service, although but restricted service. Von Graefe was good enough to mark out for me, with the experience of an old-time student, a course of tramps for the summer which in his judgment I should find interesting and which would secure the open-air environment required to complete his treatment. My father had turned down my application for permission to return to the States, on the ground that I should not for a year at least be old enough for service in the army and that the war would certainly be over before my eighteenth birthday had arrived.

I had an invitation from my father's old friend Bayard Taylor to meet him and his wife later in the season at the home of her father in Gotha. I shipped my trunk across country to Gotha, and I put into a knapsack the belongings required for the next few weeks. I was, unfortunately, without any companion, as I had not been able to get hold of anybody in whom I was interested whose plans for the summer could be made to fit in with my own.

I found myself, however, during the different stages of the trip less lonely than I had anticipated. I was able from week to week to come into relations with temporary fellow-travellers whose way led in the same direction as my own, and I found the variety of companionship on the whole interesting. I gave two or three days to Dresden, devoting the time almost exclusively to the galleries. Limited as my time was, I found it difficult to keep away from the special room where dwells the great Madonna. My knowledge of art was, of course, but slight, but my tastes and interests had been guided somewhat in the companionship of older and better trained associates in the galleries of the Louvre and of the Luxembourg. I knew, therefore, something about the schools of painting, and while in Berlin I had given some time to the study of the development of European art taken chronologically. This was, if I remember rightly, the order in which had been arranged the paintings in the gallery of Berlin. I was able, therefore, to realise to some extent the distinctive value of the art of the world that was represented in Dresden, but, as said, a large portion of the time was absorbed in the worship of the Sistine Madonna. There was, of course, also a visit to the Grüne Gewölbe, where I gazed with but a languid interest on the great collection of jewels and curios. I found a keener pleasure in sitting with my travelling acquaintances on the Brühlische Terrace, which overlooks the Elbe at the most picturesque point, and where one has, in addition to the immediate survey of the river, a beautiful distant view of the Saxon Switzerland. My impression of the river and of the mountains was mixed up with a kind of moving procession of faces. The terrace is wide and is so arranged that there is a liberal width of space for promenaders in front of the chairs and tables of the café. At the proper season of the year (and I must have struck this season) a goodly

proportion of the society of Europe seemed to have been swept into an eddy of which the Dresden Terrace was the centre. My companion and myself amused ourselves in guessing as we saw faces approaching from the distance to what nationality or race type the face might belong. Usually, as the promenaders passed, a word or two could be caught which gave us the necessary clue. I remember the contrast between the blond Saxons and dark-haired Poles, the red Belgians, the piquant Italians, the sturdy and wholesome-faced English girls (at that time the English colony in Dresden was large), and the occasional Frenchwomen, who as far as one could judge from the scraps of conversation were the most vivacious of all. I do not know whether the Dresden Terrace is as much of a social centre to-day as it was forty years back, but for the moment I seemed to be at the centre of Europe.

I left Dresden by a steam-boat which brought me some twenty-five miles above the city, to the point from which the tramp through Saxon Switzerland is usually begun. I had with me at this time a student whom I had come to know slightly in Berlin and who was familiar with the region and I accepted his steering for the next few days. One of the impressions that remained particularly in my memory from that tramp in Saxony was the effect of the two peaks that confronted each other across a narrow curve of the Elbe,—the Lilienstein and the Königstein; on the top of the latter had been built, I do not know how many centuries back, the great fortress which had been planned to serve as the last protection of the Saxon monarchy in time of need. Into this fortress had been collected in the different periods of war and invasion the Court treasures. It is related that in one of the earlier of the campaigns of Napoleon in Germany, before he had succeeded in securing the Saxon Alli-

ance, the attempt had been made under his instructions to force the passage upward to the top of the Königstein for the purpose of securing the royal treasures. The first attack was repulsed, but the artillery officer who had charge of the siege, if siege it can be called, was of the impression that if he could place his guns on the Lilienstein on the other side of the river, he could make the fortress untenable. The Lilienstein was undefended but the labour of making a road to the top and of getting up the field artillery was in itself very considerable. The top was finally gained and the guns were placed in position, and it was then found that the distance from peak to peak had been miscalculated and that the missiles could not be made to reach. The Saxon force that was holding the Königstein, with a fuller knowledge of the measurements, had of course understood this from the beginning and were in no dread of the bombardment from the other side. Napoleon's wrath and impatience were reported to have been very extreme and as the result the poor artillery officer lost his commission and was told to go back to school and study triangulation. The Saxon treasures escaped for the time, but were gathered in a few years later together with the Saxon monarchy itself.

A few miles from the Lilienstein, the foot-traveller clambering over the wooded ridge finds his way into a long cavern which pierces the mountainside, and after some minutes of groping in the dark, comes out with a sudden turn to the great window described as the Kühstall, through which he overlooks the river and the stretch of country down the valley to Dresden.

The cavern itself was, according to tradition, utilised during the Thirty Years' War for the protection from the troops of the cattle from the farms of the district. From the river-side or window-side the face of the mountain is entirely inaccessible; while the steep and twisty ascent

on the rear could have been defended by a few energetic men against a host of assailants.

With a day's journey southward, the pedestrian passes through the higher plateaus of Saxon Switzerland, and comes out upon the open ground looking towards Prague. On crossing the river to a little village whose name I have forgotten, I found myself in Bohemia and was called upon to subject my modest knapsack to the investigation of an Austrian customs officer. The day was too far advanced to make it practicable to reach Prague on foot before nightfall; and no one of the two or three harsh-sounding Bohemian names of the villages on my map gave to my imagination promise of an attractive resting place. I therefore took the train from the Bohemian frontier and found myself in conversation with a travelling workman who like myself desired to reach Prague that night and had left the road for this purpose. He was a cabinet-maker and was completing, if I remember rightly, the third and last of his *Wanderjahre* which would entitle him to secure a permanent post as a finished workman. Through an accident to the locomotive, the train was delayed for an hour or two so that by the time we rolled into the station at Prague it was past midnight. My companion learned that I had no knowledge of the city and had not even fixed upon any inn to which I might be directed. After a little thought, he offered to take me with him by means of his ticket to the mechanics' lodging house. As a travelling workman, he was entitled to a sojourn for a fixed period and at some minimum cost, in any one of the series of inns belonging to the working men's associations. According to the regulations, as he frankly explained, no outsiders were admitted; but he judged that an exception might be made in the case of an American who was certainly not at that time an employer of labour. I thankfully accepted the friendly suggestion and, shoulder-

ing our packs, we steered our way as best we could through one of the narrow *Gassen* leading out of the station street. I noticed that in regard to the lighting of the lamps, at least in the smaller streets, the same routine was followed in Prague as in many of the towns of North Germany. At the times in the month when, according to the calendar, it was the duty of the moon to be within reach, the authorities of the town saved their lamp-oil. If one of those nights happened to be cloudy, the responsibility for the darkness in the streets rested not with the town but with Providence. It was on a night of this kind that I happened to strike Prague, and my first impression of the city consisted in stumbling through a narrow, twisty, and ill-paved alleyway which presented no lights even from the tall houses and through which I steered myself only by keeping in touch with the blouse of my guide. He walked slowly, counting the houses, and when he had reached the required number he felt his way to the keyhole and let himself in by a pass-key to a passage that was somewhat darker than the alley we had left. The door was shut quietly and our shoes were removed. "It would not do," said my companion, "to disturb the sleep of our fellow-travellers." He then felt his way up two or three flights, and opening a door on the left, felt into a corner where, as he reported, there was a vacant bed. I had of course taken pains to keep in touch with his blouse and I was able therefore to satisfy myself with my own hands that there was a bed and that it was empty.

"I will see you in the morning," whispered my friend, as he slipped noiselessly out to rummage for an empty bed on his account. I was sleepy enough to accept without much criticism anything in the shape of a couch, and as far as I can remember, this was comfortable enough. Having placed beneath the pillow the watch, purse, letter of credit, and pocket-knife which constituted the more

important of my worldly possessions, I slept the sleep of the just.

I was awakened in the morning by a question from the bed next on the right, but as the question was put in Bohemian, I did not venture an answer. I found myself in a long narrow dormitory containing thirty or forty beds, all of which were occupied. There was beginning to be a little buzz of conversation, and as some of this was given in German, I was able to take in certain words which evidently referred to myself. The general purport was, "Who in thunder is that chap and what is he doing in our house?" I remember thinking of the great big bear with the gruff voice. These bears were not very big—in fact most of them were youngsters like myself—but there were a good many of them, and even with those who spoke German, I was not sure that, in connection with dialect peculiarities, I should be able easily to make myself understood. They were inquisitive, however, rather than ugly, and the entrance of my friend, who, anticipating my perplexities, had taken pains to get up early, straightened out my record and secured for me a really genial welcome. During the time of dressing, which was a public and not a very complete operation, and the later half-hour when we were sharing coffee and black bread, I was bombarded with questions phrased in a variety of dialects, concerning the conditions of labour in America, the rates of wages in the different trades, the cost of living, the requirements of travelling for apprentices, and the still more vital matter, the length of the military service. I only wished that I had had available a larger amount of trustworthy information. I was really ignorant as to wages, but I could tell them something about the price of bread and of meat and I was quite clear in my mind as to the very moderate requirements made by our government for military service. I stated with truth that there never had been

in our country any system of conscription, and with the sublime confidence of youth I ventured the prophecy (two years in advance of 1863) that there never would be any. I should be sorry to believe that any of these hospitable working men should have had occasion later, in finding themselves in the toils of the provost marshal of New York, to growl at the over-optimism of the Yankee student.

I found some perplexity when the time came for my departure in arranging to pay for my night's lodging. There appeared to be no one authorised to receive money from a transient guest. The matter was finally arranged, at the suggestion of my original companion, by a contribution to the sick-fund box.

The impression that remains most clearly in my memory from my inspection of Prague is the picture of the Jewish quarter. It is my impression that there is at this time no restriction upon the Jews in regard to the selection of their dwelling places in the city. In 1861, however, the Jewish quarter was still separated from the Christian city of the Germans and Bohemians by a boundary wall, and the one or two streets through which connection was made were barriered by guard-houses and by chains. The latter were put up each evening, I believe shortly after sundown, and unless with special permit no egress was permitted from the Jewish quarter after the chains were up. The regulations appeared in fact to be substantially in line with those that had been in force in the Middle Ages.

In roaming about the city, I was speedily attracted by the picturesque and mediæval appearance of the houses of the quarter. On closer inspection, I gathered the impression that for dwelling purposes these houses were much more picturesque than comfortable or hygienic. The necessities of a crowded population had caused the

buildings to be carried to a height which, while moderate enough as compared with a New York sky-scraping tenement, was assuredly excessive for the width even of the larger streets of the quarter and caused the narrower alleys to be mere cañons of darkness. I could trace where, from half-century to half-century, the houses had been added to, but the additions were always from the roof up. There was really little in the quarter to interest the sightseer, other than the general aspect of these overhung *Gassen*, and the old cemetery. For the dwellings of the dead, as for those of the living, there was no space available for additions except towards the sky. The graves lay, therefore, one above the other so that the surface of the cemetery had gradually been raised *pari passu* with the roof-lines of the surrounding dwellings. In approaching the cemetery from the street, the visitor had a considerable flight of steps to ascend. It was surrounded on three sides by a wall, the height of which had from time to time been increased in order to keep pace with the higher level of the ground within. The wall presented, therefore, from the street a formidable aspect, and even from within was quite unscalable unless by someone possessing the muscular power of a Jean Valjean.

The guardian who had charge of the gate was away, but a small boy secured the necessary key and came in with me, partly as a guide and partly, as I thought, with the air of preventing the heretical visitor from committing any sacrilege within the consecrated precincts. There was in fact nothing to be guided to. The square enclosure was bounded on the fourth side by a row of the tall houses whose forbidding aspect was heightened by the fact that the two or three lower tiers of windows were securely planked up as if to keep out the possible ghosts. The tombstones were covered with inscriptions very closely set together, but as I had no knowledge of Hebrew, I could

only puzzle vaguely as to the character of the commemorations of the dead and wonder how the records could be properly connected with the individuals whose dust lay beneath the stones. Certain of the stones, bearing dates a century or more old, had been raised up as if above later interments, and fresh stones with comparatively recent dates had been placed in beneath. Some of the tombs presented, therefore, the aspect of a complex structure, the building of which had gone on through many years.

The small boy, who ought, of course, to have remained within reach to answer my questions, seemed to have more dread of the enclosure than was to have been expected on the part of the son of the custodian, or than was natural for a guide expecting a fee. After letting me in, he had remained close by the gate as if it were important to preserve his own line of retreat.

It grew dusk very suddenly, as the sun fell behind the level of the tall buildings on the west. I had been examining a little closely the carved heads of certain cherubs with the thought that they might have been passed for Christian cherubs, when I was aroused by the slam of the closing gate. Whether my little guide had grown frightened with the increasing dusk, or whether it was contrary to some ecclesiastical regulations to be among the tombs after sunset, or whether the little rascal had simply grown tired of waiting and had abandoned his charge, I shall never know. I simply did know that the massive gate, or rather door, was closed and that I was on the wrong side of it. I naturally hurried over to the gateway and did what seemed possible by rapping and by shouting to attract attention, but without success. An attempt to scale the wall at the most promising angle resulted only in a torn trouser-knee and a bruised elbow. I then betook myself to the opposite side of the enclosure and, taking the houses in turn, experimented with each of the forbidding-looking closed

doors. I did not think it wise, at least at the outset, to hammer on the doors, because I could not get rid of the feeling that I was possibly a transgressor in being in the place after sundown. At the fifteenth or sixteenth house I found a door that yielded. Some rusty nails had, I think, given way, and the bar on the inside, which should have kept it closed, had fallen. I pulled the door open quietly far enough to get in with my head and looking through found that I was at one end of a deep passage, the other end of which evidently opened out into the street. Where I stood was in darkness, but, the front door being open, I could see dimly outlined against the sky the heads of one or two people seated on the doorway step. I could hear, through doors that opened into the passageway, household routine going on in one or two rooms. It is probable enough that if I had walked quietly to the nearest of these rooms and had stated my case, I should have been put into the street without difficulty or question. I was not sure, however, that my German would be understood by the Bohemian Jews, while I also, as before said, was in doubt in regard to the possible sacrilege. I decided, therefore, to slip through the hall without any attempt at conversation The door fortunately closed without any creaking, and with as quiet a run as possible I slipped by or over the people on the threshold and in a few seconds was down the long flight of steps and around the first street corner. I heard some shrieks as I passed the doors opening on the passage, and I think it probable that my visit has formed the basis of a really well-authenticated ghost story. There was no pursuit from the doorway and, as I came upon the people from behind, and the alley into which I tumbled was comfortably dark, I judge I was really not seen, at least in anything more than a spectral fashion.

After some doublings through a network of alleys, I

found myself again on the main street of the Quarter, which led directly to the barrier-gate. There was no difficulty in telling a straight story to the Austrian sergeant of the guard, and he was quite ready, as I neither looked nor spoke like a Hebrew, to pass me over to the Christian side of the city.

I do not remember much further concerning my researches in Prague. In connection with the necessity of economising my eyesight, I had not been able to prepare myself for the city by reading up the dramatic incidents in its history. If I could only at that time have known something about the battle of the White Mountain and the famous "throwing out of the windows" of the minority delegates, I should have looked at certain places with a closer and more intelligent interest.

I gave to the city and its suburbs three or four days, and then again shouldering my knapsack, started on the road for Carlsbad. If I could only have foreseen that five years later one of the most dramatic as well as most scientific of the world's campaigns was to be fought out in northern Bohemia, I should have been interested in taking a detour in order to study the topography of Königgratz, and to fix the position of the famous fog-enveloped village of Chlum. This trip I have since 1866 kept in view as something for the later years. In Carlsbad, the dusty pedestrian with his meagre wardrobe felt a little out of place. It was the beginning of the season and the terraces and the Brünenhallen, which had in past centuries welcomed so many of the world's diplomats, were beginning to be filled up with well-dressed society from all points of the continent. I took a hasty view of the picturesque brooks with their wonderfully coloured deposits, and then got away to the nearest village on the road to Eger, a village the accommodations in which were more in accord with my modest requirements and resources.

I believe that I spent two or three days on the road to Eger. I passed through no other place of historic importance, but I have a memory of a series of picturesque hillsides and of villages very much like each other and most of them furnished with unpronounceable names. In these villages, my German was of no service. So few travellers passed through from the outer world that even the innkeepers were restricted to Bohemian. The inns themselves were little more than ale-houses, with bedroom accommodation so limited that if the traveller had had the gift of prophecy his thoughts might have gone forward to the requirements of the Raines Law. The food supplies were rather monotonous in their character, comprising little beyond sausage, cheese, and black bread. The round sausages and long rolls of Pumpernickel were, as a rule, stored in outhouses which were built like ice-houses, half below the surface. This method of storing food rendered it easily available for use as rations and proved of no little convenience five years later to the commissaries of the invading Prussian armies. The campaign narratives of 1866 make reference to the advantage that the advance-columns possessed in being able to press forward without their supply-waggons and in the lightest marching order, with the assurance of finding food from night to night in these outdoor farm cellars. The farmers of modern Bohemia must themselves that autumn have had a hungry time.

I had mastered my *Wallenstein* before reaching Eger, and I knew, therefore, what were the proper historic reminiscences to recall at the sight of the death-chamber in the old castle. The blood stains on the floor and wall are as distinct and (after the lapse of two centuries) probably about as veracious as the marks of Luther's ink-bottle in the Wartburg. I do not recall anything further in Eger which impressed my memory.

The next stage in my tramp was Coburg. After passing the Bohemian boundary, the route, which crossed over a portion of the Black Forest, became, as the Germans would say, more smiling. The trees were higher and the fields presented an aspect of greater fertility. The villages were more attractive in their environment and both the inns and the home dwellings had an air of greater comfort. There was also a satisfaction in being free to present one's wants in speech instead of through the, to me, unaccustomed and awkward vehicle of sign language.

On reaching the Black Forest region, I was able from day to day to pick up a travelling companion. Sometimes it was a student, but more frequently a travelling mechanic. Once or twice I passed the day with peasants making their way across country for farming operations, and with these I had the interest of puzzling over a fresh dialect. One day I passed in the society of a toy-maker from Nuremberg. I remember his telling me that the orders from the United States were by far the most important in making continued business for the Nuremberg workshops. Since that time, the American children have had occasion to make a further contribution to the prosperity of Nuremberg in their large purchases of the toy books of Nister.

On the afternoon of my arrival at Coburg, I had a small adventure, some details of which remain in my memory. I had decided, I do not now recall why, to take the train for the last stage of the day's journey. I found that to catch the train at the nearest station, the time being limited, it would be necessary to get to the station by the shortest line. The highroad made a curve, apparently to reach some village on the right, and I therefore climbed over the fence by which, according to the routine in North Germany, the railroad was enclosed, and made my way along the track. In a few minutes a yellow-and-white

official had also climbed the fence and was giving me emphatic commands from the rear. I was, under the circumstances, quite deaf and trotted along as rapidly as possible towards the station. On being headed off, however, by a second functionary, I had no resource but to surrender at discretion. The two men assembled together and did a large amount of talking over my head. They took pains to point out to me certain signboards on which, under the general caption of "Streng Verboten," was printed the list of penalties for the crime of trespassing on the track and for the greater crime of resisting (*i. e.*, failing to give prompt obedience to) the authority of an official. I looked as deaf, as foreign, as ignorant, and as innocent as possible. Finally my offer of a thaler (as commutation for the official fine of five thalers) was accepted. It was still necessary, however, that the majesty of the law should be vindicated. I was, therefore, not allowed to go on to the station or to strike directly across to the road but was conducted back to the point where the crime had been committed, and as I there was permitted, in a state of some irritation with the ways of officialdom, to climb over the fence, the expected train passed by on its way to Coburg.

There was no further train northward for some hours. I saw in the middle distance a picturesque hilltop, crowned with the usual ruin. My studies in the natural history of North Germany enabled me to decide with substantial certainty that at the base of the hill I should find the beer-garden. In a few minutes, I was quenching my irritation with a schoppen of the best Coburger. The garden was nearly deserted, but a table not far from my own was occupied by a family group which, from the accent of certain phrases, I judged to belong to Berlin. A rather heavy but not unintelligent-looking papa, an equally heavy and good-natured mamma, and a pair of daugh-

ters of perhaps fifteen and sixteen, whose faces gave the impression that in mental activity they had advanced a stage beyond their parents, made up the family. The type is described later in *Die Familie Buchholz.* A discussion was going on between mamma and papa, some words of which unavoidably came to my ears. The girls wanted very much to see the ruin on top of the hill. The path looked steep, and papa very much preferred to take his afternoon nap in the garden. Mamma was a little lame and would not venture the ascent without her husband. It looked as if the girls were going to lose the pleasure of completing their excursion. I stepped forward and offered my services as an escort. I explained that I was myself planning to inspect the ruin, and that it would give me great pleasure to guide the young ladies *hinauf und herab,* and I took pains to add the statement that I was an American. Since leaving the railroad, my German fluency had very much improved.

Papa began naturally enough to respond that he was "under obligations to the young gentleman but, that he had not the pleasure of his acquaintance," etc. Fortunately for the excursion, mamma came to the rescue. Carrying her man off to another table, she presented her view of the matter in phrases that were so emphatic that most of them came to my ears. "You see, my dear, the jünger Herr is an American, and the Americans are always gentlemen, and the dear girls may not have another chance" (whether at an American or at the ruins was not so clear), etc. The maternal argument prevailed. Papa and I solemnly exchanged cards, and with a last injunction to the girls that they must behave "sehr ordentlich," we three youngsters were permitted to start up the path, leaving for mamma what seemed to me the less amusing task of fanning the flies from her sleeping *Mann.* During the discussion, the girls had remained perfectly quiet with

a self-control that American daughters might not have exercised. As soon, however, as we were fairly outside of the garden, they began to chatter at a great rate and in the course of our little excursion I was favoured with a flood of details concerning their house in Berlin, their school, interests, their amusements, friends, etc. I believe it was the case that they had never, before the present afternoon, had the excitement of being alone in the company of a young man; and this unwonted dissipation put them into very high spirits indeed, and possibly enough, as I indulge my conceit in imagining, may have remained in their memory in after years as a romantic episode.

I found myself not a little amused with the pictures and impressions given of the bourgeoisie society of Berlin, and I may say that if my young companions were to be taken as fair representatives of the daughters of the average Prussian grocer, the comparison for general intelligence, substantial refinement of behaviour, and perception of *les convenances* would not have been unfavourable to Berlin, as compared with either New York or London. I was interested also in picking up in the course of the afternoon a number of local phrases and terms of the Berlin dialect which could not have been secured so easily or so pleasantly in any other way. We inspected the ruins and indulged in some late coffee, and I then took pains to fulfil my agreement by returning my charges to their parents before the sun had fairly gotten over the mountains. The cordiality of the thanks of the old people may easily have covered some feeling of apprehension that they had been carrying during our absence. The evening train brought me without further adventures to Coburg, of which I have at this time memory only of the general aspect of the Schloss, where had been born some forty years earlier the Prince Consort of Victoria.

From Coburg I resumed my tramp, by way of Eisenach and through the Thüringer Wald, to Gotha. The Wartburg was, of course, duly inspected, although I fear there was some lack of reverence in the regard given to the mark of the devil's inkstand. In coming away from the castle, I was fortunate enough to fall in with a young civil engineer, whose plan for tramping across the Thüringer Wald fell in very conveniently with my own. He had secured in the school of science, at the close of the spring term, his degree as an engineer, and had been allowed or instructed to take the summer off before beginning office-work in the fall. The second day of our companionship a question arose that might have caused our separation. Calvinist as I was, I did not feel it to be in order to use Sunday for travelling. To my companion, on the other hand, it seemed very absurd to lose the advantage of fine weather and valuable vacation time by not utilising the hours of Sunday as of other days. We were both desirous of remaining together and we finally compromised on what the Apostles call a "Sabbath day's journey."

Starting at an early hour, we walked until we reached, at about church time, some convenient village. There I attended the Lutheran service while my comrade "invited his soul" in the woods. After a midday meal and a resting-spell, we made a further walk until it was time for evening service, which came, if I remember rightly, at about five. This gave for my companion an opportunity for a little further loafing, after which an evening walk brought us to supper and to bed.

I have not seen the Thüringer Wald since those pleasant sunshiny days of July forty years ago, but I understand that it has changed very little. The picture that remains in my memory is of a great park broken here and there by the clearings about the villages and, guarded as it were, by hilltops crowned with castles or with castle

ruins. The forestry supervision of the wood was very perfect. I was told later that the Thüringer Wald and the Hartz were the two forests in Europe in which the science of forestry had been applied for the longest series of years and with the greatest completeness and effectiveness. A regular system was pursued in clearing out the smaller trees so as to leave full space for the development of those selected as the fittest. The underbrush was kept clear and when the under foresters had completed their own work in taking off such timber, large or small, as appeared to them worthy of marketing, the villagers, principally the old women and the children, came in for certain gleaning privileges and carried off, in neatly tied tiny fagots, the smallest of the twigs. The result was a forest almost as clean as a lawn, through which one could walk at will regardless of the paths. In the distance, deer could be seen from time to time. They were occasionally hunted but were evidently shrewd enough to find out the difference between a man with a gun and two stray pedestrians with no shooting licences.

The pretty little streams that passed beneath the road bridges were well stocked with trout whose speckled backs were usually visible during the early hours of the day and who also possibly had learned to swim with greater boldness in the open when no shadow of rod fell over the water. The game and the fish were, of course, carefully preserved and the crime of poaching was one which called for and which, I was told, always found, prompt and strict punishment.

I was still new enough to Germany to find myself interested in noting the little differences of local methods as we passed from village to village. The states that come together in the *Wald* are so small and are so intertwined with their boundaries that even in the course of a day's journey on foot, say twenty miles, one may cross bound-

aries two or three times. The boundary posts bear on either side the colours belonging to the respective states so that one could know at once whether one was under the rule of, say, Schwarzburg-Sondershausen or had already passed over into one of the villages of the Duke of Coburg-Gotha. At some of the villages, the constable in charge of the toll-house found himself called upon to examine our knapsacks for dutiable goods. The articles to be provided against were, if I remember rightly, spirits and sausages. In many of the villages there was a special *Fabrik* for the production of sausages of some variety for which the village had earned fame. When this was the case, the importation into the village of a whole sausage was strictly prohibited. The regulation could be gotten over, as I discovered, by biting off the end of any sausages that might have remained from the day's provender.

My summer tramp ended with my arrival at Gotha, where I received a hospitable welcome from Mrs. Hansen, the mother-in-law of Bayard Taylor. She was very cordial and motherly in her care for me, and Mrs. Taylor and her two unmarried sisters did all that was possible to make my sojourn pleasant. I remember some garden parties at which there was a good deal of music, but I am afraid that my appreciation of the latter was hardly sufficiently scientific to come up to the standard of the very musical Hansen family. I had some chess with the old astronomer, who called me a promising young player. He also gave me some views through the big telescope and explanations of the work that he had taken upon himself in mapping out some particular portion of the heavens. Two of Mrs. Taylor's sisters married astronomers, one being taken by her husband to St. Petersburg and the other making her home in Hamburg. I remember hearing Taylor say in the presence of his wife that he had been twice around the world before he found

in this little ducal capital the particular woman he wanted.

There was some discussion as to my university plans. My own knowledge of German university work was of the smallest, while I was under the disadvantage of not having had any such collegiate training at home as served to make a proper foundation for university instruction abroad. The Hansens naturally laid stress on the attractions of their home University of Jena, but Mr. Taylor's advice was in favour of Göttingen. The Hansens themselves admitted that Jena had lost its old-time prestige and that for the special work in which I proposed to interest myself, natural science, I should find better advantages in the Hanoverian University. I had decided to devote my time principally to natural science, partly on the ground that I had no adequate preparation for work in the other departments, and partly because I found myself interested in plans for chemical investigations and had already in mind a scheme for a course of forestry. I knew enough of the conditions of forests in the United States to realise that the time was fast approaching when they also would need scientific supervision. I had read of great tracts of country in the Northwest, which had been denuded of their timber, becoming the sources of disastrous floods, and I had seen prophecies that unless the timber-cutting of the country were carried on in a less wasteful fashion, there would be, within the experience of my own generation, in addition to the loss through floods, serious difficulties on the ground of the increased cost of lumber. Before leaving Berlin, I had read one or two accounts of the German forestry system and had found that this was serving as a model for similar systems in France, Italy, and elsewhere. Old Mr. Hansen thought very favourably of this scheme of mine, and when Mr. Taylor corroborated my impression that we had as yet in

the United States nothing in the shape of a forestry school or forestry supervision, he was prepared to decide with me that here was a promising opening for a professional career.

The decision was, therefore, made for Göttingen, and after sending to my father a report of the plan, a report which, on the basis of my own reasons and on the advice of Hansen and Taylor, I felt confident he would accept, I took up my knapsack again, fully refreshed with the ten days' loafing, and started on the road, continuing my tramp through the pleasant region of the Thüringer Wald, and arrived in due course at Göttingen.

IX

Göttingen

I ARRIVED at Göttingen, as had been my intention, some weeks before the close of the summer vacation. I wanted to get what advantage there might be from a quiet inspection of the University conditions and possibly from an advance word with some of the instructors, before the return of the students. I was fortunate enough to find in his home some weeks in advance of the opening term work Dr. Bartling, who was the head of the Department of Botany and was himself an important member of the special faculty of the forestry school. He was good enough to interest himself in marking out for me the courses of preliminary studies. He explained that to the forestry itself I should not be prepared to devote myself for eighteen months or more. He instructed me to take up in the first place chemistry, physiological and systematic botany, physics, and certain divisions of metallurgy. I was naturally more or less hampered by lack of knowledge of the terminology. I had at this time a good working knowledge of German in the vernacular, but with the limitations to my eyesight I had done very little reading of German and the scientific terms were, of course, entirely unfamiliar. I consoled myself, however, with the idea that they would have been almost equally unfamiliar in English, and getting together, under Bartling's recom-

mendation, the first group of text-books, I devoted the last few weeks of the vacation (and very hot weeks they were) to the work of mastering the preliminaries.

I was fortunate enough (I think also through Bartling's counselling) to find a pleasant home in a small family circle. I wanted, if possible, to avoid the necessity of living in a students' "caravansary." Frau H. lived with her two daughters in a pleasant house at the foot of Kürze Geismar Strasse. The room assigned to me overlooked the town wall, and as the house was built, although my room was on the second story, there was no difficulty in stepping from my window directly on to the promenade to which the old fortification had now been devoted. There was some convenience, even for a student of my quiet habits, in being able to arrange my incomings and outgoings without reference to the front door or the door-key. Every licensed landlord or landlady (and none other was permitted to have students for lodgers) was expected to be able, when called upon, to give record of the hours spent by them under the roof. Every now and then some University regulation would be issued under which the students were ordered to be within their own rooms before midnight and the morning reports of the landlords were utilised to verify the thoroughness with which such regulation had been obeyed. I found, however, that mine was not the only lodging house in Göttingen which possessed convenient windows and I doubt whether any large proportion out of the 950 students were strict observers of curfew hours. The old wall upon which, to use the German phrase, our house "gave," constituted a very distinctive feature of the little town. It was, of course, very many years since it had possessed any importance as a defence. The wall had been somewhat lowered from the original height of the fortification and had been planted with a double row of trees and formed a most attractive

promenade. The view citywards varied from half mile to half mile as the streets opened up new vistas, while on the outer side the outlook was over the plain of the *Leine*, extending to certain ridges of hills, some of the biggest of which were still crowned with the ruins of the old castles that had once dominated the valley. An afternoon's promenade would usually take one around the wall twice. It was quite a question in the social etiquette of Göttingen whether two bows were required in meeting the professors or other dignitaries in the course of such promenade, or whether the bow given during the first circuit would make full discharge of the obligation.

The H. household comprised Frau von H. (being a North German, she naturally took pains that we should not forget the "von"), three daughters, Anna, Melanie, and Helenschen, and a sailor boy son who turned up every few months as his vessel got back to Bremen. There was a Herr von H., but something had gone wrong with his business and he had gone off to New York to better his fortunes. The "bettering" apparently did not progress very rapidly and his wife seemed to be able to spare him without much difficulty. At all events, he never returned to Göttingen and I met him years afterwards in New York where he had resigned himself to the life of an absentee. The daughters took turns in keeping the house week in and week out. I understood that the mother's instructions were twofold: they were to keep the boarders happy and to spend no money. They were admirably trained young housekeepers and everything, from the weighing of the sugar or the counting of the lumps to the apportionment of the sausages, seemed to be supervised with a precision and a system that I have known nowhere else excepting in army housekeeping. All stores, whether linen or food or fuel, were locked up and the rations were portioned out, some daily, some weekly, very much on the

army system. This meant, of course, a very close supervision of the details of the work of the two servants. The servants certainly secured no luxuries either in the way of food or of outings. They knew, however, just what they could depend upon. I am now speaking not only of the H. household but of all similar North German households in 1861 (and probably doubtless also of to-day). The relation between the servant and the mistress was one of strict contract. It was known in advance just how many hours of the month were to be given to labor, how many to sleep, and how many (and those very few) to outings; just as it was also known how many pounds of sausages and how many lumps of sugar would be assigned for the servants' table. Any infringement by the mistress of the rights of the servant, either in the matter of food or in the matter of overwork or of time allowance, gave to the servant the right to make complaint of the mistress before the district magistrate. If the complaint could be shown to have justification, the mistress was fined and warned. The authority was, of course, exercised with equal promptness the other way on. If the servant were insubordinate or lazy or wasteful of material, the mistress could complain. The mistress could not dismiss the servant within the time contract unless the magistrate admitted that the conditions of the contract had been broken. If the mistress was able to make good the justice of her complaint, the servant received a warning and sometimes also had to pay a small fine. A series of warnings, I think three in all, would cost the servant her *Zettel* or licence to serve. Deprived of this, it was impossible to secure any employment in a town household. The girl would have to go back to her farm and perhaps a year or two later would make a fresh attempt to secure a footing. The three daughters had no *Zetteln* as servants but they worked about as hard.

There were three boarders in the house besides myself, and the task of "keeping these boarders happy" without exceeding the weekly allowance must have entailed not a little thought and labour. We boarders rather got into the habit of playing the girls off one against the other, insisting for instance that the jam and sausage of Melanie's week were not half as good as those Helonchen had given to us the week before. As a fact, we were really very well cared for and for very moderate board, and as the girls soon found our questions were not criticisms but simply chaffings indulged in chiefly for the purpose of practising or airing our German, they did not permit themselves to be seriously troubled and we became and remained very good friends. They were all well educated for girls, and Anna had so far perfected herself in French and in English that she was able in between her housekeeping to give lessons in each. A few months later, she found a place in England as a governess. Helonchen was the belle of the household and I heard after my own departure from Göttingen that she had taken possession of the affections of a young Southern student who succeeded to my place in the household. His memory of her proved to be abiding and after he had fought his way in safety in a South Carolina regiment through the last two years of the war, he came back to Göttingen and carried her off to a home in Charleston. In 1898, she wrote to me from a South Carolina village, explaining that her husband had been disabled from some old war troubles and that she was trying to pick up some pennies by her pen. Unfortunately her sketches of "Life in the South after the War," while gracefully written, were not exceptionally distinctive or important for publication in book form, and I was able to serve her no further than with a word of friendly greeting and a line of introduction to one or two of the periodical editors.

The susceptible Southerner came into the house later. The boarders of my group, while appreciative admirers of the three daughters, kept themselves free from serious flirtations or entanglements. I was myself young enough to be within the range of safety, while the other three men had their interests elsewhere. The oldest of the group was an Englishman named E. He was beyond the years of the average student, partly because the thought of securing a German degree had come to him a little late in life, and partly because the task of doing the scholarly work requisite for such degree proved to be much more serious than he had anticipated or than he was properly fitted for. He was working at chemistry and had for three or four years been attempting to do something sufficiently definite to form the basis of a thesis. I left him in 1862 still vaguely groping with investigations which he did not seem to be able to bring to any pertinent results. The second man, B., was the son of a soap manufacturer of St. Louis. He had taken his training in his father's factory and at some home technical school, and had very properly decided that, before taking over the responsibilities of becoming the chemical adviser of his father's business, he ought to have the advantage of the higher range of investigations to be secured in a German laboratory. He was an uncultivated fellow, but had plenty of assurance of his own, and his lack of interest outside of his special business and of the chemistry immediately connected with that business probably strengthened his powers of concentration upon the work to which he was devoting himself. I was told in the laboratory that he had done wonders in the time of his sojourn in mastering the chemistry of his subject. His scholarly work was, however, not to prove of service for his father's interests or for his own. He was a big stalwart fellow to look at but in some way his system became undermined. He broke

down absolutely in health and was sent home from Göttingen only just in time to reach St. Louis for his death.

The third boarder was my own chum and roommate, James Morgan Hart. Hart was four or five years older than myself and had already completed his courses in Princeton. He was giving his first years in Göttingen to jurisprudence from which he afterwards diverged to philology. I had satisfaction for a brief term of weeks in serving as his sponsor and guide. He landed in Göttingen with no knowledge of German, and it was my good fortune, coming to know him through a note from my father, to find a home for him and to get him steered in the first details of matriculation and of student life. The home question adjusted itself very fortunately for me. It was quite the fashion for the economical students of Göttingen to arrange to have one sitting-room for two men, out of which opened what the Germans dignified by the description of bedrooms but what we Americans would describe as sleeping closets or cubby-holes. Counting pennies as closely as I did, I was very desirous of sharing the expense of my sitting-room and considered myself fortunate in getting hold of a countryman who was also a sterling good fellow, to be my roommate. In recalling our respective methods and habits, I am rather surprised that we got along so well together. He had a systematic head for the larger matters of his work, but in all the details of the arrangement of papers, books, and tobacco, and particularly of the latter, he was what I called slovenly. His half-emptied pipe would be put down anywhere in the room where the light happened to come to an end, and as of pipes he had a full collection, there were always three or four emptying their contents on to the tables and mantelpiece. He had also an aversion to keeping his own work together at one place in the room, so that his papers, books, and pipe ashes took possession of corners which I had intended

to reserve for myself. By means of diligent housekeeping, however, I managed to keep some portions of the room in such shape that I could stand them for my own work, and as with the larger matters we certainly were considerate to each other, we got along together as well perhaps as most chums do.

Within a day or two of Hart's installation in the mansion and before he had put together more than one or two phrases of German, he involved himself in a characteristic little row. Our room was up but one flight and the window was in easy reach of the sidewalk. He was sitting at the open window busied with his German dictionary, when three students returning from a *Kneipe*, and pretty well filled up, stopped to chaff the new Yankee "*Fuchs*" (freshman). He could not understand their words, but it was quite evident from their manner that they were not giving him compliments. He worked out from the dictionary the terms for "Go away," but his German did not give him material for further conversation. Finally, becoming indignant with the interruption, he made his way out through the front door and very much to the surprise of his tormentors tackled the whole three with his fists. The hour was late and his fellow-lodgers were all in bed. The Englishman E. and myself were awakened by the noise on the sidewalk in which noise I finally identified an American expression. We hurried down-stairs in some fragmentary attire and found our friend Hart sitting on the curbstone pummelling away with a certain systematic persistence at the head of his biggest opponent that he had comfortably ensconced "in chancery." A second fellow was lying in the street, where he had evidently been knocked from the sidewalk, and the third was attempting, with no great measure of success, to get a pull on the scanty back hair of the wild American. At the sound of the steps behind, Hart's grip on the head in chancery relaxed, and

in a few seconds the three, two of them somewhat the worse for their call, were rapidly making their way down the street. It is my impression that Hart was not thereafter assailed by any of his German fellow-students.

After the departure of the invalid B., his place was taken by another American named S. S. was a good-looking casual kind of chap whose work as a student was not important. He had had a more varied experience than was the case with most of us, having lived for a year or two in Buenos Aires, where he had mastered some Portuguese and Spanish. He was pleasant enough as a companion, but was not the man to advance the German opinion of American scholarship. Among the students outside of our house with whom I came into friendly relations were Symington, a good-looking young Virginian who returned in '62 to enter the Confederate Army, and Simmons, a driving young physician whose work was persistent enough but was directed very closely to immediate practical results. Simmons became a successful physician in New York. Another American, Maynard, secured distinction on more scientific grounds. He was working at metallurgy and after taking further studies at Clausthal, he made his way to Russia where he was called upon to do some important work in the mines of the Ural Mountains. I met him a number of years afterwards at Lake George. I was going up Black Mountain from the south and as I got to the top, a tall bearded chap came over from the path on the north. After an exchange of puzzled glances, we identified each other with a cordial remembrance of the old student days. My question as to what he had been doing during the twenty-five years was answered briefly: "I had some Russia, and then there was a wife, and by the way, here's my daughter," as a tall girl came up behind him. "Oh," I said, "that's nothing. I have four of them," and my own girls came up promptly on the trail to carry out my word.

I had a series of contests at chess with a long-legged Hollander who was named, I think, Vallon. He was the champion of the University and could easily give odds to youngsters of my group, but it was, I think, under his tuition that I secured my own first adequate knowledge of the game. My nearest friend in the University I came to know somewhat later. His name was von Kowalski. The "von" is not the correct prefix but I have forgotten the Polish equivalent. Kowalski was of a noble Warsaw family, the head of which, his father, had been actively engaged in the Revolution of 1848 in which he had lost his life and a large proportion of the family estates. The son went home from Göttingen to take part in the futile uprising of 1862. I had one letter from him after my return to the States, a letter written from the field. He had organised a battalion of the peasants from his own neighbourhood (a village some miles from Warsaw) and was then marching to join the little revolutionary army. The Poles were entirely overwhelmed as soon as the Russian commander got his troops fairly at work. I had no further word from my friend and I think it quite probable that his life and the rest of the estates had been sacrificed to the Polish cause. He was the only man in Göttingen with whom I was on what they call *dutzen* or *tutoyer* terms. In our American relations we have no such convenient change of language to indicate the closer friendship relation.

My work in the University adjusted itself with a necessary regularity. I breakfasted at seven, the breakfast comprising simply the routine coffee and rolls. I utilised the breakfast hour (I left the house at eight) for general reading, that is to say for reading outside of my chemical work. The library, with its eight or nine hundred thousand volumes, was at the disposal of all the students who kept their record straight, and there was a very satisfactory liberality in the arrangement for the loan

of books. I remember particularly a beautiful quarto edition of Gibbon's *Rome* which I read at coffee time and which was big enough to hold on one page my breakfast platter with the cup and roll. I believe I got through the book without bringing upon its pages any coffee stains. From eight to twelve I had laboratory work, varied occasionally with a morning lecture at eleven. I had been fortunate enough to secure a table in the private laboratory of Hofrath Wöhler who was at the head of the Chemical Department of the University. In this private laboratory he had places for but twelve students and I do not now recall how it was that a beginner was fortunate enough to be included as one of the twelve. This smaller class had the advantage not only of the closer relations with the Hofrath but of a view from the back windows of the Hofrath's garden. In this garden the six daughters of the Hofrath took their morning promenade, probably not entirely oblivious of the fact that they could be overlooked by the *jungen Chymikern*. They were, I believe, rather an intelligent group of girls, but five out of the six were obliged to rest their attractiveness on their mental capacities. The sixth alone, the youngest, was pretty. She had in fact been called the only pretty girl in Göttingen, but that statement although quite in line with the conclusions arrived at by Heine (see the second chapter of the *Reisebilder*) was, I am confident, an exaggeration. In any case, Paulina Wöhler was assured of the respectful admiration of her father's students. She afterwards married the cleverest of these, a fellow named Beilstein, who took his young wife to St. Petersburg where he secured the post of Chemical Director of the Imperial University.

The Hofrath himself deserves a word of affectionate remembrance. He was at that time about seventy and we had thought that his work might be drawing to a close. He lived, however, to be ninety-four and was actively

in the harness until within a year of his death. He had been a pupil in Stockholm of the great Swedish chemist Berzelius, a fact of which his students were from time to time reminded. In the class with him in Stockholm were Mitscherlich, Liebig, and Rose, who shared with Wöhler the leadership in the chemistry of Germany and of the world. I do not yet quite understand how it was that a man who had done as much as had Wöhler to advance chemical knowledge could be so persistent in his conservatism. He must, I think, have kept himself in touch with the larger scientific movements of the day but the smaller details of mechanical improvements troubled him not a little. I remember, for instance, that in his blowpipe work he found the gas-jets difficult to manage. He would experiment for a few minutes until he had burned his fingers, overheated the blowpipe, and had failed to bring out the experiment, and then, putting the gas to one side, with some reference to *verfluchten neuen Methoden*, he would take up his old spirit-lamp and bring out the experiments in triumph. The regular lecture course which he had been delivering for half a century or more, was read from a *Heft* that was so ancient that it nearly fell to pieces under his fingers; I say read, but the reading was a mere form, as the text was as familiar to him as that of the church service to an old-time ecclesiastic. It is fair to say also that he interpolated and expatiated somewhat upon the written text, but he would have been very helpless if he had attempted to deliver the lecture without having at his hand those thumb-worn pages. He was the sweetest-natured and the most patient of old gentlemen and seemed to be kept in excellent discipline by those daughters (there had been no Frau Wöhler for a number of years). He was entirely devoted to the interests of his University, which ranked with him second only to the cause of chemistry. I remember on one occasion when he had

been disappointed in securing from the University treasurer the money required for a very much needed extension of the laboratory, he determined to go to Hanover and apply for help to the Rector (the King). We gave him our blessing as his daughters put him into the coach for the railroad, and on the second day thereafter we were at the door of the laboratory to greet him on his return. "*Grüsse, Herr Hofrath. Was haben Sie gekriegt?*" "*Dreissig tausend Thaler, meine Herren.*" The King had given him a draft on the privy purse which included not only the amount asked for but ten thousand thalers in addition as a special testimonial for the good service rendered by the Hofrath to the prestige of the Hanoverian University.

I had pleasant relations also with Bartling who was Professor of Botany. My work with him included in addition to attendance twice a week on lectures, and some plant "dissection" in the little laboratory, certain expeditions that might have been called scientific tramps unless the name seemed better fitted for the party than for the journey. The party usually included one of the old Professor's assistants and a half-dozen to a dozen of the more energetic of the students, or at least of those whose energies were not at the time being absorbed in purely frivolous tramps in other directions. It was the Professor's idea to have us study *in situ* the growth of the heath which stretched from Göttingen westward, and also to do our part in completing the collections for the class room. He was himself a first-rate travelling companion, full of reminiscence and story and with a keener sense of humour than one often finds in a man thoroughly absorbed in scientific pursuits. I attended lectures on physics with Weber, another of the older men whose work added to the fame of the University. I remember the pride with which Weber announced that he was going to devote one course of lectures to what he called a practical subject in applied

physics; the subject-matter of this division of the course or of the first lecture in it was the ventilation of buildings. The lecture room was in one of the oldest of the University buildings and the air before the close of the hour was usually of a consistency that might almost, as the boys say, be cut with a knife. Neither to the lecturer himself, however, nor to any of his German hearers did there seem to come any impression of inconsistency in laying down a complete theory of ventilation without some suggestion for its application to the needs of the instructors and students.

I had brought with me a letter of introduction, I do not now recall by whom written, to Professor Ewald, the distinguished Hebrew scholar. With the possible exception of Wöhler, Ewald's name was better known through Germany and in the world of scholarship generally than that of any other member of the Faculty. He was at that time in his late sixties. I was told that when he was quite a youngster, probably during the excitements of 1837, he had taken part with a revolutionary group of professors who had shown too openly their sympathy with republican theories and who had, therefore, come into disfavour with the Rector of the day, the father of our King. Whatever were the questions at that time at issue between the King and his subjects, it is evident that there was a good deal of popular excitement and not a little personal bitterness. Seven of the professors, including Ewald, finally gave in their resignations in a body, or possibly were asked to resign. The seven included some of the most important men on the staff, and invitations came to them speedily from other of the German universities the managers of which considered scholarship more important than the risk of revolutionary taint. Ewald, however, weakened. He is reported to have made an humble submission to the King on the strength of which

he was called back to resume his chair in Göttingen. From being an active and rather fierce republican, he became from that day a sturdy, not to say bigoted, royalist and his loyalty stood even the pressure and the excitements of 1848.

His course brought upon him, naturally, a full measure of criticism from the republican group throughout Germany, but his exceptional attainments secured for him the increasing respect of the scholarly world.

My letter was presented shortly after the news of the first battle of Bull Run, news which had come to him rather vaguely but in which he found himself keenly interested. "Ah!" he began, as he opened the letter, speaking of course in German. "An American, I see. Yes, we are now thinking much of your Republic, what shall I say, your damned Republic (*Eure verfluchte Republik*). It had its birth in a rebellion and it is now going to its death through a rebellion and the world will be the better for its destruction." Then seeing that the small student stood somewhat aghast, for I did not have enough German to put in a proper protest even if I had been ready to venture a dispute with the great scholar, he changed his tone. "*Ach! Herr Putnam, Entschuldigen Sie mich; mit der Geschichte brauchen wir uns jetz nicht zu kümmern.*" He became for a few minutes quite *liebenswürdig*, but I do not think that I ever repeated my call. I attended one lecture in order to be able to remember that I had heard Ewald, but there was too much Hebrew in it to make the hour for me a very profitable one.

I took a course also in German history, not because history was pertinent to my own subject-matter but chiefly for the purpose of furthering my knowledge of the language and of the country. I had the more time for lectures in that I was still very much restricted as to the use of my eyes. It was on this ground also that, notwithstanding

the importance of increasing my fluency in German, I did not undertake any lessons in the language itself. My German, such as I compassed, had from the beginning been taken in through the ears, and I am sorry to say that I have never since had an opportunity of making up the inevitable deficiencies in the grammar.

I did, of course, attempt to take notes from the lectures, at least from those which had to do directly with my work. I recall one incident at the beginning of my work in the lecture room which had its value in emphasising certain special differences between the construction of German and of English. The younger students in Wöhler's lecture room (known in University parlance as *Füchse*) had seats on the front bench directly under the eye of the old *Hofrath*. He was lecturing in the beginning of his term on some explosive material, I think a compound of antimony. He had the powder on a tray near his arm and was emphasising for our benefit its extremely explosive qualities. "It will," he said, "explode with the least touch, sometimes even if you should look at it a little too hard." While, however, he was making fun in this manner of the students whose heads were nearest to his table, he carelessly permitted the sleeve of his coat to touch the contents of the tray. There was a little burst and a flash up into the old gentleman's face and he fell back blinded into the arms of his assistant, who led him away into the wash-room. The assistant came back in a minute with the word that the *Hofrath* was not seriously injured and would continue the lecture very shortly. In common with one or two other of the younger American students, I had been taking my notes in English. This necessitated, in the case of sentences beginning with a separable verb, waiting to put down the first word of the English sentence until one had heard the final word of the German. The *Hofrath* had known of this practice and advised us that it

would be better to take our notes in German, even in pretty bad German. When he came back to his desk, still pretty black in the face and with his eyes very bleary, he looked at the front row a little comically and then at his notes, and at last gave us the final word of the sentence for which we had been waiting, "*an.*" Our separable verb thus completed, we were able to dash into the beginning of the long sentence, but it was not easy for us to catch up again with the lecturer during the hour. The sentence took altogether about twenty minutes to complete and was, I think, the longest example of which I had knowledge. After that I took my notes in German.

Wöhler's chief assistants with whom we youngsters had to do were Beilstein (Beilstein the fortunate, we called him later), Fittig, and von Uslar. The last named was of baronial family, but the brains of the staff belonged to the two base-born. I owed a service to von Uslar, however, which has served to keep his name in my memory. I was permitted to handle certain of the chemicals rather in advance of what I should now call adequate knowledge of their properties. I was working one afternoon at one of the hooded tables on some preparations the gases from which made it desirable to protect the rest of the laboratory from the odours. I had gotten through with the sulphuretted hydrogen and, through some accident, had taken hold of certain materials the combinations of which produced a much more satisfactory smell. The smell leaked out a little from my hood and fortunately came to the nose of von Uslar. He rushed to the little door of the enclosure in time to save me from getting a bad headache, if nothing worse, from the fumes of prussic acid.

The days were not entirely devoted, however, to sulphuretted hydrogen and prussic acid. There were intervening hours which were given pleasantly enough to tramps in the picturesque neighbourhood about the little

town. Göttingen lies on the edge of the Hartz district and on clear afternoons the Brocken, with its neighbouring peaks, could be seen from the promenade. On the hills near by, as previously stated, were some picturesque ruins, and as I had already discovered, there is, under present conditions in Germany, a close association between ruins and beer gardens. The nearest of our castles was called *Die Plesse* and could be reached in a walk of perhaps three quarters of an hour. The more picturesque of the castles were, however, those on the twin hills entitled *Die Gleichen*. According to the legend, the castles, the remains of which crowned these two hills, had been built by twin brothers who, at first deeply attached, managed later to quarrel over some joint lady-love. They kept up a running warfare until their property was exhausted and their castles reduced to ruins. At this point the lady married some third admirer who still possessed a whole castle. The brothers returned to their earlier friendship but did not succeed in restoring their wasted properties. The ruins were fine and the beer attached thereto was classed as the best in Hanover.

The Plesse served a more important purpose than that of an afternoon resort for modest pedestrians. It was here that were carried on the larger proportion of the duelling contests. The University of Göttingen included a full representation of the historic *Chors* and *Verbindungen* which had branches in all the leading universities in Germany, and in addition to these were one or two fighting societies, probably more recent in their origin, which were peculiar to Hanover, or at least to the two or three universities of the Hartz and Thuringian regions. The advance of what might be called the modern spirit had, however, diminished in Göttingen as in other universities the support given to the fighting *Chors*. It is my impression that fully one third of the nine hundred and fifty

students had declined to take membership in any of the formal societies. These outsiders were known as *Wilder* and the *Wilder* naturally included the larger proportion and nearly all of the English and American contingents. Among the *Chors* whose names remain in my memory were *die Rothen Hanoveraner* (which being the home society was probably the strongest in numbers), *die Grünen Braunschweiger*, *die Westphalen*, *die Borüssen*, *die Sachsen*, and *die Normannen*. The last named was a new and comparatively small society, the members of which were trying to fight their way into recognition. There was in addition an in-between society whose official name I have forgotten, but which was described as *die Christlichen Gemeinde*, or for short *die Weissen Mützen*. The members of this society were under obligations not to fight unless they were taunted with cowardice for having refused to fight. A *Weisse Mütze* who had been assailed on this ground had the right of protecting his honour with one bout and was then expected to resume his peaceful routine. The creed of the society practically amounted to a statement that fighting ought not to be done frivolously or too frequently but that some little fighting was necessary if a man were to retain the respect of his fellows. The *Wilder* were under no general or party obligations. They could fight or not as they chose. With them also fighting was, therefore, not taken up frivolously or as a matter of prestige but only if the insult seemed too grave to overlook. The English and American *Wilder* took still a different ground. They were quite ready to protect themselves if ever insulted or assailed, but they refused to admit that they were bound to utilise for their protection the *Schläger* or two-edged sword which was the official weapon of Göttingen. They had for the most part a capacity in the use of their fists which, fortunately for them, was outside of the experience of their German asso-

ciates. In fact to the German student of my day, the use of fists was thought to be something brutal, a method that belonged to peasants rather than to gentlemen. In the affrays of which I have memory, the English and Americans, even the little chaps like myself who could lay claim neither to strength nor to science, were more than able to hold their own with German opponents, particularly if (as was usually the case with Germans who were exceptionally provoking) these were already more or less filled up with beer. The fights that came off, sometimes in the beer gardens and sometimes in the streets, had pretty uniformly results similar to that described in the little bout in which my friend Hart had figured.

The bouts between the members of the fighting *Korps* were, as a rule, not personal at all, that is to say were not caused by any individual quarrels or antagonisms. Each *Korps*, in order to maintain its prestige and its position, was under the necessity of bringing through (*durchbringen*) a certain number of fights in the course of the term with each other *Korps* in the University. The secretaries or executive committees of the respective societies arranged for the dates of the fights just as similar committees with us would arrange for contests at baseball or football. The *Korps* selected their own representatives with the purpose, of course, of overtoping the other fellows in as large a proportion as possible of the season's contests. When the names of the duellists selected had been exchanged between the secretaries of the societies, the men themselves were brought together by appointment in order that the form of insult might be gone through with. The meeting for the purpose was usually the official *Kneipe* of one or other of the societies. A push or a touch on the shoulder accompanied by the words "*Er ist ein dummer Junger*" (the use of the third person singular between men of the same social station is in itself an insult) met the

requirements. The insult in the presence of witnesses was duly noted on the record book kept for the purpose and the next morning the cards were exchanged by the seconds.

For the sake of economy, the duels were so arranged that a group could come off on the same afternoon. There was some little expense involved in the payment to the *Wirth* of the beer garden (who was technically liable to a fine for the breach of University laws) and possibly also for the attendance of the surgeons, although I am not sure whether or not these latter were paid. The duel itself has been described so frequently in the records of German universities that it is hardly worth while to bring the details of it into a personal diary like the present. I had opportunity of seeing three or four in the course of the winter, being accepted as a guest by some member of one of the *Korps* concerned. After I had fairly mastered the routine, I was not interested in giving further time to the spectacle. The selection of a duelling place a mile or two out of town was for the purpose of avoiding the annoyance of having the duel interfered with. As stated, the whole business was formally forbidden by the University regulations, but unless it was carried on intemperately or unless the officials got the impression that there was a fierceness of antagonism likely to bring about serious results (that is to say something worse than the ordinary needle wounds—*Nadeln*), the afternoon's amusement was, as a rule, not interrupted. The possibility of interruption had however to be provided against. Sentinels were stationed at the entrance to the garden and some little way out on the road to town. The University "poodles" were for the most part veterans of the army and some of them at least were wooden-legged veterans. They were, therefore, hardly capable of making a swift onset. As a fact, the approach of the "poodles" could usually be

noted on the open road sufficiently in advance of the time of their arrival to enable all traces of duelling to be removed. When the veterans did make their appearance in the garden, they would find only peaceable groups of students taking their beer at the several tables (the members of the fighting *Korps* being even mixed together for the purpose) and would have no other resource but to accept the beer hospitality which was always tendered to them with commiseration for their dusty and wasted journey. They would then go back and report to the official in charge of discipline (I have forgotten his title) that "there was nothing doing"; it was merely a false alarm.

One of the duels that I witnessed had a little more sharpness of antagonism than belonged to most of the series. I had spoken of the fighting *Normannen*. It appears that the other *Korps* felt some irritation at the intrusion of this new society and had determined to fight it out of existence. The challenges had been poured in upon the small group of *Normannen* to such an extent that each "Norman" had his hands full from week to week. I believe that a term or two later the plucky little group was so far exhausted that it was obliged to decline further challenges for the year, and probably, thereafter, the society went out of existence. In the fight that I witnessed, the "Norman" was a thick-set chap below the average height and was opposed to a long-legged "Hanoverian" who must have overtopped him by six or eight inches. The Hanoverian from the vantage point of his height, and with the muscular strength of his arm, rained blows upon the guard of the Norman with the idea of breaking this down by main force. For the guard in use against the upper cut, the *Schläger* is held above the head a few inches and almost at right angles to the arm. The Norman's *Schläger* remained unshaken by the fierce

series of blows, and the instant the Hanoverian arm had weakened a little, the Norman sword dropped and with a beautiful downward and upward sweep came in and up under the guard of his antagonist, ripping open the whole side of the face with so serious a cut that the Hanoverian had to be *abgeführt*. The victory for the day rested with the Normans.

The greater number, however, of my afternoon excursions had nothing to do with fights. A favourite walk was on the road towards the Brocken, the first stopping-point on which was the pretty village of Weender. The great convenience of German roads, at least in the Thuringian and Hartz region, is the fact that at distances, apparently selected for the comfort of pedestrians, are always to be found nicely appointed little inns with the best of beer and with satisfactory *Pumpernickel*, cheese, and sausage. I imagine that these roads are to-day used frequently by bicyclists, in which case the interval between the inns can safely be made longer. The American and English students attempted to bring about some athletic amusements, but the attempts had but a transitory success. We joined our English friends once or twice in an experimental cricket match but there was no piece of ground that was really satisfactory for a cricket pitch. They in return took part with us once or twice in a baseball match but the intricacies of American baseball proved too fatiguing for them and they declined to remain interested. For such sports our German friends were hopeless. It has always been a puzzle to me why the Germans, with their talent for organisation and their readiness to accept the authority of organisation, have always been so unenterprising as far as organised athletics were concerned. The only athletic sport in which the German students indulged (unless one can call the use of the *Schläger* an athletic exercise) was in the *Turn-verein* or gymnasium. Here,

however, the work or play was, of course, individual and did not call for the training together of nines and of elevens.

There was not very much social life in the town, at least as far as the students were concerned. The better behaved among us enjoyed the advantage from week to week of invitations to the *Kaffee-Klatschereien* (the equivalent of afternoon teas) given by the wives or daughters of the professors. But we did not as a rule find these particularly interesting.

With a few exceptions, the womankind belonging to the University instructors were several steps below their menfolk in intelligence and in intellectual development. The lack of brain power might have been offset by a sufficiency of grace and personal attractiveness, but the impression that remains with me after these long series of years in regard to the ladies of Göttingen, young and old, is substantially in accord with the uncomplimentary description given by Heine. The three daughters in our own home circle were to me about the most attractive of the German girls within reach. I came into pleasant social relations with a couple of English girls who had made friends with the Heinze family and who made a practice on each Sunday of taking their evening meal at the house. Mary and Priscilla D. were the daughters of an English vicar and had been left at the death of their mother and father with a very small patrimony. The money was not enough to give them an income and they decided, therefore, to invest it in an education which should enable them to take up teaching as a profession with some effectiveness. They were passing a year or two in Germany for the sake of the language and general training. I have a very pleasant memory of the sisters and particularly of the younger. It is possible that she was not really as pretty as she then seemed to me, but I had, in fact, up to that time been

associated with but very few girls of my own generation. I served as escort for the sisters at such times when an escort might have been imagined to be required, although they were pretty well able to take care of themselves. Once or twice, however, I did have the satisfaction of getting into street fights on their behalf with students who were sufficiently full of beer to be troublesome.

Thirty years after leaving Göttingen, I called upon the sisters, who were at that time managing a large school at Hampstead. They were much pleased that I should have kept them in memory. I had with me as a companion for this call another Göttingen student who had come to know them during their sojourn, a man who had made a mark for himself in several directions of activity. James Kent Stone, whose work in Göttingen overlapped my own for a brief period, was a grandson of Chancellor Kent in New York. He had been graduated at Harvard at an age much younger than the average and with high honours. He took work in Göttingen and in Leipsic and astonished his German associates by his capacity for mastering in one year material to which they were accustomed to devote a leisurely two or three years.

I had referred to the continued personal interest taken in the affairs of his University by the Rector, the blind King. From time to time during the year, the King would come to Göttingen on a visitation and on these occasions the nine hundred students would form as a battalion of reception at the railroad station and would march as escort with their Rector to the official quarters. At the time of departure, there would be the singing of the old Hanoverian song (the tune was called by Englishmen "God save the Queen," but we knew that it was an old Hanoverian air that had been carried over to England with the Georges). The words fitted to the tune varied, naturally, according to the association. We had some University

verses entitled "Georgia Augusta." In Göttingen, as in German universities generally, the mass of the students could be trusted to sing with effectiveness and even with beauty. The volume of sound was fortunately sufficiently great to permit youngsters like myself whose musical genius never was properly recognised at home to join in with fair melody and without risk of discord.

An example of the authority exercised by the Rector when occasion arose was afforded by the experience of one of my American friends who was dissatisfied with the amount of time prescribed in his faculty for certain courses. He wanted the Dean of the Law School to let him do four years' work in two years. The Dean refused. He appealed to the pro-Rector, at that time Wöhler, who, being a chemist, properly enough declined to take authoritative action in regard to a matter of law. He asked if there were any further appeal possible and learned that the right rested with him to go to the Rector. He journeyed, therefore, to Hanover and applied for audience, an audience that was very seldom denied to a representative of the University. The caution given by the Chamberlain of the Palace was not difficult to follow. "The gentleman is from the University. He will kindly bear in mind that his Majesty is to be addressed not as 'Your Majesty' but as 'Herr Rector.' The gentleman is English? No, American. He will also be careful to address his Majesty in English. This is the language the Herr Rector prefers to use with his English students."

The case was therefore stated by the student in English. The Herr Rector thought for a moment and then replied in substance as follows: "Ah, you Ameri*canes!* You are always in such a hurree—what is it that you say?—such a damnéd hurree." The Rector was shrewd enough to remember that one reason why the Hanoverian University had in years past proved particularly attractive to American

students was the opportunity of carrying on their work in their own way. It was the common-sense administration of Göttingen which enabled foreigners to secure the full advantage of instruction from an association with the distinguished men of the faculty without being hampered by petty and arbitrary restrictions such as have heretofore obtained for instance in Oxford and in Cambridge, restrictions that have prevented the English universities from gathering in for post-graduate work any important number of outsiders. It remains to add that my friend returned to Göttingen with an order on his Dean to permit him to shape his work in his own way. He was examined at the end of the two years and came out triumphantly, securing in this examination a second place in competition with a group of students who had given four years to their preparation. My friend then shifted over his work to philology, and at the end of six years' university experience in Germany brought back to America a varied training that he was able to bring to bear later to good purpose as a university professor.

During these first months of my university career, grave events were happening at home. Already in the earlier part of the summer, I had gathered during my long tramp, through occasional references in the German papers, that the trouble between the North and South was increasing and that the new Administration was having its hands full of anxious responsibilities. I had been, however, so far separated from direct news that it was months after the fall of Fort Sumter (on April 14, 1861) before I learned of this first actual conflict at arms and was able to understand just what the conflict stood for. Probably very few people either at home or abroad were able to realise that it was the beginning of a four years' war, but it was made clear that the beginning of the bombardment from Charleston of a fort bearing the United States flag marked

an epoch in the history of America. My letters from home were written as transatlantic letters are so apt to be written by those who, having themselves full knowledge of the details of events, find it difficult to realise that the other fellow, away from papers, has only impressions concerning the happenings. It was not until I was sufficiently settled in Göttingen to arrange for a weekly paper from New York, that I fairly got into touch again with the summary of American news.

The report of the disaster at Bull Run came in the first place through telegraphic news from London. The one English paper which was the authority on the Continent, and a copy of which could usually be found in the leading hotels, was the *Times*. The managers of the *Times* convinced themselves at a very early date in the Civil War that the career of the United States as a nation had closed and that the continent was to be divided into two or more states or nations. Having committed itself more or less to this conclusion, its leaders and the letters of its correspondents from New York and Washington were so far coloured that every occurrence was made to conform to the theories originally arrived at. It may also fairly be said that during the first year and during also a large part of the second year of the war, the course of events seemed to be in favour of the theory arrived at by the *Times*. It was not easily to be believed (certainly not by those who had no close knowledge of the commercial conditions and relative resources of the North and of the South) that after eighteen months of a war which showed so little progress towards a re-establishment of the National Government, and after campaigns which left the army of the South still within gunshot of the capital of the country, there could be much prospect of the conquest (as it was called) of a territory as large as Central Europe, defended by a population as warlike and as well led as that of the South.

When Northerners themselves were discouraged, it is not surprising that Englishmen doubted, and that Frenchmen and Germans scoffed at, the idea of the continued existence of the United States.

It was evident from the correspondence of my father that he was one of the Northerners who refused to be discouraged. I have described in the record of his own life the plucky co-operation given by him among the civilian aids at the battle of Bull Run, and the pains that he took to point out in an article brought into print in the New York papers, and later in the *Knickerbocker*, the misstatements and falsifications in regard to that battle which were forwarded to the London *Times* by its American correspondent, W. H. Russell, and which through the *Times* supplied not only the information but the conclusions for Continental Europe. The readers of the Continent who accepted their American news through the columns of the *Times* understood that this battle had practically settled the contest, or at least had made clear at once what the result of the contest must be; and these readers naturally enough never came into knowledge of the corrections made by my father and by others of the falsifications of Russell in these earlier reports and of the similar false statements and wrong-minded conclusions that characterised all of the American correspondence to the *Times* during the years of the war.

My German friends were not a little surprised to find that months after the Battle of Bull Run, the North was still proceeding with its preparations and with the organisation of its forces, and that the Northern leaders were in fact taking the ground that they had only "just begun to fight." Some of our English fellow-students received from time to time copies of the London *Punch* and I can remember my annoyance and indignation with a large number of the cartoons on American events that

came into the paper during the first eighteen months of the war. An early cartoon, in 1861, shows Mrs. Carolina drawn as a virago swinging a long lash and asserting her "right to larrup her own niggers." A little later, we have President Abe entering upon his official residence and looking up with dismay at black figures falling (as they might fall in a "London particular") from the skies. Lincoln is saying, "What a nice white house this would be if it were not for the blacks." An impressive picture presents John Bull in the rôle of a rather autocratic customer telling the Americans to stop fighting or he will transfer his orders to some other shop. "I *will* fight," says Jonathan, "and I *will* have a national debt like other people."

In October, 1861, *Punch* presents to small Germany a little ship as the beginning of his navy. The young Teuton's navy has grown somewhat during the fifty years since. In November, there is a picture of King Cotton in the guise of Prometheus bound by the blockade, with a Yankee as the vulture. I find also the statement that, owing to the scarcity of cotton, Parisian milliners are charging seventy per cent. extra for padding and the beauties of France find themselves pinched.

The impression in Germany (as far as I was able to judge from my rather restricted view) of the nature of the issue and of the character of the combatants was at best but hazy and confused. I remember the instance of one scholarly professor whose years had been devoted to some special Oriental subject, but who found himself interested, in connection with some telegram to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in securing further information concerning this special group of happenings in the Far West. He tackled me at the entrance of one of the lecture halls (I had met him at some afternoon *Kaffee*) with the inquiry: "Now tell me, Herr Putnam,"—he was, of course, speaking in

German,—"I want to know about this curious American matter. I do not understand how there is room in the territory for this long march that has been described." "Room?" I said. "Why what do you mean, Professor? There's all the continent."

"Ah!" he said, "you do not see the point of my question. I mean room in the particular territory where the fighting is going on. I see in this telegram from London that the army of the North has made a march to the westward of two hundred and forty miles. Now," he went on, "the place is only ninety miles across."

I found myself as perplexed as the Orientalist himself. Fortunately, in an adjoining lecture-room there was a wall map showing the two American continents. The Professor, steering me to the map, placed his finger triumphantly on the Isthmus of Panama. "There," he said, "are your American forces. It is there, as I understand the matter, that the North Americans and the South Americans are fighting out this contest. Now how could one of the armies march two hundred and forty miles east to west?"

The perplexity that had befogged the learned Orientalist was for some time, at least, shared by not a few of the Germans who depended for their information upon the *Allgemeine Zeitung* or the *Hanoveraner Nachricht*. In these papers as in the German journals generally, the news writers had, for convenience or for compactness of expression, in place of using the longer descriptive phrases, *die Amerikaner der Vereinigten Staaten* or *des Nordens* and *die Amerikaner der Confederirten Staaten* or *des Südens*, written simply *die Nord-Amerikaner* and *die Süd-Amerikaner*, and the conclusion was natural that the two continents of the Western Hemisphere were fighting it out on the Isthmus of Panama. I did what I could to give to the particular scholar who had come to me for information,

and later to a number of others who were sufficiently interested to submit more or less similar inquiries, a correct statement of the actual character of the combatants and of the nature of the issue that they were fighting out. But they were frequently disposed to be incredulous and to doubt whether the young Yankee really understood the matter.

In this connection, I may recall a rather characteristic happening in our student life, the actual date of which was some months farther on. In the spring or early summer of 1862, General McClellan had brought his army, after the discouraging Peninsula campaign, to Harrison's Landing, where the troops were under the protection of the gunboats of James River. The successful battle of Malvern Hill had brought some little gleam of consolation after the long series of fights through the swamps of the Chickahominy, fights which while always creditable to the pluck and persistence of the Yankee troops had not brought any prestige to the Yankee commander and had resulted from day to day in the loss of ground, men, and supplies. Even Malvern could, however, not relieve the North from its bitter disappointment and from its serious apprehension. Great expectations had been based upon the generalship of the "young Napoleon," and the fact that, with a magnificently appointed army at his command, he had, after being within reach of the Confederate capital, been driven back and defeated, was something that the North was not yet ready to understand. It seemed as if further disasters might be expected. In place of preparing for further aggressive campaigns, McClellan was giving his time to writing letters of criticism on the Administration. About these letters, however, and about the other details of that anxious spring I knew only later. The one thing that was clear to Americans abroad was that the first carefully planned campaign, the campaign which would,

as had been hoped, bring the war practically to a close, had failed and that the end of the war seemed to be as far distant as ever.

It was at the time of this serious disappointment, trouble, and apprehension that the Confederate financial agents abroad, the Erlangers of Frankfort, with their correspondents in London, planned a *coup* which should not only bring prestige (if but momentary) to the Confederacy but proceeds to themselves. It was the routine at that time for the regular liners from New York and from Boston to touch at Cape Clear on the southern point of Ireland long enough to send despatches or telegrams to London, which reached the newspaper offices often twenty-four hours earlier than would have been the case if the news had been held until the arrival of the steamers at Queenstown or Liverpool. The Erlangers and their confederates arranged with the telegraph operator at Cape Clear in such fashion as to make it worth his while to be dismissed. They placed in the hands of the operator material which he was to wire up to London. The message was to be sent with the report that the steamer from New York had made an exceptionally quick passage, reaching Ireland, say, twenty-four hours before she was expected. As a matter of fact, the steamer of that particular week was twenty-four hours late. The bankers had, therefore, two days' time within which to carry on the speculations based upon their bogus news.

The news itself was to the effect that McClellan had surrendered at Harrison's Landing his entire army with the exception of the corps of General Heintzelman. This general, a tough old West Pointer, was one of the corps commanders who had succeeded in retaining the confidence of the North. The detail that he had succeeded in cutting his way through the lines of investment was added in order to give plausibility to the general statement. This news,

if true, foreshadowed, of course, the early close of the war and the independence of the Confederacy. It was printed in the London *Times* without comment. I learned later that the London *News*, which was favourable to the cause of the North, at once questioned its authenticity. As before stated, however, it was the *Times* from which the Continent secured its information. Three hundred of us students were gathered that May morning in the big chemical lecture room waiting for Professor Wöhler. A long Englishman came into the hall waving a London *Times* over his head and calling out in simple English and purely for the information of the small group of Yankees in the hall, "Your damned Republic has gone up!" A long Bostonian sitting near me (he went home the month following to take service in a Massachusetts regiment) was promptly on his feet telling the Englishman that the statement was false and that if he repeated it, he, the Bostonian, would break his head.

An Englishman is not usually deterred from maintaining an opinion by a little threat of that kind, and the statement was promptly repeated. The long Bostonian went for the Englishman and in a second every Yankee and every Englishman in the room were in conflict.

A number of the Germans took part. The mass of combatants being divided as before indicated, the Prussians were fighting on the side of the English, and in part at least, the Bavarians and the Saxons were with the Prussians. On our side were the Hanoverians, the Brunswickers, the Austrians, and a few of the Saxons. Not all of the Germans took hold, as most of them were timorous with the use of their fists. Enough fellows were, however, engaged to make it a very pretty fight as it stood. The benches were knocked endwise, and as the floors had apparently not been swept since the Napoleonic wars, the dust hung in thick clouds over the room, giving quite an

Homeric effect to the combat. Very early in the conflict, I was myself knocked down by a well-directed blow of a skilled English pugilist. I lay under a bench, partially stunned but with enough consciousness to retain my interest in the proceedings.

The old Hofrath came in and began deprecatingly, "*Aber, meine Herren,*" but "*meine Herren*" were too busy and paid no attention to his protest. He disappeared and in a few minutes the "poodles" (the University policemen) made their appearance. The principal combatants promptly jumped out of the windows, the lecture-room being conveniently on the ground floor. We little fellows, who had been knocked down or who did not have time to reach the windows, were carried off to the University *Carcer* in order that the majesty of the law might be avenged. I was imprisoned over night and was fined a thaler for the privilege of being knocked down by an Englishman. Two or three days afterwards, in company with the other Americans, I had my revenge. The London *Times* was obliged to admit (the delayed steamer having arrived with the corrected news) that it had been swindled by false telegrams. We Yankees paraded the streets and smashed as many English windows as we could identify, regardless of "poodles" and of *Carcer*. Shortly afterwards, the group was so far thinned by departures for the war that the two or three of us who were left were obliged to keep out of the way of the still irate and very much anti-American English colony. I made renewed application for permission to come home. It became increasingly difficult to concentrate on laboratory work while youngsters of my generation were fighting to maintain the nation. The permission finally came to me in August, 1862. Before that time, however, there was a further experience in my student life which may be recorded.

With the close of the lectures in the beginning of July, 1862, a group of us planned for a vacation trip through the mountains of the Hartz. This region is peculiarly the domain of Göttingen, and from the earliest days of the University the students have considered the Hartz Mountains almost in the light of private property. The tramping party as made up comprised the American S., from our Heinze household, a Russian of German origin named Wrangel (I believe he claimed to be a descendant of the famous old discoverer of that name), a Cossack from the Crimea called Hussakowski, a Frenchman, Christofle, the son of a wealthy Paris jeweller and, therefore, the financial magnate of the party, my Polish chum von Kowalski, and myself. The route led out through the village of Weender, to the old bishop's capital Osnabrück, and in the circle around the north-eastern circumference of the mountains back over the summit of the Brocken; the trip covered, I think, about ten days. One of the evenings was marked by a conviviality. A little late in the day we tramped into a village which had been celebrating a shooting festival. The people in the single inn were so absorbed with the excitement of the contest and with the preparations for the ball that was to follow, that we found it difficult to secure any attention for ourselves. We finally took possession, first of the kitchen and then of a couple of attic rooms that could by courtesy be called bedrooms, and cared for ourselves. I was fortunate enough to have in my knapsack a pair of slippers, and on the strength of this equipment for the ball I proposed to join in the dance. The others were doubtful about dancing in tramping boots, but agreed to accept me as the representative of frivolous youth. The victors in the shooting match, distinguished by the length of their white feathers and by prizes hung about their necks, had the first choice of the village maidens. The floor of the ball-

room had a plentiful sprinkling of sawdust, it would be difficult to say for what purpose. The men present, the dancers as well as the others, did not permit the functions of the ballroom to interfere with their pipes and the atmosphere of the room soon became a dense mixture of smoke, sawdust, and human breath.

The first dances were naturally monopolised by the village heroes but the girls soon began to cast glances at the strangers who were for the moment playing the part of wall-flowers. I dashed in on a venture, but on my way across the room to the girl of my choice I was taken possession of by a strapping damsel a head taller than myself who had for the time been abandoned by her swain. The dance began and I was carried along with very little opportunity for individuality of action. My stalwart partner fairly swung me off the ground until I was dizzy and she replaced me in a dusty corner only when she had had enough of the dance. My taller companions, oblivious of their walking boots, speedily joined the circle and naturally enough were on the whole preferred by the damsels to the swains they could see every day of the week. The latter began to put on scowling looks and to put out shoulders and feet in the way of the strangers. Ugly mutterings could be heard and there seemed to be a fair chance for a row. At this point, the Cossack sacrificed himself (at least that was the term that he used in describing the matter afterwards) for the good of the party. He invited the peasants to join him in a *Schnaps*. The room was promptly cleared of the most troublesome of the men, and as their absence continued for some little time it may be inferred that there were several "*Schnaps*." I know that at midnight when our girls reported that they must go home, and we looked up our comrades, we were obliged to carry the Cossack up-stairs.

We had a final word of caution from the landlord to the

effect that it might be wise to go away early in the morning. He had heard threats of breaking the heads of the impudent strangers. "And, *meine Herren*, as you are leaving early, you will not mind making payment now." The plea was a reasonable one and payment was made which included in addition to allowance for beds that were not found, a charge for what seemed to some of us an inordinate amount of *Schnaps*. We did get under way, having been roused up by the landlord for the purpose, at an unearthly hour in the morning, waiting for our breakfast coffee until we got to the next village. We were all fairly sleepy and Hussakowski was actually rebellious. He threatened to stay behind, saying that he had nothing to dread from the fellows that he had treated so well. It was only the dancers whose heads were going to be broken.

The woods on the mountainsides of the Hartz were more picturesque than those of the Thüringer-Wald. The trees impressed me as larger and the whole construction of the region was on a grander scale. The forestry was, however, equally scientific and while there was an appearance of wildness, the region was under perfect woodland cultivation. With my later knowledge of the fearful waste and destruction of the American forests, I can realise now, as even in those days I had begun to appreciate, how frightful has been the stupidity with which the natural forestry resources of our great domain have been squandered. The most incomprehensible and aggravating feature in the progress of the centuries is the apparent inability of one generation of men to secure in the management of their own special problems the full advantage of the experience of their predecessors who have had to do with similar problems. After a sojourn on the globe of many thousand years (the scientists continuing to differ as to the exact time), mankind ought certainly by this date to have made

better progress in the solution of the elementary problems of existence.

I abandoned my party before the close of the trip, having waiting for me certain laboratory work that I wanted to complete before the final closing of the building for the summer. The separation took place on the top of the Brocken. There were no parting ceremonies, as at the hour in question my friends were sleeping the sleep of the tired pedestrian. I got up at dawn with the purpose of reaching Göttingen, at a distance of thirty-five miles, before dark. I had a map and also had a general knowledge of the contour of the mountain and started off with a fair measure of confidence. Before, however, I had covered more than half a mile from the summit, a heavy morning fog set in, confusing all the outlines and rendering it nearly impracticable to trace the path through the boulders and the tree clumps. There was nothing to do, if I were to avoid the more immediate risk of the precipice or the wider chance of a series of divergences from my direction, but to sit down and wait for the passing of the fog. These fogs on the Brocken sometimes endure through a whole twenty-four hours, and I began to be rather doubtful as to the prospects of completing my day's journey or of even finding a place for breakfast.

Fortunately, however, the sprites of the Brocken proved considerate this particular morning to the stray Yankee. I had not waited more than half an hour before the breeze from below began to roll the masses of mist upwards. The peculiarity of the breezes about the Brocken is that they frequently appear to come from every side of the mountain at once. The effect of the rolling upward of the white masses of mist was as if great fleecy blankets were being turned upwards towards the centre. For the moment, as the curves rounded over upon my own head, the mist was denser than ever. I was really in the middle of a

mountain cloud. Then the cloud passed onward and upward. I could see below the clearing flanks of the mountain gleams of sunshine in the distant valleys. Above, the white was becoming darker as the mass became more dense. For a few moments, the great cloud cap hung over the crest of the Brocken. Then the winds from the four sides took hold of the cap as if at its four corners and began to whirl it around in a majestic circle. The whirl became swifter and the mass began to break. As it spread, there came up from the corners what appeared to be great columns of mist reaching up from the mountain towards the heavens like gigantic waterspouts. These mist columns waltzed over the top of the mountain, first slowly and then, as the whirl of the winds increased in velocity, with swifter gyrations. I was looking (from a point a little too close to secure the full effect) at what has been so often described as the *Hexentanz* or Waltz of the Brocken Witches. The completeness of the picture depends evidently upon the special action of the winds of one day or another.

Finally, the big columns began to become translucent as the beams of the morning sun made their way through the masses; the "witches" were dissipated into space or gathered up into the heavens above, the mountain top shone out clearly defined in the sunlight while the same beams dispersed the darkness from the valleys below so that from my point of vantage I could see the spires rising over the tree tops from the different village centres along my route. My knapsack was resumed and with a rush downward to make up for lost time, I made my way to the foot of the mountain. I reached Göttingen at about half-past seven in the evening and kept my appointment in Wöhler's laboratory at eight o'clock on the following morning.

X

War Times

MY information concerning the exciting events attending the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 came chiefly through the letters from my father. He found time, notwithstanding the anxious responsibilities of a publishing business and a full measure of loyal service given to the organisation of regiments and to other public work of the time, to give me from week to week comprehensive reports in regard to the things that were happening and the results that were hoped for. My father possessed the quality of optimism, a quality that served him in good stead during those four years of trouble and anxieties, anxieties which had to do not only with the fate of the Republic, but with the safety of his own business interests and the support of his increasing family.

When it became evident that the Lincoln Government had to do not simply with a phase of political antagonism or with a local insurrection, but with a great war, I had written for permission to return home. A number of the American students in Göttingen had already gone back with the purpose of taking part in the struggle for the maintenance of the Republic. The majority of these were Northerners, but the group included some active and patriotic men from the South whose duty to maintain

the independence of their several states seemed to them to be just as assured. My father wrote that there would be no advantage in my immediate return, and reminded me that I was but seventeen years old, and that the legal limit for service in the army was eighteen. He said further, however, that the publishing business was, as might naturally be expected, discouraging, and that it might later be necessary to recall me on the ground of the difficulty of securing from the sale of books during the excitement of civil war, a sufficient income to support the home circle. He was good enough to add that my drafts had been very moderate, and that he wanted me to get what benefits there might be from my University work the beginnings of which had, of course, been duly reported to him.

I had been able to keep my expenditure in Göttingen within the amount of three hundred dollars a year; I had found it practicable with the amount named to arrange for a fairly satisfactory method of living. The total outlay in Berlin had naturally been larger not only because of the greater cost of board in a metropolis, but because of the payments to the oculist. I could only obey the paternal instructions, and take hold of the University work before me with all the more energy because there might at any time be necessity for bringing it to a close.

It is probable that if the Atlantic cable had at that time been in existence so that we could have received daily news of the events or of the rumours of events at the seat of war, it would have been still more difficult for the little group of Americans in the Göttingen lecture-rooms to give thought to their work as students. News came to us, however, as explained, at intervals, and notwithstanding our anxieties we were able to carry on with some measure of concentration the things more immediately at hand. The keen interest in the preservation of the life of our

nation was naturally, however, not lost sight of, and in fact this interest gathered strength from month to month as we realised what sacrifices of life and of resources were being made by our friends at home.

In December of the preceding year (1861), we had learned of the affair of the *Trent*, an incident which came very near to bringing about war between Great Britain and the United States. Such a war would, of course, accompanied by British intervention, have meant the immediate recognition of the Confederacy and the establishment of its independence. The navy of the Northern States, weak in fighting vessels, and made up of all kinds of more or less hastily improvised cruisers, was strung along three thousand miles of coast in the attempt (which in 1861 was only more or less effective) to maintain a blockade and to prevent the South from securing ammunition and other supplies from Great Britain. The English Navy of the time would have found little difficulty in securing control of the harbours of the chief seaports; and with the aid of English ships, the Army of Virginia could doubtless have isolated and captured Washington, and the North would have had no alternative but to accept terms of separation and to make peace on the best terms that could be secured. For a time at least, England would have had an easy triumph; the regrets would have come later.

The affair of the *Trent* belongs to history and the details are fairly well known to intelligent readers of this generation who have interested themselves at all in the events of the period. The Confederate Government had appointed Mr. Slidell of Louisiana as special envoy to France and Mr. Mason of Virginia as special envoy to Great Britain. It was the expectation that these envoys ought to be able, in connection with a successful progress of the war, to secure at no distant date the recognition of

the Confederacy and possibly also to secure practical aid in the maintaining of its independence. The two commissioners, escaping from Charleston by a blockade runner, had taken passage from Jamaica to Liverpool by the British packet steamer *Trent*. Their movements had been traced and Captain John Wilkes, commanding the United States frigate *San Jacinto*, lay in wait for the *Trent* and stopped her on the high seas at some miles distant from Kingston. The envoys with their luggage were taken out and were carried into Boston. The *Trent*, with a very indignant captain and passengers, proceeded on her way to England. England was, not unnaturally, brought into a great ebullition of indignation. *Punch* represents John Bull as a very angry citizen growling to the Yankee: "You do what is right or I'll blow you out of the water! No shuffling, or I will put the matter into the hands of my lawyers, Messrs. Whitmore and Armstrong." Another picture represents Britain standing behind the gun "waiting for an answer." The answer referred to is the reply from the United States Government to the demand that was, of course, promptly made by Russell and Palmerston, for the surrender of the envoys. The Dublin paper, the *Irish Nation*, with reference to the expected war with America says: "The forces of England will find in their front desperate men such as those who crushed the British ranks at Fontenoy and Limerick. Woe to England!"

The "waiting" for the reply continues (in the absence of any cable communication) for a series of weeks. *Punch* has a further picture of Columbia sitting on a cannon in doubt. In her right hand she holds the dove and in the left the eagle. "Which shall I send?" The references in the Life of Prince Albert, confirmed in the Life of Queen Victoria, make clear the seriousness of the issue that arose in regard to this matter of the *Trent*

between Palmerston and Russell on the one hand, and the Queen, acting under the influence of Prince Albert, on the other. There can be no question but that the incident was welcomed by Palmerston and Russell and by the group of Englishmen of whom they were the leaders. It gave the opportunity for which these men had been hoping and waiting. They desired the breaking asunder of the United States. They were entirely unsympathetic with the idea that there was any value to Great Britain or to the world in the continued existence of the great Republic. They felt a warm and not unnatural sympathy with the South as the weaker of the two contestants, failing to realise the seriousness of the military task of the North or to understand how largely the disparity in population of the two sections was offset by the fact that the Northern army as an invading force had a much more difficult series of problems to solve than those that came upon the Southerners, defending (in the larger number of cases behind entrenchments) their own territory. The Southerners were nearly always within reach of their base, while the greater the successes secured by any invading Northern army, the longer, of necessity, the line of communication that must be defended and the smaller the proportion of its force that could be available at the point of contact for the fight.

The comparison of the numbers of the Northern army and of the forces that the South had available nearly always fails to take into account the importance of the service rendered to the Southern armies by the negroes. Practically all of the work required for the building of entrenchments, and for the opening and repairing of railroads and of waggon-roads was furnished by the negroes. The work of transportation, that is to say of the bringing of supplies from the depots to the front, also came into their hands, but these hands always, of course, had the

direction of the heads of white officers. The similar service required on the Northern side of the line for entrenchments and for transportation work was given by enlisted men who were always, of course, counted in with the forces of the invading armies. An allowance of a good many thousand men must be made in order to offset the direct contribution rendered, not, of course, with any enthusiasm but under stern compulsion, by the slaves in furthering the campaigns of the Southern armies, campaigns the purpose of which was to maintain and to extend the system of slavery. The interest of Palmerston and his associates in the destruction of the Republic was shared and to some extent excited by Louis Napoleon. The French Emperor had his own ambitions in the West, ambitions which took shape a year later in the ill-advised expedition to Mexico.

The despatch demanding the surrender of the envoys was, in accordance with the usual routine, drafted by Palmerston and submitted to the Queen for her approval. Prince Albert, who had for years acted as the Queen's private secretary and who evidently possessed her full confidence and exercised over her decisions a continued influence, was already a very ill man. It is possible that he did not himself realise the gravity of his malady. It is certain that there was at the moment no serious apprehension for his life on the part of London or of the British public generally.

The despatch as drafted by Palmerston was one that could hardly have been accepted by the government of a self-respecting nation and it seems probable that it was intended to embitter the issue and to bring about war. All the records that have come into print later tend to confirm this view. The despatch was read to Albert by the Queen. His word is reported as having been in substance as follows: "This despatch means war. It

means that the force of Great Britain would be used to establish the existence as a nation of the Southern Confederacy, a state which according to the utterance of its own leaders"—the Prince was referring to Alexander H. Stephens and to Robert Toombs—"is to be founded on slavery. I do not believe that the British people is prepared to approve of any such policy. I do not believe that the Queen of England is willing to be identified with such an action." The Queen was quite ready in this matter, as she had been in previous matters calling for her decision, to be guided by the counsel of Prince Albert. A new despatch was worded by the Prince and, at his dictation, written out by the Queen. It is, if I remember rightly, suggested in the Life of Prince Albert that he considered it undesirable to have Palmerston irritated by the sight of his, Albert's, script. It was, however, doubtless the case that the Queen desired to spare Albert, already weakened by his approaching illness, from any unnecessary labour. The purpose of the despatch, as worded by Albert and approved and written by the Queen, was to give to Lincoln's Administration an opportunity of accepting, without loss of self-respect or of prestige with their own people, the demand of England. When the reworded despatch came back to Palmerston, he recognised the phrases of the Prince although these were presented in the handwriting of the Queen. He was indignant on more grounds than one. It was not the first time that he had come into conflict with the princely adviser of the Queen and it is evident that he had very much at heart his own project for furthering the dismembering of the American Republic. The thought that this opportunity, which had been brought about through Yankee folly, was not to be taken advantage of, was to him a keen disappointment. His indignation got the better of his discretion and he allowed the statement to leak out to the "man in the

street" that, not for the first time, the policy of a British Minister was being interfered with by the influence of a foreign prince."

The groups in Fleet Street and in the Strand as well as the club circles in Mayfair were quite ready on such an issue to take sides cordially with the British Minister. One of the reports states that a mob surged westward and broke windows in the wing of Buckingham Palace then occupied by the Prince. Palmerston threatened to resign, but the Queen held firm, as she always did when she was sure she was right, and Palmerston backed down. Some days later, the demand for the surrender of the envoys, framed in the message as worded by Albert, made its way to Washington and was promptly assented to by Lincoln and Seward. The action of Captain Wilkes was disavowed as that of a subordinate acting without instructions and Messrs. Mason and Slidell were duly delivered across the ocean and took up their more or less unofficial situations as representatives of the Confederacy in London and in Paris. The Confederacy is said to have made a mistake in replacing the first Commissioner, Judge Mann, a forcible and tactful gentleman, with Judge Mason. The latter was disposed to be arrogant and bumptious and he failed to make friends.

In the Life of Lincoln, we have some light on the other side of the correspondence. It is reported that Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, was in favour of the immediate surrender of the envoys in advance of the arrival of the demand from England. It was his view (for which there was fair ground) that the surrender made in this way would be less humiliating than if made in response to the threat of war which could be safely expected. He pointed out that war with Great Britain meant the blockading of the Northern ports, the intervention of the British fleet on the Potomac, and the almost

inevitable success of the Confederacy. Lincoln did not question the general wisdom of this counsel and realised very fully with Seward what must under the existing conditions be the upshot of war with Great Britain. He pointed out on the other hand that it was of importance to bring the matter to a close in such fashion as should, if possible, avoid the impairment of the prestige of the Government with the voters of the North. In November, 1861, there was still ground for doubt as to how far the Administration could depend upon the substantial support of the Northern States in the suppression of the Rebellion. A great number of the papers, led by the New York *Herald* and by other journals under the direction of Irish editors, had been active in demanding, in this issue with England, a firm stand on the part of the Administration, and in condemning in advance any timid or cowardly counsels.

Said Mr. Lincoln: "If we wait until we receive the demand from Great Britain, we can, I believe, score a point for American diplomacy." Lincoln's counsel prevailed and no word was sent to London until the arrival of the British message. In the despatch drafted by Seward and amended by Lincoln (the Nicolay and Hay *Life of Lincoln* presents in facsimile the original despatch with the interlineations of Lincoln), the American Government expresses its satisfaction that her Majesty's Government has been prepared to accept "the old-time American contention" that merchant vessels on the high seas should not be liable to search by men-of-war.

It may be recalled here that this right of search on the high seas had been one of the several causes that had brought about the War of 1812. At the time of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent in 1814, the British and American envoys, while agreeing together that this right of search should be abandoned by Great Britain, had not

been able to come into accord as to the wording of the provision covering the abandonment. As the matter was finally left, it was agreed, "as between gentlemen," that the right should no longer be claimed or exercised, but in the treaty itself no reference is made to the matter which had been one of the more important immediate causes of the war. It was, therefore, not until nearly fifty years later that, for the purpose of enforcing its claim for the protection of its own merchant-marine, Great Britain made formal abandonment of the right of search on the high seas. The fact that it was possible, while accepting the contention of Great Britain, to score a little triumph on behalf of an American policy, did not a little to "save the face" of the American Administration with the people of the North. Lincoln's patience and prescience were justified by the event.

Some twenty years after the close of the war, I happened to secure a curious personal confirmation of the hopes and of the attitude of Palmerston in regard to the matter of the *Trent*. I found myself, in one of my annual trips across the Atlantic, sitting next to a gentleman of my own generation who identified himself as a Judge from Georgia. We naturally came into conversation in regard to the war, and my companion mentioned that he had himself borne arms, I think, as a sergeant of cavalry, "but," he added, "my most interesting service in behalf of the Confederacy was in London as the companion of my father, who was the first Confederate envoy to London, and who, after the affair of the *Trent*, was replaced by Mason." The Judge was in 1861 but a boy of seventeen, and his father had utilised him as secretary for this embryonic legation.

"Then," I said, "you are the son of Judge Mann, of Georgia." My companion was interested that I should have recalled the name of his father, and went on with

an account of his London experience. He said that during the later months of 1861, Palmerston made a practice of coming from evening to evening to his father's office in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, East. In these interviews, the youngster was sent out of the room, but now and then there came to him scraps of the conversation, and at times also his father, with increasing confidence in the success of the Confederacy that was to be brought about through British intervention, would report to his son his satisfaction concerning the attitude and the probable influence of Palmerston, and he emphasised also the importance of the harmony of opinion that had been arrived at between Palmerston and Louis Napoleon.

On the November afternoon in which there came to London the news of the capture of the *Trent*, the commissioner came to the office in a state of gleeful excitement "which," said his son, "caused him for the time being to forget his diplomatic reserve. 'Boy,' said he, 'we've got them! Those fools of Yankees have captured a British Ship. This means,' he continued, 'that the Confederacy is assured of recognition on the part of England and France, and, as we may now hope, of armed intervention by the two nations, supported by their fleets and by an invading force.' "The event seemed to my father to promise almost a certainty of Southern independence and an early cessation of the war, and I, in my boyish optimism, was, of course, quite prepared to share my father's enthusiasm and hopefulness. That evening," continued the Judge, "Palmerston came to the office and this time the young secretary was not sent out. I remember very vividly the tall figures of Palmerston and my father standing before the map of the States (we were no longer speaking of them as the United States) which hung on the wall and deciding together at what points the first action of the British fleet or of the com-

bined fleets could be taken to best advantage. New York and Philadelphia were to be assailed, but the most important, and possibly the earlier, action was to be taken on the Potomac, where, with the aid of the British fleet and with such forces as might be necessary (French and English), General Joseph E. Johnston, at that time commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, was to be placed in a position first to isolate and then to capture Washington. 'With the capture of Washington,' said Palmerston, 'France and England will be in a position to demand the immediate cessation of the war and to exercise a rightful influence in regard to the terms of peace.'

"This hopeful expectation continued," said the Judge, "for the term of weeks required to secure a reply to the British despatch. When it was realised that the American Government had decided not to return the envoys at once, my father felt that he had safe ground for confidence. 'Why!' he said, 'if they were going to accept the British contention, they would, of course, release the envoys before the demand was presented.' It was, therefore," said the Judge, "a grievous disappointment to my father and to myself when some weeks later we had news of the arrival of Lincoln's despatch with the word that the envoys were on their way to London. It was not that my father had any regret at turning over to Mr. Mason his responsibilities as an envoy. He had accepted the task only *ad interim* and until a more formal appointment could be made. He felt, however, that the first great opportunity for the success of the Confederacy had passed, and while still confident of success he realised what suffering must come to the people of our section through a long-continued war."

The task that had been committed during these years of war to our Ministers abroad, and more particularly to

Charles Francis Adams, in London, and John Bigelow, in Paris, which were what might be called the war centres of Europe, was difficult and called for the fullest possible measure of good judgment, patience, tact, and courage. Mr. Adams found himself in the official and social circles of London in what he frankly described as a "hostile community." The more influential of the members of her Majesty's Government, Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and Mr. Gladstone were entirely unsympathetic with the cause of the North. They had convinced themselves that the task of what they called reconquering the South, and thus of maintaining the existence of the Western Republic, was a hopeless one. They had also convinced themselves that the breaking up of the Republic would be on the whole to the advantage of the interests of Great Britain. This opinion of the majority of the Cabinet was shared very generally by the leaders of society in London, by the editors of the larger number of the influential journals, headed by John Delane of the *Times*, and with but few exceptions by the scholars of Oxford and of Cambridge. The fact that the social feeling of London was opposed to the North was indicated by the cordial hospitality given to the Southern envoys, first Judge Mann and later Judge Mason, and by what amounted to the social isolation of Mr. Adams. He received but few invitations excepting those that could be described as officially necessary, and as he found the attitude of society antagonistic, he kept himself increasingly in the seclusion of his own home.

Among the noteworthy friends of the North, men who understood that the contest was not simply for the domination of the continent, but for the maintenance of a republican form of government and for the crushing out of the anachronism of slavery, were John Bright, Richard Cobden, the Duke of Argyle, W. E. Forster, and

Richard Hargreaves. In Oxford may be recalled Jowett and Reade,[1] both of them young men, and in Cambridge, Leslie Stephen, who, youngster that he was in 1861–65, was able, by the use of authoritative knowledge and of earnestness of conviction and of readiness to make a fight from the minority, to maintain some backing in the University for the cause of the North. I own a copy of a pamphlet, now very scarce, printed by Stephen in September, 1865, in which he shows up a long series of false statements and bogus news in regard to our war printed in the *Times* between 1861 and 1865.

The influence of Queen Victoria, based very largely upon the emphatic convictions of Prince Albert, was in favour of the North, or at least in very direct opposition to any use of the power of England in behalf of the South, and was, of course, of first importance. In his dealings with Palmerston and Lord John Russell, Adams had need of all the sturdiness of character for which his family was famous. The later history has shown that, in co-operation with John Delane, Lord Palmerston was in correspondence with Louis Napoleon for an early intervention on the part of Great Britain and of France, an intervention which would, of course, have brought about the destruction of the Republic. Delane and a circle of his friends were interested on business grounds in boosting up the Confederate cotton loan, and the despatches sent to the *Times* from its American correspondents were coloured and, to some extent, absolutely falsified, until the very last months of the war, in support of the policy that had been adopted by its editor-in-chief. I have in my collection of war literature, a copy of the list of subscribers to the Confederate cotton loan, and I was very much saddened to find in

[1] Charles Reade, the novelist, was Fellow of Magdalen College from 1850 to 1866. He was in residence in college for a large part of this time, and completed in Oxford certain of his earlier romances.

that list the name of Mr. Gladstone for a subscription of two thousand guineas. Gladstone's famous address at Newcastle, in which he declared that Jefferson Davis had created an army, was making good progress (he did not say with the aid of Great Britain) in the creation of a navy, and had, as he, Gladstone, believed, created a new nation, produced an effect contrary to what the speaker had in mind. Palmerston appears to have taken the ground that his young associate was endeavouring to force the hand of the Cabinet. A motion of Lord John Russell, made shortly after this speech, for intervention in co-operation with Louis Napoleon was defeated in the Cabinet by a close vote.

In 1862, after the escape of the *Alabama*, a sharp issue was raised between Mr. Adams and Lord John Russell in regard to two powerful rams that the Lairds had in readiness for delivery to the Confederacy. Adams had placed before Lord Russell what seemed to be conclusive evidence as to the purpose for which the rams were being constructed, a purpose in regard to which there was at the time no real doubt in the minds of anybody. Russell had been entirely evasive in regard to the propriety of any interference on the part of the Government in having the rams get away from British control. Adams then finally permits himself to use the phrase, "It is superfluous to point out to your Lordship that this is war." This was the first and only time in the course of the troublesome negotiations of four years, negotiations which had for their purpose the checking or the limiting at least of the use of the harbours of Britain and of the British islands in the West Indies as a base of supplies for the Confederacy, in which Adams permitted himself to use words that bore the character of a threat. The time, however, had come for plain speaking, and on final thought Russell decided that the rams had better be held. This decision undoubtedly saved Great Britain from a very substantial addition to

the fifteen million dollars that were some years later paid under the decision of the Geneva Court for the ravages of the *Shenandoah* and the *Alabama*.

The responsibilities of John Bigelow in Paris were in certain ways more difficult than those of Mr. Adams. For the first three years of the war, Mr. Bigelow did not even possess, in form at least, the authority of a Minister; his post was that of Consul-General. The Minister, Mr. Dayton, was, however, a man of no particular force of character and of no special qualifications for the post. He had no knowledge of any language other than English, and he was, therefore, not in a position to study, or still less to influence, the opinions of France and of the Continent on conditions in the United States. He was wise enough to permit his energetic, capable, and public-spirited Consul-General to take charge for France, and in large part also for the Continent, of the measures that were necessary to protect the threatened interests of the Republic. Mr. Adams, in London, found himself in a circle that was prejudiced and antagonistic, and he was not always able to secure a straight answer to a straight question, but in his relations with the representatives of her Majesty's Government, he was at least dealing with gentlemen, and with gentlemen who before the four years were over came to hold in increasing respect the sturdy and self-possessed Yankee. The Government of Napoleon III., however, was made up of men who can fairly be described as a lot of gamesters.

Napoleon's half-brother, Morny, represented the brains of the Cabinet, and the later history credited, or debited, to Morny the main share in the direction of the Emperor's policy. Bigelow had to do with men who, in addition to their prejudices against the North and their political preferences for the success of the South, had a strong commercial interest in the breaking up of the Republic. Morny was the man who arranged for the purchase from the Swiss

banker Jecker of a claim of some millions of francs against the Mexican Government. This claim, multiplied many times, was utilised as the basis for the organisation of a stock company. Under Morny's contract with the company, he was to receive thirty per cent. of all the moneys that were collected from Mexico on the basis of Jecker's claim. His contribution to the undertaking was his influence over or his control of the policy of the Emperor. It was under Morny's direction that France decided to invade Mexico, and it was under pressure from the company of which he was the representative that, when England had withdrawn from the expedition, the French troops were retained in the effort to establish a French Empire in the West.

Mr. Slidell, the cleverest of the representatives that the South sent abroad during the war, was *persona grata* at the Court of the Emperor, and was in close relations with Morny. Slidell had made clear to Morny that if the power of France could be exerted in behalf of the Confederacy, the Emperor should have a free hand with his plans in Mexico. A free hand for the Imperial plans meant enormous returns for Morny's stock-jobbing company. Mr. Dayton and Mr. Bigelow on the other hand had made clear to Drouyn de Lhuys that as soon as the United States had gotten through with the management of the Rebellion, measures would be taken to bring to a close the European invasion of the North American continent. Two at least of the vessels that were constructed in France for the aid of the Confederacy were built not in private shipyards, like that of the Lairds on the Mersey, but in the government docks, and they were fitted out with munitions belonging to the Empire. Two smaller vessels got to sea, but Bigelow's special anxiety was in regard to two rams of large power which early in 1864 were in the docks at Cherbourg, almost ready for sea. Bigelow had ex-

hausted his final arguments with Drouyn de Lhuys, and it seemed as if there was no way to stop the going out of the rams. Slidell wrote to Jefferson Davis that the rams would certainly sail within a week's time. At this point, Bigelow wrote a letter to the American Consul at Marseilles and arranged that the letter should be stolen on the way. It was stolen, and in due course was brought into print in the *Moniteur*. In this letter Bigelow states to the Consul that he had heard of considerable investments being made by capitalists of the North in fitting out armed cruisers. Some of these cruisers were, as Bigelow understood, shortly to sail out from the Gulf of Mexico with letters of marque from Juarez. "I fear," said Bigelow, "that if these cruisers get to sea the commerce of France must suffer severely." Such an undertaking as was here outlined seemed plausible enough. Juarez had convinced himself that his best chances for success in his struggle against Maximilian and Bazaine would be to embroil the United States with France. He would have been very ready to deliver letters of marque to American cruisers, or for that matter to cruisers from any state whatsoever. It is also true that if such cruisers had put to sea from the north of Mexico, Bazaine's communications with France would have been cut off and that French commerce would have suffered. The advisers of Napoleon realised the possibility and the difficulty. Morny for once was overridden and instructions were sent to Cherbourg to stop the sailing of the rams. If the courageous efforts of the hardly-taxed Ministers in London and in Paris had not prevented the sailing of rams from the Mersey and from Cherbourg, the damage that would have been done to the American blockading fleet would have very seriously interfered with the operations of the Northern armies. The resulting irritation would doubtless have brought about intervention.

In recording the antagonism of the leaders of the British Government and of the leaders of society to the cause of the North, it is only fair to recall that the sympathies of the great body of the British people were on the side of the Republic. Englishmen, and particularly those whose politics were liberal, realised that our contest was against the perpetuation of slavery, and they also realised, and it was here that their personal interests were affected, that it was a fight for the maintenance of a government based upon republican principles, a government that represented not only for the western world, but for the world at large, the interests of the people. We recall also with grateful remembrance the loyalty to the cause of the Republic on the part of the operatives of the cotton manufacturing district, in Manchester, Oldham, and elsewhere. These people were, during the years of the war, brought to the brink of starvation because of the interference that the war had caused with the supplies of cotton required for their mills. They might naturally have given their opinion, and have exercised pressure upon the government, in favour of bringing the war to a close at any price in order that their work might go on and their livelihood be assured. In place of such a course, they expressed persistently from year to year, through their great spokesman John Bright, their feeling that the Republic ought to succeed in maintaining its existence and their belief that it would succeed, and they were persistently and consistently opposed to the measures taken by the leaders of the British Government which had for their purpose the destruction of the Republic. In 1863, when in the absolute stoppage of the cotton mills the operatives had been brought to the verge of starvation, John Bright suggested to Mr. Adams that, as well for the sake of helping a needy and patient people, as because of the advantage of strengthening and of influencing

public opinion throughout England in behalf of the cause of the North, it would be a good thing to have some help come to these operatives from the States. The suggestion, promptly transmitted by Adams to New York and to Boston, resulted in the formation of a committee which was headed by merchants like Henry Grinnell and John M. Forbes (and of which I am glad to remember my father was a member) for the purpose of sending help to Manchester. Three ships were despatched to Liverpool laden with food supplies for the cotton manufacturing districts, and these supplies were distributed under the direction of a committee organised by John Bright.

I may recall also that while the members of Louis Napoleon's Government were doing what they could to bring about the destruction of the Republic, the people of France were very largely opposed to the cause of the slave-holding autocracy of the South, and were sympathetic with the purposes of the Republic of the North and with the leadership of Lincoln. After the death of Lincoln, a popular subscription, the individual payment for which was restricted to two sous, produced from the people of France, including the operatives and the peasants, a fund of some thousands of francs which was utilised for the shaping of an artistic gold medal commemorating the career of Lincoln and the service rendered by him to the world. This medal is at this time (1914) in the possession of Robert Lincoln.

The history of these events came to me only in later years, partly through my father and partly through personal relations with Mr. Bigelow and with a careful reading of all the records connected with the work of Mr. Adams. The matters referred to constitute, however, a very important factor in the fortunes of the war and the reference to them belongs properly, therefore, to this portion of my narrative.

XI

I Become a Soldier

THE Hartz trip was the last of my experiences as a student. At the end of July, my traps were packed and I was on my way to the steamer at Bremen. I had no thought, however, that I was bidding a final farewell to Göttingen. I told my laboratory instructors, my good landlady, and the friends who were within reach that the war could not last much longer and that I confidently expected to return within the coming year for the completion of my work and the securing of my doctorate. I was not the only American of that generation whose calculations concerning the duration of the war and plans for things to be done after the war had to be revised. Jefferson Davis and his associates had given to the States of the North a much more serious task than had at first been imagined. In looking back at the difficulties, the wonder now is not that it took four years to complete the contract and to reassert the control of the National Government over the southern half of our territory, but that the patience and persistence of the people continued during so long a time. The resources in men and in material were, of course, sufficient to exhaust those of the South provided the North were willing to persist. Fortunately the willingness grew with the strain of those years of contest. If we had failed at Gettysburg as we failed

at Chancellorsville, the contest would indeed have been prolonged, but with the temperament of the people as at that time tested the result could not have been different.

There was ground enough, however, for doubt and anxiety in August of 1862, when I stepped on board the steamer *Hansa* at Bremen. My fellow-passengers included a group of Americans, returning like myself, in part for war service and in part because the resources upon which they had been depending for their foreign travel were no longer available. It was not a hopeful group. The latest news from home had been of continued and further discouragement. With the purpose of saving pennies as far as practicable, my passage was taken second class and I found myself in a stateroom with three other inmates. The only passenger whose name I recall was the means of bringing me into some little inconvenience later. She was a middle-aged widow named Schönenberg. A Louisianian by birth, she had married a German banker. Her husband having died, she was on her way back to New Orleans to see what might remain of her father's property. During the first part of the trip she was ill, and as she was travelling alone and as I had no special responsibilities on board, I rendered her some civilities, so that by my fellow-passengers I came to be considered as her travelling companion. When she got stronger she began to talk and, unfortunately, she talked a good deal of nonsense. She took pains to tell us that she was a cousin of General Beauregard and that through his name and also through her husband's business connections in Frankfort she was known to the Erlangers, who were the Confederate fiscal agents on the Continent. In these circles in Frankfort, the conversation had been principally of the triumph of the South. It was, in fact, part of the Erlangers' business to boom the Southern credit. It was also true that up to this period the cause

of the war had given not a little ground for encouragement to the Southern sympathisers. Mrs. Schönenberg's conversation was, therefore, largely of a triumphant expectation character. She expected to find her cousin General Beauregard in command at New Orleans and she supposed that the war itself could have but one ending and was to be of short duration.

When we landed in New York, after an eleven or twelve days' trip, some of the over-patriotic or over-officious passengers took pains to report to the marshal in charge at the pier (there was a good deal of martial law in control of the country at that time) the suspicious character of Mrs. Schönenberg. She was imagined to be an emissary from the Erlangers to General Beauregard. It is quite possible in fact that she herself had made some such statement. It is a little difficult to understand why any sensible people should have believed that shrewd bankers would select for confidential business a vain, talkative, and injudicious woman, but in war times a good many things are easily believed. In any case, Mrs. Schönenberg was promptly put under arrest and was carried off to the Metropolitan Hotel with her trunks under seal for thorough examination. The order for arrest was made wide enough to include myself as her travelling companion, and so it happened that a youngster returning home with patriotic intent for the purpose of taking his part in the defence of his country found himself greeted in his home city as a Confederate emissary. I mentioned to the marshal the name of my father, which he admitted was known to him as that of a reputable citizen. He was inclined, however, to take the ground that this reference to George P. Putnam was "important only if true." "How do I know," he said, "that Mr. Putnam is your father?" The reason why my father was not on hand to speak for himself and for his son was that he had consid-

ered it more important to give the time to taking care of a Maine regiment that was passing through the city to the front.

He had, as I found out later, instituted a committee of Maine men in New York, of which committee he was, as usual, the active member, to see that the soldiers from our farthest East should lack for nothing on their way through the city. He assumed that his son could take care of himself, which would have been possible enough if it had not been for the marshal; so I sat on my trunk, cooling my heels (metaphorically, for the day was warm enough) for an hour or two, until finally, the Maine men having been put to bed, my father arrived to look for me. He knew that the steamer had gotten in and he could not understand what had detained me. I was promptly released with an apology from the marshal and the official seals were taken off my modest trunk.

I remember as we walked up Broadway being impressed with the change in the atmosphere of the city and in the expression of the faces of the men we passed. At the time of my departure in 1860, the country appeared to be in a state of satisfactory recovery from the business troubles of 1857; the crops were good, business was active, and people generally were happy and hopeful. It was evident to me in the autumn of 1862 from a first glance at the people about me that much had been crowded into those two years. The people were excited, not noisily so but apprehensive, with a certain intensity of expectation. They had during the past eighteen months suffered keenly from disappointments of one kind and another, defeat at the front and business disaster at home. In going up Broadway, we passed at the office of the *Herald* Building at Ann Street a bulletin board, around which a group of people were standing. I slipped in between the men so as to get a hasty glance at the

announcement. My imagination was at once impressed with the fact that history was being made. The line read: "A battle is now going on." It is difficult to understand half a century later the novelty of the feeling and the keenness of the impression made by news reported in the present or, so to speak, the continuing tense.

Some months later, when I was playing in New Orleans the part of a ruthless invader, I bethought myself to look up my travelling companion. I went to General Beauregard's house, which was one of the well-known mansions in the city, and rang the bell. After some delay the door was opened a few inches only, being protected on the inside by a chain. The elderly white woman whose face appeared around the edge, as soon as she saw a blue coat standing in the entrance, slammed the door to in my face without waiting to hear my message. I pushed a card under the door with a greeting for Mrs. Schönenberg, but did not make any further attempts to invade her cousin's domicile. Mrs. Beauregard was at that time in the house and a little later we learned of her illness, an illness which proved to be mortal. When General Banks, who was in command of the department, learned how serious the illness was, he sent a message out under flag of truce to General Beauregard inviting him to return to the city under safe conduct. The General came promptly, with his acknowledgments for the courtesy, and was with his wife for some weeks until her death. I do not believe that it was necessary to take any word from a trained soldier like General Beauregard in regard to the matter of reticence concerning our forces or fortifications. The General was too much of a man to utilise later any incidental information that came to him during his stay, while it was also the case that in a city like New Orleans it was impossible to prevent the fullest information from leaking out from week to week through the picket lines.

This reference to New Orleans is, however, in anticipation of my narrative.

By the time my father had gotten me released from the clutches of the marshal and had secured the freedom and the shipment of my baggage, the morning was pretty well advanced. He took me to lunch at a down-town restaurant and I was interested when the time came for the payment to see my father take from his pocket a roll of postage stamps. Under the influence of an August temperature, the stamps had stuck themselves together so closely that before he could separate from the mass a sufficient number to cover the cost of the lunch, others had been hopelessly torn apart and had to be thrown away. I suggested that this was rather an extravagant form of money if it were necessary to tear up three cents whenever you were going to use another three cents for a payment. My father replied with a mild grunt that that was not the only difficulty connected with war conditions. It was the fact, as I was able shortly to verify by experience, that in this second year of the war all "hard money" had disappeared either through export or for hoarding. This absorption of specie included not only the gold and the larger silver coins which had some intrinsic value, but even the dimes and pennies used as token currency, the bullion value of which is not expressed by their denominations or, as was the case with the old copper pennies, was purely nominal. In order to meet the daily calls for the smallest payments, the people had taken to using postage stamps, a practice which, because of the large percentage of loss through the handling, became fairly profitable for the Government. A little later, the Post-office Department, in manufacturing the additional supplies of stamps required for this new demand, was considerate enough to print a supply without mucilage. This lessened somewhat the annoyance through

the sticking together of one's pocket money, but the frailty of the paper still brought about a considerable percentage of waste and loss. The next step was taken shortly after my return and I was only surprised that even under the pressure of war difficulties the Government should not have bethought itself earlier of the currency requirements of the people. The Treasury issued, I think it was in the early autumn of 1862, what was called "postal currency." This name was given to the little bills because they were printed to take the place of the postage stamps issued. The denominations were those of the stamps, three cents, five cents, ten cents, fifteen cents, twenty cents, twenty-five cents, and fifty cents. The needs for amounts beyond fifty cents were, of course, met with the recently printed greenbacks. The postal currency represented a very good standard of engraving and printing, but as must always be the case with currency of low denominations, exposed to very considerable handling, it rapidly accumulated dirt and became more or less fragmentary. If the microbes that gather upon much-handled money are really deleterious to human health, it is surprising that during these years of paper currency there had not been a microbe pestilence among our people. The dirtiest and most broken of the little notes were returned, as collected by the banks, to the Treasury in exchange for new issues, but they remained naturally for some time in the hands of citizens who did not have bank accounts and who were not entitled to secure bank accommodation. These details were, of course, a matter of later experience, but I shall not easily forget my own first impressions, gathered from the sight of my father's matted bundle of postage stamps, of the waste of war and of the difficulties under which impecunious citizens were labouring.

The family home was at that time at a little village on

the Sound called Five Mile River Landing. This home and the various series of homes which preceded and which followed it have been recorded in the Memoir of my father. There were various reasons why in connection with the business difficulties, the varying size of the family, and the changing conditions brought about by the war, it was not easy to secure or to maintain a permanent homestead. Apart from these special difficulties of the period, however, it was the case that neither my father nor my mother had what I might call the sense of permanency. All through their lives, they had a certain tendency for restlessness and for change, a tendency which might be called peculiarly American. This quality, coupled, as said, with the changing conditions of the family circle, caused the selection in successive years of various abiding-places in and out of the city. I can associate a family home with a suburb in every direction from the business centre of New York. The particular homestead of this period was, though modest, in many ways attractive. The principal difficulty was its distance from the city (about thirty miles), a distance which made it necessary for my father to keep a room in town. He expected during the summer season to be with his family one or two days in the week, but he was able sometimes to get away for two weekly visits.

The home circle at that time included, in addition to my mother, my sister Minnie, whose visits were, however, like those of my father, fragmentary as she was busy with her medical training in New York; the second sister, the permanent daughter at home, whose care and service in the household and in the care of the younger ones was for my mother all important; two younger sisters and four brothers. The group of eleven was completed some years later by the arrival of two further brothers. The homestead was a pleasant old-fashioned grey wooden house

standing on the water's edge, with an attractive outlook down the creek and out over the Sound. The village secured its living mainly through the work of the oystermen and clam diggers. I had time during this visit for but a hasty impression either of the home circle or of the village neighbours.

In passing through the city, I had already come into immediate touch with the war feeling. On the day of my arrival, before we took the train for South Five Mile River, my father had taken me over to the quarters selected for the Maine regiment that he had been caring for. Lodgment had been found for them in an empty store not far from his own business office. He wanted to be sure that they were properly cared for and that the hot coffee and other tangible greetings that had been ordered had been properly delivered. The men gave him a cheer as he came in, recognising his personal interest in them as well as his ready public service as a citizen, and the sight of the good-looking youngsters with their blue uniforms and with their thoughts all set "forward for the front" confirmed me in my own resolution that the proper work at that time for a fellow of my generation, the oldest of five boys, was with the troops at the front.

During the few days passed at home before my departure for the army, I busied myself in securing from my father and others within reach such information as could be gotten in regard to the events of the preceding year and the beginning of war times in New York. My father recalled to me the doubts that had existed with Lincoln and other national leaders, and with not a few of the New Yorkers, as to the attitude that the great city would take after the outbreak of the war. There was no good assurance that the city as a whole could be depended upon to support the fight for the maintenance of the Republic. The population in 1861, while not quite as cosmopolitan

as in 1914, was still very much mixed. It included a good many Southerners, while a large number of the Northern-born merchants had great business interests depending upon the trade and good will of the South. In 1861, the English population was, if not positively, certainly relatively, a much more important factor than it has ever been since. I believe that at that time the city was still supporting a weekly journal called the *Albion*, published for the exclusive interest of the English residents of the city.

Unless the great metropolis might be prepared to give loyal support to the Administration in money, in personal influence, and co-operation for the organisation of the volunteer army, it was hard to believe that the cause could succeed. The mayor of the city in 1861 was Fernando Wood, a representative of the Tammany organisation, and a man whose particular interest was not in the welfare of the community, but in Fernando Wood. He was clever and unscrupulous. As far as he had any political convictions, his sympathies were with the contentions of the South. He had in any case convinced himself that there was no prospect of maintaining the Republic. He believed that the secession of the first group of Southern States was merely the beginning of the entire disintegration of the Union.

He brought into print, in 1861, a pamphlet entitled *Tri-Insula*, in which he contended that the interests of the city would be best furthered by immediate secession on its own part. He proposed that New York should take possession of the three islands, Manhattan, Long Island, and Staten Island, and should constitute with this territory an independent community, something of the character of the free city of Hamburg in the time of the Hanseatic League. He contended that the whole country would constitute for a city intelligently managed as a

free port, the hinterland for the commerce of such port. Wood was a clear-headed free-trader, and he was doubtless right in his contention that a city with a harbour like that of New York could, under wise management and with the abolition of port charges, develop an increasingly profitable control of the trade with Europe of the territory of the old-time United States. A committee of one hundred loyal citizens, the Chairman of which was a leather dealer called Jackson S. Schultz and of which my father was a member, was instituted to call the Mayor to account. The committee went to the City Hall and Schultz told the Mayor that on the following evening a meeting was to be held in Union Square, at which New York City was going to express its devotion to the cause of the Union and its readiness to give loyal support to the Administration. "At that meeting," said Schultz, "the Mayor of New York must speak and must make a speech in accord with the sentiments of the loyal citizens. If he does not"—then Schultz stopped. The inference was pretty clear. The Mayor who would not at this crisis express the sentiments of the loyal New Yorkers would not long remain Mayor. Wood grasped the situation promptly, and replied with what might be called frank discretion. "Gentlemen," he said in substance, "I recognise your committee as fairly representative of the citizens of New York. If these citizens have decided that the Republic can be preserved and that New York should take an active part in the work, you have a right so to decide, and I may admit also that you have the right to instruct your Mayor to express your decision. I will come to the meeting, and I will speak in accordance with the conclusions that you have reached." The meeting was held and proved most effective. One of the newspaper paragraphs of the day refers to the utterance of a small boy who had climbed up into the

crotch of a tree left growing through the platform. Schultz had stated the purpose of the meeting, and had introduced the Mayor, "who," said Schultz, "will now convey to the President in Washington the assurance of the loyalty of the city of New York." As Wood stepped to the front of the platform the newsboy called down from the tree, "Now, Nandy, mind what you say; you have got to hold to it this time."

It was practically the same group of men who a few days later brought into existence the Union League Club. This club took upon itself the responsibility of organising and of maintaining the loyal sentiment of the city, of raising and equipping regiments, of securing the funds required at once for the urgent needs of the Treasury that had been emptied by Buchanan's Southern secretary, and of making a market first for the five-twenty and later for the seven-thirty bonds. Nearly all of the special matters which called for the attention of citizens during the four years of war were cared for in the rooms of the club, and it was in the Union League Club that my father brought into existence and active operation his Loyal Publication Society.

The reports that went to Washington of the meeting in Union Square and of the organisation of the Union League carried great relief to Lincoln and to his associates in the government. If the great city of New York remained trustworthy and persistent, the Union could be saved.

After two or three days spent at the Connecticut village, giving report of my proceedings in Germany and gathering in the details of the family news, I came back to the city with my father and went with him to the headquarters of a regiment that was being organised by some Young Men's Christian Association friends in whose judgment he had confidence. The regiment was afterwards mustered in as the 176th New York Volunteers.

The officer who had charge of the organisation was Mark Hoyt, a leather dealer in the Swamp. He served as provisional colonel, but for some reason or other did not go to the front. He was replaced at the time that the regiment was mustered in, some months later, by Colonel Charles C. Nott, a capable young officer who had seen service in the West as a captain in a cavalry regiment. After the war, Colonel Nott, who was a member of the New York Bar, rendered distinguished service as Chief Justice of the Court of Claims in Washington. The lieutenant-colonel was A. J. H. Duganne. Duganne was a newspaper man who had been rather active in politics. He had no possible qualifications for his post and the service rendered by him was on several grounds unsatisfactory. The major was Morgan Morgans who was a protégé of Hoyt. He had had no army experience but he had the right kind of material in him for the making of a good officer and the regiment was very fortunate in having with it a man of his stamp. My own enlistment was done in Company E, the captain of which, David D. Terry, was a Y. M. C. A. man and a friend of my father's. Terry was very glad to have in his company so good a representative of New York and prophesied that I should not long remain in the ranks. I had no difficulty in passing the physical examination. The surgeon remarked that there was not very much of me but that what there was was good.

After signing the mustering papers, I was accorded three days' leave of absence in which to settle my affairs, affairs which were at that time not very weighty. As we came away from the enlistment office, my father mentioned in casual fashion, "I have some acquaintance with the Governor and as I have myself been working pretty hard in organisation matters in New York, I think it probable that he would give you a lieutenancy if I asked

him." "Well," I said, "I do not know anything about the management of men in the field or even as to drilling them before we get to the field. I suppose it would be wiser for me to take a little experience first and to look for my promotion afterwards."

My father was himself always inclined to take the modest view of things and, concluding that I was right, he made no application for any commission. It proved to be an error of judgment both ways. I found later when I got into camp, that with the exception of the new colonel who was at that time on the invalid list, there was hardly any one in the regiment, soldier or officer, who knew any more about active service or very much more about drilling than I knew myself. I might just as well have begun my service as a lieutenant and have picked up my training as the others did while they were applying it. That is, however, a later part of the story.

My mother accepted with simple resignation the report of my action and said that with five boys she could hardly have expected to keep them all at home during the stress of war. I turned over to the home brothers my few belongings and I remember taking pains among other little formalities to make my will. It strikes me now as rather an absurdity as there was absolutely nothing but a few books to bequeath. At the close of my leave and in fact with a few hours to spare, I reported at the camp in Jamaica, Long Island, where the companies were being gathered together prior to the organisation and mustering in of the regiment. The camp itself was attractively placed and in the beautiful August and September weather it could hardly be called a hardship for a lot of youngsters to bunk together in tents and to put in a certain number of hours per day to drilling and to camp exercises such as trenching, tent raising, etc. The good people of Jamaica were very ready with their hospitality and brought to the

camp from day to day more delicacies than we could easily dispose of. After I had been at work for a week or two as a private, I was promoted to be sergeant, and I can now remember the pride with which I did my first duty as a non-commissioned officer in putting through the manual of arms a squad of recruits who were a little newer than myself. In the course of another week or two, I was called to headquarters and offered the appointment of quartermaster-sergeant. This carried with it sundry advantages in regard to pay, larger responsibilities, and personal association with the staff officers of the regiment. I found afterwards that there were certain disadvantages in that the non-commissioned staff were considered out of the line of promotion, but that question did not trouble me at the time. My quarters were moved from the tent in the field to the wooden building that had been put up to contain the quartermaster's stores.

The acting Quartermaster was the secretary of an insurance company in the city. He was also an active man in the Y. M. C. A. and in the Republican politics of the day. His activities involved him in expenditures beyond his income and his financial associations tempted him into speculation. Some months after the regiment had gotten into the field (the acting Quartermaster had decided not to accompany us), we learned that he had confessed to serious appropriations of the moneys belonging to his insurance company. For the time, however, I had assumed that he was all that a patriotic citizen ought to be and I accepted without question his instructions and his word in regard to the business of the quartermaster's department, of which naturally I had myself no previous knowledge. It was only months later that I found out, much to my own mortification, how badly had been conducted this business for which I was myself in part responsible. It is not likely that Mr. B.'s appropriations touched

the stores belonging to the Government, but he had not himself been commissioned as an officer and had not taken pains to inform himself of the nature of the responsibilities belonging to a quartermaster who has receipted for stores. These stores were issued as called for without much reference to the right of the applicant to make requisition and very frequently as it turned out without securing the necessary vouchers duly approved by the commanding officer of the camp. Similar difficulties must have arisen in connection with many of the camps of organisation; somebody had to be responsible for property and somebody had to assume authority before the regiment was mustered in, but until the time of such muster no commissions were valid and the acting officers were not really in the service of the United States.

A nice question came up during our encampment concerning this matter of authority to act. The officer in command of the camp was at the time Major Morgans, but he was as yet major only by courtesy. There had been an occasional desertion and some of the men who had been in the field before had emphasised to their associates the troublesome fact that until the officers received their commissions they were not in a position to enforce commands. One enterprising youngster, on the strength of this bad advice, becoming discontented with an order to stand guard, said that he was going off and started quite openly to leave camp. The officer of the guard reported the case to Morgans and the acting Major gave the would-be deserter a caution that he would leave at his peril. The fellow started to walk and then, as the Major raised his pistol, to run, but the pistol ball overtook him, lodging, as the Major had intended it should lodge, in his arm where it could emphasise the authority without doing any permanent injury. There was for a time a good deal of uproar in camp on the ground of this shooting at United

States soldiers on the part of a "mere civilian," but the counsels of the wiser men among the rank and file finally prevailed. B., the fellow who had been shot, treasured the bullet that had been taken out of his arm, and in his foolish moments used occasionally to threaten that at the first convenient time in action he was going to put that bullet into the Major. Active service, however, soon cleared away rubblish of this kind. B. became a very good soldier and was later promoted to be first sergeant of his company.

Our camp visitors were not limited to the neighbours from Jamaica. While in the autumn of 1862 organisation camps were no longer novelties to New Yorkers, it was still very much the fashion for the girls, and for that matter for the older folks, to make visits on Sunday and at other free-times not only to camps where they had friends but to others where they desired simply to give a word of greeting to the men who were going to the front. This organisation period lasted for us much longer than had been anticipated; the first energy of recruiting had passed by, while the second stage of high bounties and the third stage of conscription were still in the future. We were delayed until the close of November waiting for the last one hundred men required to complete the minimum number for our organisation. During this time there was really very little to do beyond drilling and keeping the camp in order, and we were allowed weekly leaves and visitors at stated hours. My own sisters were naturally interested in inspecting the camp and in keeping in touch with the only member of the immediate family who was in the service. On one of the Sunday afternoon visits, my sister Edith brought with her a friend who attracted me very much at the time and who was afterwards to become a very important part of my life. Rebecca S. was at that time teaching in New York, where she

had come to know Edith and the two girls had become fond of each other. She was a New England girl with all the New England interest in the war spirit and in the anti-slavery record back of the war, and was full of enthusiasm for those who had undertaken to do what they could for the maintenance of the Government. I have a very vivid picture in my memory of the bright sunshine of her face as she stood by my headquarters wishing that she were a boy and could go to the front. I took pains later with my first leave of absence to arrange with Edith that Rebecca should be spending that night at the house in Eighteenth Street and in the course of the weeks that remained before we took ship for Louisiana I had several other interviews with her, and the memory of her keen sympathy and enthusiastic interest in my undertaking remained with me through the long years of service.

Finally, in December, came the time when the regiment could be called complete. The ten companies were mustered in and the "officers" who had been active in charge of company work or of regimental work were called upon to make immediate decision as to whether they would take their service to the front or continue to give co-operation (also important enough) in organising and in filling up regiments from the rear. The acting Colonel, Mark Hoyt, who had made a very favourable impression on all of us, decided, much to our regret, not to take his commission. His place was filled by Charles C. Nott, to whom I have already made reference. Nott had the advantage of having already seen active service. To the Lieutenant-Colonel, A. J. H. Duganne, reference has also been made. He was no good as a soldier and the country would have been better served if he had stayed at home and devoted himself to his oratory. In connection with the illness and the long imprisonment of the Colonel, the efficiency of the regiment during the first eighteen months

of its existence was due almost entirely to the pluck, persistency, patience, and clear-headedness of Major Morgans. The captains were a "fair to average" lot. They were well meaning men, but for the most part a little too old to assimilate readily the military training. The companies were better commanded eighteen months later when we youngsters secured our promotions. The surgeon, Dr. Willetts, was a capable physician from Brooklyn, who had from pure public spirit surrendered a remunerative practice. He was a good friend of mine and I think I may say that I owed my life to him later. The Adjutant came of a family with which the Putnams had already been closely associated. His name was Alexander Duer Irving and he was a nephew of my father's old friend Washington Irving. He had the education and the nature of a gentleman and did good service up to the time of his capture. The Quartermaster, whose personality was for myself as Quartermaster-Sergeant a matter of some importance, could hardly be called a success. He was a broken-down business man who had, as far as I could judge, secured the appointment as a political favour and because he needed the not very considerable salary. His business troubles had weakened his self-control and I found very shortly after he arrived in camp that his drinking habits were getting the better of him. As a fact, some ten months after we reached Louisiana he died of delirium-tremens. My task would have been easier if he had died very much earlier. It is always difficult to manage a responsibility on behalf of another. When one's chief is drunk most of the time and very irritable and unreasonable in between times, and when in addition he has no possible knowledge of the nature of his responsibilities so that the instructions given by him have the result of mixing up matters instead of straightening out business, the task of the subordinate is a wearing one.

Apart from these general difficulties, I found shortly after we were placed on shipboard cause for special anxiety. The acting Quartermaster, B—— had induced his successor, K——, to give a receipt for enough stores under all the headings to balance B.'s accounts. B. admitted that some things were missing that were not represented by the vouchers but he emphasised with K. that, while such a deficiency might be serious for the authorities in a camp at home, no attention whatever was paid to such matters with a command in the field. It was perfectly well understood that stores are being lost all the time in action or on the march. "You will find, K., that the Quartermaster-General in New Orleans is too busy to trouble himself with any such details as the balance sheet of a regiment." K. was, as stated, quite ignorant, and at the time of the adjustment of these accounts he was probably pretty drunk. He gave B. the receipts required and this division at least of B.'s accounts was for him satisfactorily adjusted. When, however, on shipboard, in a half sober moment, the anxious K. began to look over the figures and had ascertained that he had made himself responsible for some thousand of dollars' worth of property that was not within his control, he became very angry indeed, and finding nobody else on whom to vent his anger, he exploded on the Quartermaster-Sergeant. He took the ground that I must have known of these deficiences and that I had put myself into collusion with B. to cheat the United States and himself. He did not content himself with scolding me but brought the charge to the attention of the Colonel. The Colonel did not take the time at the moment to examine into the matter; he was too busy with many details in connection with the organisation of a command that he had joined only the week before we sailed. It was not until some months later that he arrived at a more accurate knowledge of

K.'s inadequacies. The accusations against myself, however, remained in his mind, and, as he told me frankly afterwards, gave him some preliminary prejudices against the Quartermaster-Sergeant, a prejudice that delayed for some months his recommendation for my promotion.

XII

The Invasion of Louisiana

THE regiment had been assigned to the expedition that, under the leadership of General Banks, was to take possession of the city of New Orleans, recently captured by Admiral Farragut, and was to occupy as large an extent of territory as could readily be controlled from New Orleans. The main purpose, or at least, speaking from a military point of view, the more intelligent purpose, of the expedition was to force the passage of the Mississippi northwards from New Orleans so that a connection might be effected with the armies of the West, led first by Grant and later by Sherman, which were to work their way southward. This purpose was, as we know, finally accomplished, but owing partly to vacillating counsels from Washington and partly to the pigheadedness and incapacity of Banks, a good deal of important time was wasted and not a few valuable lives thrown away.

The force assigned to the expedition comprised about twenty thousand men. The demands upon the transportation department of the army had during the preceding six months been very great and the facilities were nearly exhausted. The first divisions of Banks's troops were forwarded to New Orleans on steamers, but before the time came for the shipment of the regiments last in

readiness, the steamers had given out and there was nothing left for the 176th New York but a couple of old whaling vessels. These vessels belonged to the New Bedford fleet and had recently returned from a three years' cruise in the Arctic Ocean. Their names were the *William Woodbury* and the *Alice Counce.* The division of the regiment to which the non-commissioned staff belonged was assigned to the *Alice Counce.* The vessels had been cleaned hurriedly and had been fitted as far as was practicable for the reception of the troops. Each ship carried in addition to the working crew of sailors about 450 soldiers. The men were bunked between decks, having quarters very similar to those which were utilised in the old slave-trade traffic. It was, of course, impracticable without an undue weakening of the vessels to arrange for any portholes. Between decks was, therefore, dark and unventilated excepting in so far as the weather permitted of the opening of a hatch. In the heaviest weather (and our trip included some very tidy storms) all the hatches but one had to be closed and a couple of guards stood over that to push it back a little in between the waves so as to allow for an occasional draft of air.

The bunks were arranged to hold four sleepers. They were big enough for this purpose and while the vessel was on an even keel each sleeper was supposed to occupy his own share of the space. A little rolling, however, soon mixed up the calculation, and in the heavier weather, we had by morning become so mixed up in these bunks that it was difficult for us to know what name to answer to at roll-call. It was my own feeling that in these bunks, as in the shaking up of a peck of potatoes, the little ones always got to the bottom. I know that my dreams during the first week of the voyage nearly always included some nightmare of being under a mountain or of having a man falling upon me.

I recall, however, that during one night I had the bunk for a little time all to myself. The weather was heavy and the seas were tumbling on board every few minutes. One persistent wave managed to get through the half-opened hatch, and as the water came down, the binnacle lights were extinguished. The guardians of the hatch had been driven off, and a mass of water swashed about between decks in the darkness. Somebody called out that the vessel was going down. There was a momentary excitement and the men tumbled out of their bunks. Our lot included three country companies from up-State counties. They were stalwart boys who did not take kindly to the sea; they were seasick, miserable, and anxious. At the sound of the alarm, they hurried out of the bunks and began feeling about in the darkness for their boots. I had been pretty miserable myself but I did not believe that the vessel was going down and I lay back in my corner of the bunk chuckling while these country boys were feeling about in the swashing water for boots that had become very much mixed and that would even when found be very difficult to put on. Why men who expected to drown should want to go down in their boots I could not understand. It was some time before the alarm was allayed and I then had fresh cause for objection as when the fellows tumbled back into my bunk they were not only cross but wet. The next morning there was great confusion in the matter of boots. Everybody had everybody else's and nobody was satisfied.

Fortunately for my comfort, after I had been a week at sea, it was decided that the non-commissioned staff were entitled to better quarters. We had bunks arranged for us that held only two and I was happy enough to be chummed with the hospital steward who was no bigger than I was. This change impressed me as a great luxury.

Our sojourn on the *Alice Counce* lasted altogether

about forty days. During five or six days we were held up at Hampton Roads awaiting orders or instructions of some kind or other. This sojourn in the Roads might itself have been interesting if we had been allowed opportunity of visiting the camps on shore, but (partly I believe because sailing orders were expected from hour to hour) the men were kept closely on board. By the time we had arrived off Hatteras a heavy December gale had begun to blow. Fortunately its trend was eastward so that we were blown offshore, and I believe that we must have traversed a good portion of the distance towards the African coast. When the gale was over, we made our way back by tacks against adverse winds until finally the Gulf of Mexico was reached. There we found no winds either favourable or adverse and we lay becalmed for a week or more. The life was a lazy one. The duties on shipboard comprised merely keeping the vessel "redded up" and going through a morning drill at manual of arms. I had a little accounting to do in connection with keeping track of the Quartermaster's stores and in the hopeless attempt to straighten out the most imperfectly prepared records and vouchers handed over by the old Quartermaster. I was also supposed to have some responsibilities in keeping my immediate chief, the new Quartermaster, from getting drunk too frequently. But in this task I had very trifling success.

We were allowed to do some fishing in the Gulf, and after a good many applications, we were permitted to make trial of the swimming, the calm blue water looking very inviting. The objection to the swimming experiment was, of course, the fact that the waters were filled with sharks. The navigating officer (who had with his crew been turned over with the vessel under the charter) suggested a plan under which the men might get their bath without undue risk; a mainsail,

secured at the four corners, was lowered over the side of the vessel and was triced up from the corners to the maintop. It sank below the surface sufficiently to make a big bath-tub which would permit splashing about although there was hardly space for swimming. The bathers were strictly prohibited from going out into the open. One or two rash youngsters, however, evading the prohibition, dashed out from the shelter of the sail for a hurried swim. A cry of warning came from the deck. One of the men on watch had seen gliding over the surface the little triangular fin that marked the approach of the shark. There was a scurrying back to the sail, which all reached in safety. The last comer, however, was very closely under the nose of his pursuer and the shark in its eagerness or possibly having too much speed on to be able to stop itself, tumbled over the edge of the sail and lay in the shallow water on its back, flapping its tremendous tail and showing the long line of threatening teeth. The men in the sail naturally scattered to the corners, the risk in this case being not so much from the teeth of the shark as from the blow of the tail. With the aid of the rope ladder, the sail was pretty promptly emptied, the fellows hurrying up to the deck without much observance of the order of their coming. The sailors tried to get a noose over the head of the shark but he made his way into the deeper water of the sail, and with the impetus therein secured, managed to tumble out again into the open ocean. I imagine he must have been rather puzzled at meeting in his own domain this kind of a bath-tub.

This incident stopped the sea bathing and we were obliged to go back to the quieter amusements of the deck, amusements which included checkers, chess, and for some of the men the beginnings of poker. I had one or two books with me and was fortunate enough to find a se-

cluded spot in the mizzentop which was wide enough for a youngster of my size to lie out in a comfortable position. I have a very pleasant memory of lying in the top protected by the folds of the sail above from the glare of the sun and soothed by the cradle-like motion of the ship as she rolled slowly with the long slow swell of the Gulf Stream. In this cradle of the Gulf I read through Pollock's *Course of Time*, and for the sake of variety, Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. I also found time for a re-perusal of the Old Testament and for some daily studying of Casey's *Tactics*. The youngsters of our day had a faith similar to that possessed by the soldiers of Napoleon's *Grande Armée*, each of whom was buoyed up by the hope that he carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack. We looked forward with confidence to the larger responsibilities of commissions and took pains to prepare ourselves as far as possible so that we might not be taken unawares if the honour should come suddenly. The publisher Van Nostrand, who was a man of my father's generation, told my father that during the first two years of the war he found sale for 300,000 sets of Casey's *Tactics* in three volumes. The Casey volumes scattered themselves over hundreds of battle-fields east and west. General Casey had, in 1861, been charged by the War Department with the task of preparing a new manual which should replace that of Hardee. Hardee's *Manual* had been the guide of the army for a number of years but when the old General had accepted a commission under the Confederacy, it did not seem quite fitting that the soldiers of the United States should continue to do their campaigning under Hardee's rules. I imagine that, apart from the name on the volume, the difference of the system was not very important. Both systems are now matters of the past. The whole routine of drill has been changed in the direction of greater simplification and greater elasticity, a

change brought about as the result of the practical experience of four years' campaigning in varied country. The troops that Sherman led through Georgia were not hampered by undue respect for "pipe clay."

Even in the Gulf of Mexico, calm comes to an end sometime, and after eight or nine days of quiet loafing, we finally secured easterly winds strong enough to bring us to Ship Island near the mouth of the Mississippi. There we were held for a day or two and the other vessels that had left in our company gathered together, forming quite a little fleet. The white sand of Ship Island looked very inviting after the cramped space of the ship's deck and permission was easily obtained for the men to row themselves ashore. I was myself a passenger in one of the first boats. We threw ourselves on the beach wondering what purpose such an island (which was but a sand-bar) had to serve in the wisdom of the creation. As soon however as our forms had pressed into the yielding sand, the surface, which was at first perfectly white, became suddenly blackened over with sand-fleas. These fellows had been lying under the sand for years and years waiting for the chance of a nip at a Yankee. Their attacks were so ferocious that we were fairly demoralised. There was no way of getting rid of the beasts except by plunging into the water. We promptly signalled to be taken back to the ship, where some hours were spent in wreaking vengeance upon such of the black gentlemen as had accompanied us.

The first sight of the mouth of the Mississippi was particularly interesting to those of us whose experience had been restricted to Northern lands. The land and water were here so much mingled together that it took a pretty clear sight to distinguish the line of separation. This line was in any case not fixed; the bars and muddy islets varied in shape and in position according to the condition of the winds and the tides, and were also subject to very material changes

after the heavy spring floods. I do not yet understand how the pilots of the Mississippi could keep their knowledge adjusted from day to day to the ever-shifting conditions. The perplexity as to the pilots with whom our commanders had at this time to do was, however, not so much in regard to their knowledge of the conditions as to their trustworthiness in utilising such knowledge for guiding Yankee vessels up the river. Open treachery was, of course, out of the question, but with the best pilots accidents will happen and I judge that the mischances that happened to General Banks's fleet during this season covered every possible disaster. I was told afterwards that one or two pilots had been put in jail for misconduct and that one man had been shot. It must have been rather difficult, however, for an impartial investigation to secure final satisfactory evidence as to treachery.

Some tugs had been secured from New Orleans, a hundred and eighty miles above, by aid of which the vessels were slowly pulled across the shallows and steered around into the channel above the bar. One of the whalers went aground in a bad place and was still stuck in the mud at the time we left, her passengers being divided up among the rest of the fleet; another, fortunately one of the smaller craft, took a mud bank the wrong way on and careened over, tipping her crew into the water. I believe that they were all saved. The *Alice Counce* came through without accident and in tow with the *William Woodbury*, containing the other half of our battalion, we were tugged slowly up the river. We passed the lower lighthouses, one or two of which had been reconstructed, and long lines of low-lying banks back of which could be seen the heavier green of the gum-tree swamp forests. The banks gradually increased in height and the mass of the forests came nearer to the edge of the river, while here and there we caught sight of oases of dry ground with small settle-

ments, comprising often only the single plantation house and the group of negro cabins about.

Finally, around a sharp curve and where the current of the river through a narrow course ran with special swiftness, we came to the famous forts, St. Philip and Jackson, above which now floated the Stars and Stripes. The wrecks of the Confederate war fleet and of the two Yankee vessels which had come to grief in the attack were still in evidence along the shore. The earth banks of the forts seemed to have suffered but little from our bombardment and it was in fact the case, as the accounts of Farragut's victory made clear, that the only important damage done to the forts was through the falling of the shells from the mortars. The broadsides from the *Hartford*, the *Brooklyn*, and their companions, while sufficiently destructive for the Rebel vessels, did very little injury to the garrisons of the fort. The mortars had been placed on the decks of schooners, which were towed to a point just below the forts where they were hidden and in a measure protected by the masses of the swamp trees. This flotilla of mortar schooners had been organised as a result of the success secured by a similar bombardment first of Fort Donelson on the Cumberland and later of New Madrid and Island Number 10 on the upper Mississippi.

I think we must have been three days or more going up the river, and as after leaving the forts the scenery became again monotonous it was both a relief and a satisfaction finally to get within sight of the levees and the spires of New Orleans. It was very satisfactory to see flying over the Custom House, which was the nearest prominent building within reach from the river, the flag that had been placed there by the marine who accompanied Captain Bailey at the time of the so-called surrender of the city. The story of the landing from the *Hartford* of its flag officer Bailey, accompanied by a single middy

and one marine, and of their march unharmed through a howling and threatening crowd to the Custom House on Canal Street, has been told in various of the war histories. The Mayor, who received from Captain Bailey the demand for the surrender of the city and for the hauling down of the Confederate flag, declined to take any action in the matter. He insisted that the responsibility rested with the Rebel General Lovell, but as General Lovell had gotten out of the way with such troops as he controlled, Bailey had no one to whom to apply. His own marine was finally sent to the roof of the Custom House to take down the Stars and Bars and to replace it with the Stars and Stripes. The halyards had been cut, the Confederate flag had been left nailed to the top of the mast, and the mast itself had been greased. Below in Canal Street, stood the crowd, surging, yelling, and pointing not only pistols which would not carry but rifles that would. Disregarding everything but Captain Bailey's instructions, the marine pulled himself up the greased pole, carrying in the bosom of his shirt a hammer and nails and carrying in his teeth the American flag. The Stars and Bars were torn down, the American flag was nailed up, and the marine slowly slipped down the pole. The threats were many but not a shot was fired and through the same howling mob Captain Bailey, his middy, and his marine, with the captured flag in his shirt, made their way back to the levee and to the *Hartford*. A word of caution was given by Captain Bailey to the crowd as his boat drew up to receive him. "If anything happens to that flag or if any shot is fired on this boat, the guns of the *Hartford* will open on the levee." That word, passed through the crowd, proved to be sufficient to keep them under some kind of control, but they were doubtless also influenced by a real respect for the pluck of the three men who, single-handed, had taken possession of New Orleans.

The two divisions of my regiment, now re-united on the levee, were marched to Lafayette Square, where we made our first encampment on Southern soil. I remember that the first night's sojourn in New Orleans (the night was too broken to call it a sleep) was varied by the excitement of a fire near the square. Our regiment and the 131st New York which shared the square with us contained a number of men who had done service with the volunteer fire companies of New York. No discipline was adequate to keep these men within the confines of the square when the familiar sound of the fire bell came to their ears, and when the sentry lines had once been broken, the rest of us followed out as a matter of course. A year later when we had all become "old soldiers," the ranks would have been better preserved. The New Yorkers were amused at the inadequacy of the little fire engines which undertook to control the not very serious conflagration and were still more impatient with the incompetency of the New Orleans men who were directing the engines. It is fair to the repute of the New Orleans fire companies to remember that the active youngsters among them had promptly taken service in the regiments raised from the city. Their places had been filled by older men who were for the most part physically incapable of service in the field, and therefore equally incompetent to do very energetic work as firemen. The patience of the New Yorkers did not last very long. After a few minutes' inspection of the operations, they dashed in, knocked away from the engines the aged men (who were perhaps not entirely unwilling to be relieved from the task), took charge of the building, established fire lines, and finished up the fire in business-like shape. I think I heard some expressions of regret that the conflagration in question was not large enough to give any fair scope to their skill.

We were called into line at guard-mount the next morning to be reprimanded for our insubordination by the Adjutant-General of the post. His reproof was, properly enough, the more severe against the officers who should have kept the men under control than against the men themselves. One result of the escapade was, however, the prompt organisation of a military fire brigade for the city, at the head of which was placed the Major of the 131st, an old-time captain of one of the crack New York fire companies. This fire brigade was so well handled that, notwithstanding a good many beginnings of fires (some of which were probably incendiary, although it was more likely that the burnings were started for the sake of plunder than on any military grounds), no serious conflagrations occurred during our occupancy of the city.

A more important service for the city which took shape later but which may be referred to here, was the organisation of a military health department, the direction of which was confided to a surgeon of one of the Boston regiments. The Southerners, particularly the women, had been quite free with their prophecies that while we might take the city, we should not be able to hold it. "Why," they said, "with the first summer season the fever will tire out you uns." As a fact, New Orleans had in peace times not been considered a safe abiding place for Northerners during the fever months of the year. It proved practicable, however, through the intelligent co-operation of our military health department with the military street-cleaning service, to secure for the city a standard of cleanliness that had never before been known, and during the three years of our occupancy, while there were sporadic cases of yellow fever and while the swamp fever or malarious fever were with us continually, there was no epidemic.

The street-cleaning work was put into the hands of a New York officer, who organised a corps of coloured workers. Some special engineering was from time to time required in order to keep the waters of Lake Pontchartrain from backing in upon the sewers and pushing out the contents into the streets. It is my impression that pumping apparatus was established at the lake which was brought into operation when through south-westerly winds the lake waters became seriously high. The streets of the city were in large part below the normal level of the river, and at the time of the spring floods the difference was very considerable. With heavy rains, there was no adequate outlet for the water and the sewers promptly became choked. As a result the streets would fill up with water to a depth of from one to six inches. Crossing was possible only through large stepping-stones placed for the purpose, stones which proved to be not a little inconvenient in the management, in the dark hours, of vehicles or horses.

It was our fortune to reach Louisiana during the rainy season. New Orleans seemed to us, after one or two experiences of swamping rains, a wet enough place, but when we were taken out to our first country camp a few miles out of the city, we really realised what damp conditions were. The rain was pretty steady for five or six weeks. I have a memory of the water coming down not in drops but in continuous streams. Then, as before explained, it did not run off as there was no place to run off to. The river was taking its course over its ridge of hills. I now realised the meaning of a reference that I had before heard to lower Louisiana as the country where there is but one hill and that the river runs over the top of.

Our second camp was on a piece of ground which, during a part of the year at least, must have been dry, a few

hundred feet back of the levee. Half a mile farther inland, began the swamp which during nine months of the year served to drain the strip of plantation land. During the other three months when the water in the swamp was high, the plantation had to give up any hope of being drained. It was during these "other months" that our experience began. We had tents and after a little experience we learned to dig ditches around the tents, and with some delay on the part of the quartermaster's department, we finally secured planking for floors. While we were waiting for these planks, we lay in the mud. After the flooring of the tents was completed, we were able, with the use of rubber blankets, to keep a little separation between ourselves and the water from below. There were very few tents, however, that were able long to withstand the drench of the tropical rain. Weak points would be discovered and would result in the trickling in of streams of increasing volume. The pressure against the tent of any portion of the occupant's body would at once make a connection with the water outside. Malarious fevers, rheumatic fevers, influenzas, and all the other botherations of damp environment soon took possession of the camp. Guard duty was, of necessity, kept up, but drills and parades were postponed. I remember the discouragement of the men when they attended the first of the funerals. The graves had been dug in ordinary course (and with more care than proved practicable later when the funerals multiplied), but by the time we were prepared to deposit what was left of our comrades, the graves were filled with water. The impression given was that we were living on a raft of inconsiderable thickness and that a very little digging or piercing brought us to the flood below. Men who had lain in the mud with comparative patience became quite discouraged when they realised that they could not sleep dry after death. The

Catholics were particularly troubled, I do not yet realise why.

The chaplain of our regiment had been one of the unfortunate selections made by the Y. M. C. A. committee which was responsible for our organisation. He had been an active Calvinist, and was not a bad preacher, but the temptations of New Orleans proved too strong for his morals, and it was necessary to dismiss him from the service. The men were troubled at seeing their comrades buried without religious service, and some of them asked for my help in the matter. I took charge of the burials, utilising for the purpose a simple military service so worded as to offend no denominational prejudices. Now and then there was occasion for a few personal words over the grave of some comrade whose work had been distinctive or whose character had counted. As a result of these talks, I received a request from the men, confirmed from the commander, to preach each Sunday when the military duties did not interfere with service. I found it an interesting experience. There is the advantage in army preaching that the audience cannot get away. The men are called to the service by drum tap or bugle, and they are released only when the uplifted hand of the chaplain (or acting chaplain) gives the signal for the tap or bugle indicating dismissal.

I was still a member of the Calvinist congregation in New York, but my long term of absence had weakened my direct relations with, and my full acceptance of, the Calvinistic creed. In any case it was, of course, essential (and on this point I received a caution from our commander) to avoid in the sermons any doctrinal contentions, and to restrict the teaching to beliefs that were common to all Christians and to suggestions for conduct. There was some interest in the task of shaping a sermon which while expressing convictions on one's own part should not

offend the convictions of others, particularly when the others included groups as varied as those who were brought together in a New York regiment. I had to do with Catholics, Hebrews (a small group), Calvinists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, and with a number also who would have found it rather difficult to define the nature of their faith. My preaching secured sufficient acceptance to have my work as acting chaplain continued, by request, in the post of Adjutant, and I gave such service after my promotion until my capture in Virginia a year or more later. The preaching was really the easiest part of the undertaking. The responsibility came in giving counsel from time to time to men who got into trouble, and to caring for the sick and wounded when they were still conscious and needing care.

I shall never know how much my preaching influenced my hearers, but, as I doubt not is often enough the case, either the preaching or the preparation for the preaching brought about a material modification in the views of the preacher. As before stated, it was necessary that my talks should avoid doctrinal points, but in thinking over the shaping of these talks, it was impossible to avoid giving fresh consideration to certain theological conclusions that I had before accepted as final. The longer I preached, the less of a Calvinist I found myself, and I may mention here, as the subject will not call for further reference in this narrative, that when the war was over, I found it necessary to go to the deacons of my society, which happened at that time to be without a pastor, and to persuade them to put me out of the congregation.

The longest rain will come to an end sometime. By March the intervals of sunshine became more frequent and early in April we were moved from Camp Parapet to our next station on the line of defence of the city, at Bayou Lafourche, a village on a railroad running westward from

New Orleans towards Texas and distant from the city about forty miles. This railroad, after leaving Algiers (the town immediately opposite New Orleans), was carried through swampland interrupted, at intervals of a few miles, by oases which gave sufficient dry land for settlements or for plantation headquarters. The regiment was scattered in detachments holding several of these village points. The headquarters were for a time at Lafourche and later a little farther along the road at Terrebonne. Through this forest swamp, the same arrangement of land and water obtained as in the lower division of the State that we had already passed through. The series of bayous which debouched either into the Mississippi or into the swamps, occupied the higher lines of ground. Along the shores of these bayous, lay the acres which could be utilised for plantations and settlements, acres varying in width from an eighth of a mile to two or three miles. Back of these arable strips, stretched the dark mass of the gum-tree swamp. In the several villages occupied by us as stations, the buildings that were available were assigned in order of importance, first to the hospital, second to hospital stores, quartermaster's stores and commissariat, and third to headquarters. As sergeant in charge of the quartermaster's stores, I had the advantage, during this portion of my service, of sleeping for the greater part of the time in a frame house. This probably had its own service in helping me to withstand the swamp fever.

The men slept in *A* tents, and here as at Camp Parapet we were able after a little delay to secure planks for the flooring. The question was not merely of protection against the damp but of defence against the crawling things, the moccasin snakes, the scorpions, and tarantulas. I remember the scorpions being peculiarly persistent. When they could not work their way up from below,

through or around the flooring, they would crawl up to the top of the tent and drop down from above onto the blanket, waiting for a favourable opportunity for a stab at the occupant. It was necessary also always to shake out one's sheets or beds in the morning, as these were favourite resting-places not only for scorpions and spiders but for moccasins. In connection with the activity of reptile and insect life, the work of the sentries was at times particularly harassing. I was well pleased that my own responsibilities saved me from the necessity of standing sentry or of doing picket duty.

There were certain paths through the swamp the entrance to which had to be watched. Our attention had been called to them by friendly darkies who pointed out that our camps could be fired upon from the rear by antagonists knowing the country and able to make their way in places where we should certainly have come to grief. A sentry's post, on the end of a log possibly projecting out over the dark water, was by no means a cheerful one. Below were the slime, the alligator, and the moccasin, and about him were mosquitoes of a size and ferocity not known even in New Jersey, while the sounds coming from the swamp might easily, as the imagination waxed active in the darkness, be magnified into the approach of the enemy. These swamp sounds varied curiously according as one was in the midst of them or a mile or two distant. In the swamp itself, there would simply be a confusion of noise as the alligators bellowed, the owls hooted, the frogs croaked, and the mosquitoes buzzed. At a distance of a mile or two, these apparently discordant sounds merged together into a massive and not inharmonious choir for which one might have imagined that the alligators served as bass, the frogs as baritone, and the owls as treble.

Lafourche had been a shipping point for a considerable

group of sugar plantations, and while the retreating Confederates had destroyed the storehouses and some of the dwellings, there were enough left to make a little settlement. The quartermaster's department secured for the protection of its stores the largest of the remaining buildings and, as sergeant in charge, I shared with the stores the protection of the building. My immediate chief, the quartermaster, was becoming, through the ravages of drink, increasingly helpless, and I had in my own hands the practical responsibility for the administration of the property. I shared the building with the sergeant in charge of the commissary stores. His name was Beveridge. He was a Scotchman of mature age who had already seen service in one of Her Majesty's regiments. I know that his experience proved of advantage to myself in a good many details of the business that we were called upon to carry on together. My work as quartermaster-sergeant was varied by trips up and down the railroad to the other posts held by my own regiment, and these trips occasionally took me as far as the brigade headquarters that had been fixed at Brashear City. This was a settlement on the Brashear Bayou some eighty miles from New Orleans, and constituted at that time the terminus of the Texas railroad. It was at the head of navigation for a broad bayou which stretched down directly to the Gulf. It is now called Morgan City and is an important point in the great railroad system to Texas, and as a shipping port it has become a place of considerable moment.

In June, 1863, the division of the regiment with which the quartermaster's department was for the time associated was moved up to Brashear City. The regimental headquarters remained at Bayou Bœuf, while three companies were left at Bayou Lafourche. The army of General Banks was at this time engaged in front of Port Hudson. This fortified cliff controlled with its guns, at a

point perhaps 150 miles up the Mississippi from New Orleans, the river navigation. Banks had at this time collected into his besieging army nearly every available regiment in his command. He had left small bodies of troops in charge of a series of outlying posts between New Orleans and Port Hudson, and was endeavouring, with forces that were small for the job, to control the country westward from New Orleans as far as Brashear City. The river itself, at least up to the point where it was challenged by the guns of Port Hudson, was patrolled and controlled by our fleet. The siege of Port Hudson was proving a much more difficult task than had been anticipated. It was found to be impracticable to bring to bear, with any efficiency, upon the batteries on the cliff the guns from Farragut's fleet. On the land side, the lines, which possessed natural defences in the configuration of the cliff on the river and in certain swamplands on the east, had been very carefully fortified by an old West Point engineer. General Banks had begun the siege with a force of perhaps twelve thousand men, which had gradually been reduced by illness and by fruitless assaults to about eight thousand. The Confederate commander, General Gardiner, had within his defences fit for duty at the time the fort was finally surrendered about six thousand. As far as I now understand the records of the siege (of course at this time our information was unofficial and fragmentary), the Confederates had shown themselves quite capable of resisting our attacks whether from the river or from the land. Their most serious antagonist was the approach of starvation. They were getting down to their last bean. Our own army had sufficient food as long as the communications with New Orleans were maintained, but the energetic Confederate, General Dick Taylor (son of President Zachary Taylor of Mexican fame), proposed to do what he could to break up these com-

munications. His force was not sufficient for a direct assault upon Banks's army, but was employed to overcome the little garrisons which had been left at the series of posts along the river and in the Lafourche country. Believing that Port Hudson would still be able to hold out for a term of weeks, Taylor devoted himself to harassing the rear of Banks's army and to breaking up these detached posts. My own regiment came into a most unsatisfactory experience with Taylor's energetic tactics, and we naturally debited our misfortunes (and I think at this time in reading over our records we were critical with full measure of justice) to the stupidity of Banks.

At this time there was at Brashear City nothing in the shape of trade or commerce other than the arrival of the daily train from New Orleans, upon which train we depended for mails, orders, food, and ammunition, and the occasional coming up the bayou of one of the bayou gunboats or of a transport. As I now remember, the little village was stretched along the line of the bayou, which at that point was perhaps a quarter of a mile wide. On the western side was another small settlement, the name of which I have forgotten. The dry ground on our side of the bayou extended back for a width varying from a third of a mile to half a mile, and on the edge of the settlement land and of the plantation lands stood up against the sky the interminable gum trees of the swamp. The place took its name from the old Brashear plantation, which had been in the hands of the same family for generations. The plantation house was the only important residence in the settlement. There were further a village store, one or two big warehouses which had formerly been used for the storage of sugar-cane and which were now filled in with commissary and quartermaster's stores, a railroad station, one or two modest shanties that had formerly been occupied by plantation officials,

the railroad officials, and the shipping people, and the usual group of shanties for the coloured folk. As far as I can recall, there were, with but one exception, no white families left in the place. The able-bodied men had gone off promptly into the Confederate army and had arranged to shift their women folk either back to New Orleans or westward to settlements well within the Confederate lines.

The district westward that was in view over the water was from the plantation point of view much more important and more valuable than that on the New Orleans side. The Bayou Teche, which found its way to the Gulf somewhat to the westward of the Brashear waters, was the centre of an extended district of a very fruitful sugar-raising country. As is not always the case, the country was not only fruitful but picturesque. An impression of its beauty is given in a few descriptive lines in Longfellow's *Evangeline* and fuller descriptions are to be found in certain of Cable's Louisiana stories. A week or two prior to my own migration to Brashear City, General Emory had carried a couple of divisions of his army across the Brashear bayou up into the Teche district. He had had a lively fight on the Bisland plantation, where he had won some success over Dick Taylor's troops, but had failed to inflict the crushing defeat for which he had hoped and which was justified by his stronger force. After this incursion, the larger portion of our forces was, as stated, hurried up to complete the lines about Port Hudson. There were left at Brashear City some 1200 or 1300 sick and wounded men and about a million dollars' worth of stores. A force of three hundred men was placed at Brashear City to protect these stores and the sick-camp. This force comprised about two hundred men of the 176th, while the remaining one hundred were made up by small drafts from a Rhode Island battery, from the 156th New

York, and from one of the Connecticut regiments. We also had a few heavy artillerymen under the command of Major Anthony of Rhode Island, who was, as senior officer, commandant of the post. Two or three heavy guns were mounted in what was by courtesy termed a fort. These guns were ranged for protection against an attack from the west—that is to say, from across the water. As a support for the handful of artillerymen in the fort was given a portion of Company *A* of our regiment, under the command of its captain, Wellington. With this captain was serving as first lieutenant Daniel Gano Gillette. Gillette was the son of a Baptist pastor in New York City. He came into importance later in insurance circles as the manager of the Texas business of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of New York.

It was the expectation that our sojourn at Brashear City might last for some little time and we were, therefore, authorised to fit up the post with such conveniences as were obtainable. The stores belonging to the quartermaster's department for which I was held responsible (the Quartermaster, K. was then at the post but was a very ill man) were placed in one of the sugar warehouses and my quartermaster's tent was pitched not far from the warehouse on a pleasant piece of green with an attractive view across the stream and down towards the Gulf. This quartermaster's tent was the most conspicuous point in our camp as I had reason to realise later. Our tents were comfortably floored, the planking having been secured through the pulling down of some superfluous buildings. The detail of planking for tent floor was of importance not for comfort or for splendour, but for protection against nocturnal intruders of one kind or another. I recall that while my quartermaster's tent was being put into shape, I was sleeping in a temporary tent with nothing between me and the ground but my blanket. On awaken-

ing in the morning, I lifted the blanket for the usual shaking out, and a big moccasin who had made himself comfortable beneath me in the sand through the night, ran out at one end while I started to run out of the other. The plantation house was utilised for headquarters and later for a hospital.

I mentioned one exception to the exodus of the white settlers. A lady named Kerr with her daughter had remained in one of the houses belonging to the railroad. Her husband had been division superintendent of the road and was at that time serving as a major with Taylor's force. I had been able to be of some little service to Mrs. Kerr in connection with some quartermaster's stores that she desired to purchase and I had, therefore, the privilege of calling at the house. I was, however, at this time not very much in condition for social privileges and found in fact my official tasks more than sufficient to occupy my time and strength. Before our command had left Lafourche Crossing I had been brought down with the swamp fever. I do not know what the technical or scientific name for the fever might be but troublesome it certainly was, and it had a great deal to do with the weakening of our Northern troops. I had pulled up sufficiently to take my part in the moving of my stores but when these had been safely placed in the warehouse, I was taken with a relapse. Some news of my illness (I do not think that I wrote directly about it) had reached the people at home and my sister Minnie had taken the resolution of making her way to New Orleans for the purpose of nursing me. I do not know why my father should ever have given his consent to the plan. There were various difficulties in the way of the journey to New Orleans and much more serious obstacles to prevent a civilian, and a girl at that, from securing transportation and protection from New Orleans to the front. There was also the fair probability

that by the time her journey could be completed her brother would have gotten through with his fever (in one way or the other) so that her presence might not prove of any real service.

However much weight may have been given to these several considerations, my sister's wish in the matter was permitted to prevail. My father obtained passage for her on one of the Government transports steaming to New Orleans and secured the necessary letters to the adjutant-general and to the quartermaster's department in which letters were presented the purpose of her visit and the requests for the necessary permits and transportation to whatever point my regiment might at the time of her arrival be occupying. Minnie was particularly fortunate in connection with one of her letters. The quartermaster-general of the department was Colonel H. The Colonel was a West Pointer and, I believe, a very efficient officer. The gossip of the department did not give as favourable an impression of his character as a man. His wife, who was with him in his temporary home in New Orleans, was the cousin of old friends of my sisters. Minnie had met Colonel H. in New York and the letters that she brought from the Swifts recalled this meeting. Mrs. H., who was an intelligent and very attractive woman, was interested on more grounds than one in getting hold of my sister. Society in New Orleans was at the time much restricted. The women from the North were few in number, while the women of New Orleans were entirely unwilling to give any social recognition to the invaders.

Mrs. H. insisted that Minnie should make her home at the Quartermaster's house. She was there at the outset for a few days while the address of my division of the regiment was being looked up. In the scattered condition of this portion of Banks's army, there was some absurd delay in getting the record straightened out and Minnie

was forwarded for at least one trip in a wrong direction. Finally, however, she made her way to Brashear City and on a sunshiny evening early in June reported herself, very much to my surprise, at my quartermaster's tent. I was by this time convalescent and while still weakened and good for nothing, my condition was not such as to call for any immediate anxiety. Minnie was, therefore, free to amuse herself as opportunity might present. The officers of the post were much interested in the purpose of her visit and as she was, with the exception of the Kerrs, the only lady within sight, they were quite prepared to make much of her. A tent was assigned to her and a coloured girl was found for a servant. She was at Brashear City for about a fortnight and managed, I think, to enjoy herself pretty thoroughly. I remember one Sunday noon my own coloured man coming in with some little excitement to report to me that "young Missus, she did preach right powerful." I found that there had been a camp-meeting for the coloured folks at a point on the edge of the swamp and Minnie had attended as a matter of personal interest and had been moved to do some of the talking. I have no doubt it was a very good preachment.

At the end of the fortnight, Major Anthony received some caution to the effect that an attack might be impending. I do not think that he could have put much faith in the information for he certainly took very few precautions to prepare for any serious fighting. The caution served, however, as a reminder that we constituted the farthest picket post towards the Rebel lines westward. This was evidently not a proper place for a civilian girl who had no duties at the post. The Major, therefore, counselled my sister's return to New Orleans. There she was cordially received again by her friend Mrs. H. who finally persuaded her to remain with the task of giving such tuition as he was willing to receive to the young H.,

an only and somewhat spoiled child. With this task for her occupation constituting an offset for her board, Minnie remained for a month or two in New Orleans. She amused herself among other ways in writing, over the signature of "Mary Israel," letters to the New York *Evening Post.* She also went on with certain of her medical reading. During these earlier weeks of June the siege of Port Hudson was progressing or rather, I should say, continuing, for the progress seemed to be slight.

The post of Brashear City was, as explained, well to the front; the portion of the State of Louisiana which was still controlled by Confederates, and through which migrated from village to village the Confederate State government, lay to the westward of us and beyond stretched the great State of Texas where the United States flag at this time covered only a bit of the shore land at Galveston. The settlement of Brashear City stretched along the water side. Back of the settlement were a few hundred acres of sugar-cane land and back of those the swamp. Early in the morning of the 23d of June, I was roused from my comfortable quarters in the big quartermaster's tent by the sound of a round shot coming over from the Rebel side of the bayou. I was naturally interested, the more particularly as the arrival of the second shot showed that my own tent was a mark for the Rebel battery. It was probably mistaken for the headquarters.

The gunner got the range so that the second shot came through the upper part of the tent, breaking the tent pole and bringing down the canvas in a confused tangle. I tumbled out of the rear end, completing my toilet behind the nearest tree, and then reported to headquarters for orders. It seemed quite possible that the little bombardment had been undertaken merely on the general principle of worrying the other fellow. It was evidently only a

field battery with which we had to contend, the guns being probably ten-pounders. We got up a couple of our own batteries, and under the direction of Major Anthony made such vigorous reply to our Texan friends that their fire gradually slackened, no serious mischief being done on either side. Then, not a little to our surprise, a couple of long rows of butternut uniforms came down to the edge of the bayou and began peppering across with their rifles. Our surprise was due chiefly to the fact that the rifle shots barely carried over the intervening water and the balls that did reach our tent lines were for the most part spent. We hammered back with our four fieldpieces and really did a little mischief.

Suddenly there was a volley from our rear and we realised that the firing in front had been carried on only to engage our attention. A couple of long lines of "butternuts" had debouched quietly from the swamp (the dry paths through which were of course well known to the residents of the territory although they would have been rather dangerous for us to attempt to follow) and, in open formation, came across the cane fields at a double-quick pace firing half volleys as they ran. We tumbled back from the shore line and got into such formation as was possible under the circumstances. The Rebel line overlapped us, however, at both ends while our groups were scattered and spread in such fashion that it did not prove practicable to bring them together into any effective fighting line. One of the heavy guns of the little fort was brought about with some difficulty so as to bear on the cane fields instead of on the bayou. My friend Lieutenant Gillette had been active in this part of the work but the moving of the gun by hand had been a slow matter and by the time he had gotten it to bear on the cane fields the Rebel line had in large part at least reached the group of houses and tents so that firing was difficult without risk

of injuring friends as well as foes. I think that the big gun was utilised for but two shots in all. The men in the sick camp were without arms and representing as they did fragments of a number of regiments (about all in the army corps) were without organisation. There was no way of making immediately effective such fighting power as might be possessed by the steadier of the convalescents. They could, therefore, only stay quiet, keeping themselves as much as practicable out of the double line of fire.

A group of forty or fifty of my regiment to which I had joined myself made its way to the little plantation cemetery. Here had been buried the members of the Brashear family and in some little plots had been laid to rest the family servants. The graves of the white folks, or at least of the bigger white folks, were marked by big square or oblong tombstones with an occasional monument. The graves of the darkies were indicated simply by little headstones. We utilised as far as practicable for shelter the larger tombstones, dividing for the purpose into little groups. Behind these tombs, we kept up for an hour or two a scattering fire and succeeded in repelling at least one attack from the front. Now and then when there came to be too large a party behind the tomb for satisfactory cover, we dared each other to break across the line of fire to some other shelter. In one case I remember tossing pennies to see which should make the run. Towards noon, however, the position became untenable. The Rebels had worked their way through the camp to what was the rear of the line of battle (although the actual front of the camp) and had gotten between us and the bayou. We did what we could to hold the little wall of the cemetery westward but the line was too small for an effective resistance. The other groups had by this time been broken up and captured. There was nothing for us to do but to accept the inevitable. A white handkerchief

was put up over one of the tombstones and in a few minutes we were relieved of our muskets and pistols and marshalled into the newly appointed camp of prisoners. The fighting had been pretty active while it lasted but as actions went it was of course only a skirmish. The Rebel line in advance had comprised perhaps a thousand men. Against these we had about four hundred under arms. Apart from this difference in numbers, we had as it happened been taken by surprise and were therefore at a disadvantage.

The troops that had taken possession of Brashear City comprised a portion of the force with which General Dick Taylor was assaulting the communications between General Banks's army at Port Hudson and his base of supplies at New Orleans and at Algiers. Taylor was emphatically a fighting general. He had had a West Point training and had seen some frontier service with the regular army, but at the time the war broke out he was engaged in railroad business in New Orleans. The Confederate authorities seem never to have had any very great confidence in his discretion and while senior in age and in military experience to nearly all of his associates among the general officers of the Southern department, he was never given the full authority of a separate command.

The plan of the campaign under which, with a comparatively small force, he was making it "hot" for the army of General Banks that was fully absorbed in holding its position outside of the fortifications of Port Hudson, was said to have originated with Taylor and to have been consented to with some reluctance by the commander of the department, General Kirby Smith. The capture of Brashear City, the most advanced westward of Banks's posts, constituted the first step in the assault on his lines. After the fall of Brashear City, Taylor's forces were directed in succession against a series of posts lying

back of the Mississippi between Algiers and Port Hudson. He was successful at Bayou Bœuf and Terrebonne where the forces attacked included detachments of my own regiment. He was pluckily repulsed at Bayou Lafourche where the forces, including three companies of the 176th, were commanded, and very ably commanded, by our Major Morgans. He was also repulsed in a more serious attack on the more important post Fort Donaldson, which commanded the channel of the river at a point some thirty miles above New Orleans. He succeeded, however, in getting possession of a number of the river posts, intrenching himself within so many well selected positions along the river that communication by land between Banks and his department headquarters was entirely cut off. The control of the river rested, of course, with our gunboats, but even for these and to a still greater extent for the transports the route to Port Hudson, the force besieging which called for continued supplies of food and ammunition, was difficult and often dangerous. Taylor's guns, placed at convenient points along the river, pounded away at the gunboats and succeeded more than once with the use of red-hot shot in setting fire to transports or in driving them ashore. If Port Hudson had been able to hold out for a few weeks longer, as it undoubtedly could have held out had it not been for the fall of Vicksburg, the position of Banks, with his attenuated and seriously invalided army, would have been seriously imperilled. Even we youngsters were able to realise the serious consequences that were likely to come upon our army and upon our control of the State through Taylor's success at Brashear.

The prisoners were collected in a hastily arranged prison camp with a dividing line between the officers and the men. The old plantation house, which we had used as post headquarters, was promptly turned into a

hospital, for which there was immediate need. There were in all some two or three hundred wounded, the number being perhaps equal for the Butternuts and the Blues. A tall Texan who called himself the brigade-surgeon took charge of the hospital, but having succumbed very promptly to the influence of some Yankee whiskey that he had captured, he was put out by the Rebel brigadier (General Green), as unfit for service, and our own surgeon, Dr. Willetts of Brooklyn, was requested to take charge. Willetts was, of course, very ready to do what was in his power for the wounded of either side, but the difficulties of his task were considerable. He had no assistance, the assistant surgeon being at another post and the hospital steward having been killed in the action. He had but a small supply of appliances, and while there was a great mass of food in the warehouse, there was very little that was fitted for the use of wounded men in hot weather; and the weather *was* hot, the temperature going up in the sun to a hundred and anything and in the shade staying in the high nineties, with the additional burden for the sufferers of carrying an enormous amount of moisture. The fact that Willetts was himself a prisoner interfered also, of necessity, with his authority over subordinates. Even the darkies were sulky and unwilling to help.

As a result, the old plantation house became a very uncomfortable centre of suffering. Fortunately perhaps for the doctor, the men died pretty fast, and those who died first had the easiest time. The damp heat brought an influx of maggots into the wounds which added very much to the burdens of the wounded and to the requirement for care. It is to be remembered that the Lister antiseptic treatment of wounds came into force only eight or nine years later. Lister's discoveries and appliances would have saved thousands of lives during our Civil War if they

had been arrived at in time. Pretty well exhausted with his work of his first two or three days, the doctor came over to the prison camp to look for help and I volunteered to take up my quarters in the hospital and to render what service I could in caring for the wounded. It was an undesirable task but Willetts had been very good to me and he had a right to any assistance I could give him, and accordingly I took my blanket over to the plantation house and reported as acting hospital steward. My knowledge of appliances was nil, but the elementary things were speedily learned and I was able occasionally to secure for the doctor an hour's sleep which otherwise would have been out of his reach. The heat, the stench from the wounds, and the dirt of the building which, without authority over service, it was impossible to keep clean, proved, however, after eight or ten days' work, too much for my own control of myself. I was still weak from the swamp fever and I was now knocked over with what the doctor called gangrene poison. The few cots were all occupied and the men were lying on the floor and outside on the piazza. I was fortunate to secure with my blanket a corner of the piazza.

I remember that while lying there in a kind of half stupor, I saw the coloured men who had taken wrapped up in a blanket to the plantation cemetery the body of a chap who had passed away during the night, bringing their burden back to the piazza. The Texan surgeon, a little less drunk than usual, happened to be sitting at the front door and asked pretty roughly what the men were doing with that thing.

"Why, Massa! We done see him kick."

"Well, put him down where you stand. He'll be ready for you before night."

It was probable that the kicking was at worst but an unconscious motion, but I imagine that this was but one

of similar instances when death was hastened by premature burial.

The so-called settlement at Brashear City had been pretty well broken up during the campaign of the preceding year. There had been but a small group of houses outside of the buildings belonging to the plantation and these had been occupied by successive groups of officers and soldiers and more or less ransacked. I have referred to the one house, that of the Kerrs, which during our occupation retained its original inmates. While the name was German the lady herself was more than half French and the daughter, who was about seventeen and who was quite pretty, had had her schooling in a convent in New Orleans. The French of both ladies was more fluent than their English although they had no difficulty in understanding our vernacular. The husband was a major in Taylor's army who had naturally been interested in this attack on his home town and had come in with the Texan troops. I had seen something of Mrs. Kerr and her daughter during the preceding weeks although they did not encourage the visits of bluecoats. After the capture of the place, both ladies gave some hours each day to service in the hospital, service which secured from both Willetts and the Rebel commander cordial recognition. In finding the Quartermaster-Sergeant among the patients, Mrs. Kerr identified me as an acquaintance and asked Dr. Willetts whether I was going to get well. He told her that under the circumstances he thought the chances were against me. She then suggested that she would be ready, if he thought that it would help matters, to have me taken over to the attic in her house. He jumped at the opportunity very gladly, feeling, as he told me later, some responsibility for having brought a youngster of my little strength into such a pest-hole. Two darkies carried me over to the attic in the Kerr cottage. The quarters were limited and were

hot, the sun beating down directly on the sloping roof, but the air was clean and the freedom from dirt and from the environment of the wounded men was in itself an enormous relief. I began to mend very rapidly and had a right to consider myself fortunate.

The two ladies gave me all the care that was possible with the limited resources at their command, and an old darky servant who had loyally remained in their service was also ready with his assistance. The little girl made a practice of coming to me once or twice a day and carrying on a lively conversation in French. Fortunately my experience in Paris was not so far back but that I could manage my end of the talk. She was, naturally enough, keenly interested in the success of the Confederacy, and was perfectly confident that this was to come about very shortly. She brought to me certain scraps of news from the armies of the North that she had heard her father talking over. The battle of Gettysburg had been fought a week or two back, but the reports of what had actually happened came to Louisiana, or at least to that portion of the State which was within the Confederate lines, in a very fragmentary and confused form. At all events, my young lady was pretty clear in her mind that Lee had marched through Pennsylvania with absolute success; had been received with open arms in Baltimore, and was at that time besieging Philadelphia. Washington was isolated and was certain to surrender within a week or two. I naturally declined to take in this report as authoritative, but I may admit that it made me very anxious at the time. A week or two later, when our troops had again taken possession of the post and I was arranging to get mother and daughter taken in safety to New Orleans, the young lady admitted that she had exaggerated the story of the Confederate success (by that time we had the news substantially correct), but that she had got the impression

that her aggressive talk acted as a tonic upon me and that it had helped to bring back my vitality. I was glad to think that this pretty girl of seventeen had not been entirely unsympathetic with her mother's patient, and in any case I had full reason for gratitude to both mother and daughter when I bid them an affectionate farewell.

I lay in the Kerr attic for about a fortnight. From my blanket on the floor I could see out through the little roof windows, one of which looked northward up the stream and towards the Confederate lines and the other southward towards the Gulf. My attention was struck one morning by some rather hurried operations in the Rebel camp, which was also within view of my window. Orderlies were running about and guns and waggons were being hastily put into shape for service or for transporting. A few minutes later flames broke out from the big storage warehouse. I then realised that the post must be threatened by an advance of our troops and that the Rebels were preparing to evacuate it. They had but two or three vehicles and a small amount of mule power, so that it was impracticable for them to take away the stores that they had captured. Rolling over to the other side of the attic I could see coming slowly from the direction of the Gulf the smoke columns of the vessels which were causing this alarm. I counted four pairs of columns, meaning of course four vessels and probably indicating, in accordance with the usual routine, that there were two gunboats and a couple of transports.

The Rebel troops fell into column while the prisoners were ordered into line for inspection and roll-call. The commissioned officers were marched off under a special guard in advance of the movement of the whole body. They had before them a toilsome march which ended in a stockade in western Texas. There they were kept for about fourteen months and when they were finally ex-

changed, those who remained were for the most part in such poor physical condition that they were no longer fit for service and had to be retired. For many of the officers of my regiment Brashear City was the first and the last action of the war. The enlisted men were paroled subject to exchange. The details of the paroling I learned only later. The men were called upon to sign papers pledging them not to take up arms until they had been duly exchanged. They were then left for the care of our own incoming troops. It was with this group that the Quartermaster-Sergeant properly belonged, but in the hurry of their closing preparations I was, fortunately for my own comfort, overlooked, the commissioner of prisoners completing his lists without including in these my name. I lay in the attic expecting a summons from moment to moment but having no idea of volunteering my presence unless under order. I heard the Major downstairs kissing his wife and daughter good-bye and heard the women weeping that they were again to be left with the Yankees. I never saw anything more than his back and he had taken equal pains to have no official knowledge that his wife had a guest in the house.

As soon as the last of the Butternuts had disappeared, I hobbled downstairs on my crutches and made my way to the little wharf. The leading gunboat was already in sight, immediately followed by a transport bearing the brigade flag of General Birge. The General was a Connecticut man whom I had come to know pleasantly and who was, if I remember rightly, an acquaintance of my father's. As he landed with his adjutant, he was naturally somewhat surprised to be greeted by one small Yankee.

"What are you doing here, sergeant?" he enquired.

"Why sir," I reported, "they went away and forgot me." The adjutant added some word to the effect that

I did not look to be very dangerous to the Confederacy and that it was his opinion they had not thought me worth taking.

My immediate urgency was to secure a guard for the cottage of Mrs. Kerr. Other buildings in the settlement in addition to the big warehouse were already in flames and I was afraid that stragglers might do mischief to this particular cottage. I explained hastily to the General the care that Mrs. Kerr and her daughter had rendered to our wounded and he hurried up some guards to her house. The brigade adjutant then wrote out a brief statement of Mrs. Kerr's services, which I signed as witness, and to this the General attached a safe-conduct which would give protection to Mrs. Kerr and her household at any point within the Federal lines. Such a document was of exceptional value in a territory the control of which shifted between the two parties from month to month. The General decided later, after looking into the conditions of the post, that he would not undertake to re-occupy it and that it would no longer be a safe place for women. He therefore sent Mrs. Kerr and the daughter into New Orleans in a special car with their furniture and they were the only people who took out of Brashear City any of the property that belonged to them. A house was assigned to her in New Orleans where as far as I knew she abode in safety during the rest of the war.

General Birge found that there was nothing to be gained by pursuing the battalions of the active Taylor. His own troops had been relieved a few days earlier from siege duty by the surrender of Port Hudson. After the surrender, General Taylor found it necessary to withdraw his troops rapidly from the advance positions he had taken up along the river. He fell back through the Teche to the Red River. I reported myself to the post adjutant in New Orleans, and, after a fortnight in the hospital, was

able to return to my regiment, or to what was left of my regiment, at Bonnet Carré, a post on the Mississippi about forty miles above New Orleans. This was early in August, 1863.

XIII

I Re-Enlist for the War

WHEN the paroled men of the regiment had been duly exchanged and had reported for duty at Bonnet Carré, the regiment itself was mustered out of service. It had been originally enlisted (as a part of a levy of about one hundred thousand men) for a term of nine months. In the autumn of 1862, when our service began, the authorities in Washington were still hopeful of being able to bring the war to a close before another year had expired, but by the autumn of 1863, they had better realisation of the extent of the task, and notwithstanding the all-important successes of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, they were not prepared to fix any early date for the recovery of the extended territory of the Confederacy. The regiment had, at the time of the close of its original term of service in 1863, been under arms for about twelve months. The opportunity was given to the men of the 176th, as to all the other nine months' volunteers, to re-enlist, and this time the term of service was fixed for three years or until the close of the war, whichever time should prove to be the shorter. The men of the 176th with hardly an exception re-enlisted and the regiment was re-organised on the basis of three years' service. A few officers promoted from other regiments were transferred to us, while the remaining

commissions were issued to our own non-commissioned officers, who after a year's rather varied service were now prepared to class themselves as veterans. The officers of the earlier organisation who had been carried off as prisoners to Texas were mustered out of service as far as their own regiment was concerned, but remained nevertheless entitled to pay until the close of their imprisonment; for not a few of these Texas prisoners the imprisonment was however terminated by death. I myself received a commission as Second Lieutenant, in which position however I did no service. A few months later, there came to me a commission as First Lieutenant, in which rank I was mustered in. I served for about six months as Quartermaster, and then secured the post of Adjutant, which I very much preferred.

The post at Bonnet Carré was occupied by the 176th and by detachments from certain other regiments of the division. It was also utilised to some extent as a sick camp. The land occupied by our post was carried away *in toto*, some years after the war, by one of the Mississippi spring floods, and I believe that there is now no settlement carrying the name of "square bonnet." The strip of dry land available for cultivation or for homes was in 1863 quite narrow. It is my memory that the swamps began at points from one half mile to a mile back of the river, and, as was nearly always the case with these back country swamps, the water in them deepened in direct proportion to the distance from the river. I had occasion to make some test of the depth of this particular strip of swamp. I had secured with a comrade leave of absence for a few days which I proposed to devote to looking up acquaintances in New Orleans. We were planning to journey to New Orleans by the steamboat *Iberville* that touched at Bonnet Carré every other day. Its mission was to carry mails, provisions, and invalids between the posts on the

river and New Orleans. The day on which our leave of absence began, we waited patiently for the *Iberville*, but no boat appeared. The next morning our patience had come to an end and we decided to make our way to the city by means of the railroad, the line of which ran some twelve miles back of the river and which could be reached by a trip through the swamp. We learned afterwards that the *Iberville* had been burned by the shells of a Rebel battery, and this report had to be accepted as a sufficient excuse for its non-appearance. We started in the morning under the guidance of a darky, who claimed to have knowledge of the country, to find a track across the swamp. The first mile or two was managed by walking on a more or less submerged foot-path. We then reached a flatboat which had been reserved for ferry purposes, and started to pole through one of the deeper channels of the swamp. The flatboat had unfortunately been reserved too long and was no longer seaworthy. She began to fill with water and in spite of energetic bailing (for which our soft hats were the only available vessels) she rapidly filled. We saved ourselves and our equipments by a hasty jump into the roots of an island of gum trees and the boat disappeared from view. The position was not an encouraging one. We were in the midst of a swamp that extended north and south for a long series of miles, and which while comparatively narrow from east to west had at this point hardly any through travellers. The water ranged in depth from three feet to thirty and the gum trees grew from the dark depths with a cheerfulness that was rather aggravating to beings who were not equally amphibious. We fired our pistols until we had nearly exhausted our cartridges.

Fortunately one of the later volleys caught the attention of a working party that was making repairs on the line of railroad. A friendly scow was pushed in by

these workers, and in a moist condition and not a little exasperated with the further diminution of our leave of absence, we were safely landed on the embankment. The daily train to New Orleans (the road was of course at that time run under military superintendence) had already passed. We started therefore to walk to the city, a distance of about forty miles. We were fortunate enough before we had gone over many miles to come across a handcar in charge of another working party busied with the repairs of the road. We took possession of the same as a war necessity and in the name of Uncle Sam, and while having no previous experience in the management of the crank, we succeeded, as the result of our energetic desire to get to the city, in making very good progress. We were going at the rate of perhaps twelve miles an hour when we passed within sight and within hearing of the working gang, who were probably themselves depending upon this same car to take them back to their camp. They said things rather forcibly as we whizzed past them and threatened all kinds of dire consequences. We turned to them however deaf ears and trundled on towards the city, which, pretty well tired out and with blistered hands, we reached late in the evening. The car was turned into the railroad department with the simple report that we had found it on the track, and we devoted ourselves with solid satisfaction to enjoying the small remaining time of our leave of absence.

On a visit made a few weeks earlier to New Orleans, this time on an official errand with despatches, I had not been quite so fortunate. I had come by boat part of the way, but for some reason or other the boat did not complete its trip and I was still some ten miles or more from the city late in the afternoon with despatches which I was instructed to deliver before night. I went to the quartermaster of that particular post and "commandeered"

a horse. The term is of course one of much later date, but the action for which this term gives such a convenient description was naturally of frequent occurrence during our own war times. The horse placed at my disposal was a big, hard-mouthed beast, quite capable of giving a serious pull to the arms of an experienced and strongly built rider. For a youngster like myself who knew very little about riding and who was still weak from recent fever, the beast was practically out of control. He did what he chose on the road to the city. It was in fact fortunate for his rider that on the whole he preferred that direction for I should most assuredly have been helpless to direct him if he had decided upon any other. As he came into town where the soft earth of the highway gave place to the rough cobbles of the street, his pace, instead of becoming milder, developed in speed and in jerkiness. I managed, somewhat to my own surprise, to steer him into Carondelet Street, in which were the headquarters that I was to report to. The steed galloped along the roughly paved street with so much earnestness that he failed to give consideration to the various pitfalls.

Just in front of the headquarters had been left (with what seemed to me criminal carelessness on the part of the post quartermaster) a pretty large hole. Into this hole came the front feet of the steed and over the head of the steed plunged the rider. I landed on my own head just in front of General Banks's headquarters and rolled over half stunned into the gutter. Fortunately the beast himself was somewhat troubled by the fall and remained huddled up in the hole. While stunned, I was not unconscious, and I was able even to observe the action of the sentry; instead of bringing his piece to the salute to which as an Adjutant I was entitled, he decided that the exceptional manner of my reporting called for a fuller measure of respect. He presented arms as if I had been a field

officer. As however he said nothing I had no legitimate ground for criticism. I managed to pick myself up and asking the sentry to look after the horse made my way with some difficulty to the Adjutant-General. I delivered my despatches, and explaining to the sentry that I had no present further requirement for the beast, went to the hospital for inspection and a rest.

At this time, my sister Minnie was sojourning in New Orleans, and still making her home with Mrs. H. She had, as before related, returned to New Orleans a week or two before the capture of Brashear City, but found herself too much interested in the exciting life of an active service department to be ready to go back to the comparative uneventfulness of the home in New York. My opportunities for seeing her were but few, but there was a satisfaction in thinking of her as within reach. Now that I was a commissioned officer, I had also the privilege of calling at the Colonel's house, which naturally it would have been more difficult to extend to a sergeant. Minnie did not succeed in again getting any nearer towards the front than Camp Parapet, the fortification which protected the city camp on the north, and she returned to New York early in the year of 1864.

General Banks had, since the fall of Port Hudson, been engaged in recuperating his shattered and very much exhausted troops and in arranging for filling up the depleted ranks of the old regiments with recruits from the North. Among the regiments which were so cared for and which stood in fact very much in need of additional rank and file was the 176th. At the time when we youngsters received our promotion as officers of the reorganised battalion we had left hardly sufficient muskets for battalion drill. The losses in action had not been considerable but the swamp had gotten in its deadly work with all the varieties of swamp diseases. We secured our

new reinforcements from the North in a lot of five hundred so-called recruits sent from New York City. The operations of the draft had already gone into effect. We had had news of the draft riots in New York of July, 1863, riots which, if I remember rightly, were going on at the time that the news arrived of the victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg.

I remember the indignation of our own New York City soldiers as the reports came to us of insurrection and incendiarism, and of the attempts made to block the all-essential work of reinforcing the men at the front. We had in our line a fair proportion of Irishmen, but they were as eager as the others for the chance of getting back to New York to get one blow at the "damned Rebels in the rear," "Rebels" who were made up, as it is to be remembered, almost exclusively of Irishmen. The draft had, however, gone on in due course after the riots had been suppressed and a large proportion of the men who were coming to us were brought from the conscript depot at Riker's Island. I heard later that it had become customary for the judges at sessions to give to criminals convicted of minor offences the choice between going to Blackwell's Island for the usual terms of four, three, or six months or of going to Riker's Island and thus helping to fill the quota of the State. Quite a number of these ruffians of the smaller class took the chances on Riker's Island either from a readiness for adventure or because they trusted to an opportunity of getting away before being finally placed in the ranks. As a result, the material that was coming to the front included a good deal of rubbish and worse than rubbish, and we youngsters who were beginning work under our new commissions had our hands full. Of the five hundred men who were turned over to the 176th about one hundred were as unsatisfactory a set of rascals as the streets of New York could produce. At the close

of a year, a goodly proportion of these had for various crimes or misdeeds been banished to the Dry Tortugas or had been shot or had deserted into the swamps. Another portion had become interested in the soldier's life and ambitious to make a record for themselves and had managed to outgrow their old-time tendencies to riotous conduct.

We were left with something over four hundred who had become good working material for soldiers and with these men the three-years' regiment made for itself before the war was over a very good record. The first year was, however, very hard on us youngsters. I found myself more than once in the middle of camp brawls in which the General Sessions men, more or less drunk, were engaged in bullying and pillaging the decent chaps. I had remembered reading in a long series of romances instances in which the stalwart young hero would, in the moment of emergency, strike out with his left and the villain would promptly tumble over. My villains had a bad habit of not behaving according to the precedent of the romances. My "left" was not a very stalwart one and the rascals whom I was trying to subdue were not only as a rule much stronger in physique but had a knowledge in the use of their fists which I had never secured. As a result, it was the representative of law and order or of the discipline of the United States Army who in the person of the small Adjutant was frequently the under man in the fight. I was obliged to abandon the heroic attitude business, and to go into the brawls with weapons in readiness, and the young officers who co-operated in the same troublesome work of enforcing discipline soon realised with myself the necessity for the occasional stroke with the sword or shot with the pistol. When the Bowery boys learned that the young officers meant business, they began either to behave or to desert, and after a time in one way or another we did get rid of the worst of them.

Among the recruits who were sent down from New York, I found an educated Austrian who had carried a lieutenant's commission in the imperial army and had been wounded at Solferino. Lieutenant Seibert had heard in Vienna that the American army was much in need of trained officers and that any man with experience in a European army could be assured of prompt advancement in the American service. With ambition for a higher commission, he had resigned from his home regiment and had imported himself into New York. He landed with no knowledge of English and with absolute ignorance of American conditions. He was caught at the landing by a runner who told him that a man of his experience would have no difficulty in securing in the near future a brigadier's commission, but that, according to the routine of the American army, it was necessary for their officers to pass through the ranks as enlisted men. Seibert was taken over to Riker's Island, where his runner pocketed the bounty (some hundreds of dollars) that was being paid in 1864, and gave to the Austrian ten dollars as a bonus, and Seibert found himself a week or two later bound for New Orleans, with the group of New York roughs above referred to. I had noticed one day at drill that the man was limping, and also that he did not understand the orders given in English. I had him detailed as my Adjutant clerk, and as he wrote a beautiful script, and had had previous experience with regimental records, I found him a very serviceable assistant. The reports of the 176th under his management won prestige as among the best in the division, but the Adjutant's clerk never became a brigadier-general.

The regimental adjutant had a large share of the responsibility for discipline and for the maintenance of order in camp. The commanding officer of the regiment, with the major and adjutant, constituted as a rule what is

known as the regimental court. The 176th, unfortunately, lost, at the time of its reorganisation, the service of Major Morgans, who was transferred for detached duty. He was succeeded by Major L., who had secured his promotion for gallantry in the field of action from a regiment in the army of the Potomac. L. was a good fighting man, but found it very difficult to endure the ennui of life between fights. In such quiet times, he got into the habit of continuous drinking, and he gave very little attention to his responsibilities for the management of the regiment. The Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel were during the rest of the war prisoners in Texas, and the regimental court, at the frequent times when the Major was sleeping off the effect of a conviviality of the preceding evening, comprised the Adjutant alone. A frequent source of trouble in camp, trouble that sometimes developed into a camp row, came, as is frequently the case in army life, from card playing. I found that the Irish and American soldiers were instructing the Germans (who comprised a considerable group among the new recruits) in the noble art of poker, and that the instruction came to be rather expensive for the Germans. I happened to be the only officer in the regiment who spoke German, and as well on that ground as because complaints came very generally in any case to the Adjutant, the Germans were accustomed to come to me with their difficulties. "*Ist es nicht eine Schande, Herr Adjutant,*" that a man should hold in succession (of course the word went on in German) four aces, four kings, four queens, and four knaves? I agreed with my German friend that it was "*eine Schande,*" and I usually found on investigation that the clever holder of honours by fours had at his disposal two or more packs of cards with identical backs. The packs of cards would be confiscated (the Adjutant came to have quite a collection which he distributed among such

of his friends as were card players) and the stakes were returned.

One of the difficulties that came upon the Adjutant in the matter of discipline had to do with the drummer boys. The twenty boys who constituted the drum-corps were supposed to be taken care of by the drum-major, but they were an enterprising and cocky set of young rascals, and very easily got out of hand in one fashion or another. No one drum-major was competent to protect our regimental camp, and still less the camps of neighbouring regiments, from depredations and intrusions of one kind or another from the young scamps. It became necessary to devise some form of punishment that the drummers would respect and that would not risk disabling them from marching or from service as drummers. I remember arranging to have a couple of the boys who had been persistently absent without leave march up and down in front of my tent for terms varying from fifteen minutes to two hours, carrying in their knapsacks damp sand. The punishment at the outset did not impress the boys as serious, but with every additional five minutes the strain on the shoulders became more severe, and by the time he got through with his march, the knapsack bearer was a very tired drummer indeed, and was earnest in his professions of good conduct for the future. The incident is referred to merely as an example of the variety of the responsibilities that came upon us young officers in the management of our regimental family.

According to the army regulations, the orders issued to the regiment, or to individual members of the regiment, did not need to be signed by the commanding officer. They bore simply the signature of the adjutant, with the words "by order of L., Major commanding." The wise regimental commander interferes very little with the details of these regimental orders. As long as no com-

plaints come to him that in the details made by the adjutant for one duty or another, the selections have not been made with due impartiality and with the necessary consideration as to the relative effectiveness of officers for the several classes of work, the commander leaves with the adjutant the full responsibility. The same would be the routine in the selection of companies for skirmish line, for picket duty, or for camp work. If an adjutant cannot, after a little experience, be trusted to make such details with fairness, with judgment, and with discretion, he does not remain adjutant.

The reports going up to the brigade or post commander through his adjutant must bear, however, in addition to the signature of the regimental adjutant that of the regimental commander. It was in connection with this requirement that I found perplexity from morning to morning when my Major had the night before had a convivial evening. If the regimental adjutant and commander were not to get into trouble with their superiors, the report had to be delivered by a certain hour, I think by ten o'clock. If the report was not delivered, or when delivered was not found to be in proper form and consistent with its figures, the regimental commissary and quartermaster were not in a position to have their requirements for supplies duly honoured. It is, of course, not possible for a brigade commissary to issue rations to a regiment unless he has before him the verified statement as to the number of men present that are to be fed.

On the first morning on which I found it difficult to wake up my Major at the proper time, I wrote his name on the report with a colourable imitation of his own signature. This was before my arm had been disabled and I was still able to manage a pen. In taking the report up to brigade headquarters, I explained to the brigade adjutant that my commander was "sleeping very heavily" and

that I had put his name on the report. The Captain, a Connecticut man, was a good friend of mine, and he understood the difficulty with which I had to contend. "I guess you are right, Adjutant," he said. "If the report had not been here at the proper time, your Major would have been in trouble and the regiment would have had discredit. I suppose, however, you will tell your man what you have done." "Yes," I said, "I will tell him."

At noon I waked up my Major, washed his face, gave him a little nip of brandy to start the day right and a cup of coffee. I then showed him the copy of the morning report on which I had, in like manner, written his signature. I said, "Major, you were sleeping heavily this morning, and I thought I would not disturb you and I placed your signature on the report." The Major's face clouded, and it was evidently just a wave of the hand which way he would take it. Forgery of the name of one's commanding officer is a pretty bad kind of offence, and if the Major had decided to be ugly in the matter and had been willing to risk the consequences for himself, he might have made it hot for me. Whatever thought went through his mind on the matter, he decided that, under the existing conditions, the best thing had doubtless been done. His face cleared up and he slapped me on the back with the words, "Judy, that's a capital idea of yours. Now you sign and sign and sign till the day of judgment, and never wake me up again."

As a result of this general authorisation (the Major was square enough when he was clear-headed and would not go back upon his word), the control of regimental affairs came more and more into my hands. Some of the company commanders, and the list included more than one old enough to be my father, became restive, and as I heard later, a meeting of these commanders was held for

the purpose of considering the situation and of deciding whether the cocky young Adjutant had better not be taken in hand. The contention, however, was emphasised that the essential thing was the protection of the good name of the regiment, and that the Adjutant, with a special problem on his hands, was probably doing the best that could be done towards this end. If this were the case, the best thing to do was to support the Adjutant and protect as far as might be possible the reputation of the Major. This view prevailed, and I never had any friction on this score of the exercise of authority. I took pains, of course, also to apply from time to time for counsel to one or two of the older of these commanders, particularly to those who had, as I heard, raised the first criticism or question.

As far as I was able to learn from later experience, the difficulty that confronted this particular Adjutant was not exceptional. I came to have the impression (although as an Adjutant I doubtless took a subjective view of the matter) that for the effective work done in the army, whether in regiments, brigades, divisions, or independent commands, the real credit belonged very largely to the adjutant. A brigade or division commander could be, and during the first two years of the war very frequently was, a political accident. He might have little or no military capacity, and he might, like my own Major, while a fair fighting man, find his judgment and capacity clouded from time to time by drinking. As I once heard a man in the ranks remark, "if a soldier gets his head shot off, he stops fighting, but one of them damned brigadiers will lose his head at the very beginning of the fight and will go right on pretending to command just the same."

If the work of an adjutant is not properly done, he does not, and in fact could not, remain adjutant. The whole machine would fall to pieces. He has got to stay sober,

because there is too much work going on to leave much time for drinking, and the confusion caused by drink would bring the work to naught. The figures in the reports must be made to tally. I realised later in campaign experience how largely the responsibility for the choice of ground whether for camping or for fighting, for the choice of marching routes, for the selection for an important piece of work of the men or of the individual officer who was to lead the men, and even for the issue of emergency orders during action, rested with the adjutants. The glory of the success, if there came to be a success, fell, of course, to the general in command. This is, however, an individual expression of opinion, and as it comes from an adjutant, it must be taken with due allowance.

In September of 1863, a plan was on foot for an advance on Mobile which was to be made with a combination of the forces of General Banks marching eastward from New Orleans with a column coming from the north that was to be detached from the army that had been besieging Vicksburg. I do not know whether this plan originated with the commander of the Department of the Gulf or had been suggested from Washington. In any case, it did not develop very far. Two divisions of troops from the Mississippi, including that to which my own regiment belonged, were taken on transports, convoyed by a couple of gunboats, across Lake Pontchartrain, and went into camp at a place called Madisonville on the eastern end of the lake. I believe that it was on this occasion that we had trouble in getting the troops through the city and out to the New Orleans end of the lake where we took the transports. We youngsters who had only recently secured our commissions were still puzzling over the problems of control and discipline, problems which were, as indicated, the more serious with our particular regiment

in connection with the large proportion it now contained of recruits and conscripts gathered in from the streets of New York. On this occasion we made the trip in good shape from Bonnet Carré to the city, coming down by transports.

We were marched into Lafayette Square where we had gone into camp a year earlier at the time of our first landing. We were obliged to wait there for an hour or two until the train for the lake should be in readiness. We realised very quickly that unless we could prevent the entrance of liquor to the square, we should have a troublesome set of men on our hands. The most trustworthy of the older men, including under the emergency certain of the non-commissioned officers, were put on guard at the two or three entrances to the square, but it was not possible to keep the sutlers (who were in this case represented very largely by the so-called bumboat women) from passing the liquor in through the open railings. The "liquor" in this case was not even decent American whiskey but the worst kind of Louisiana rum, the kind which in camp parlance was known as "rotgut." This was made, as I understood, from the dregs of the sugar. Those drinking it, instead of becoming cheerily excited or solidly drunk, are put into a raving, and often dangerous, condition of excitement. The stuff was in fact rank poison. In the course of an hour the larger portion of our men were fighting as if they had been denizens of Donnybrook. They could not get out of the square, but within the railings pandemonium reigned.

With some aid from a regiment that had arrived later and that had not had time to get drunk, the men were finally, with a good deal of steering and pushing, gotten on to the train and resumed their fighting on the cars. I was the last man on, as it was the business of myself with the aid of the sergeant-major to check the rolls and see

that nobody was left behind. As I scrambled on to the platform of the last car, the train was well in motion and I could hear my fellow-officers within fighting for peace and order. On the platform lay prostrate a drummer boy who was probably sober but who was nearly unconscious through the weight of a very much drunk conscript who had tumbled on top of him. I went for the conscript in order to save the boy from being pushed off, and the latter slipped from under and made his way into the safer enclosure of the car. The soldier was much heavier than myself but was just drunk enough to make the tussle fairly even. We fell together and fortunately for myself I fell on top. He was doing his utmost to throw me off the platform and I as my best resource got my none too large fists about his windpipe and began to choke the breath out of him. When he got black in the face, I became frightened and let up a little, and then with renewed energy he resumed his efforts to chuck me on to the rails. The train at this time was going at what was called for military transportation full speed, probably ten miles an hour. The trip fortunately was a brief one, the distance being only about six miles, but it seemed to me to last for hours. When we arrived at the lake end I do not know which was the more exhausted, the drunken chap with his face still pretty black, or the Adjutant who had succeeded in maintaining his place on top.

At the lake we secured further help. No rum was within reach and the soldiers who had preceded us a day or two earlier were of necessity sober. Our drunken delinquents were bound and laid nicely on their backs on the mud or on the boards of a series of bathing-houses that lined the strands. The more obstreperous or vociferous among them had bayonets tied neatly into their mouths and fastened back of their ears. A bayonet so inserted has a very pacifying effect on a man who wants to swear, to

shout, or to talk; as long as he keeps quiet it does not hurt him very much. The next morning, our delinquents were stiff, sore, and fairly penitent. Troublesome as the fight was, it did have some effect in asserting the authority of the young officers over their rank and file. I look back upon this afternoon as one of the most exhausting in my campaign experiences.

The sojourn in Madisonville was in more ways than one attractive. We had for once gotten away from the swamp country and found ourselves on a clean dry bluff in the midst of pine woods and with some comfortable houses about us which were still inhabited (by women and children only) and which had thus far suffered little from war ravages. I recalled in examining the village and in talking with the women an incident of some months back before we had undertaken to occupy the place but when the authorities in New Orleans still felt more or less responsible for the care of the people who were left there. A report had come in that the women and children at the eastern end of the lake were in a state of starvation, and arrangements were made for shipping across the lake for their use some army rations. One of the quartermasters, whom I happened to know, was detailed for a day's work in superintending the shipments. He told me that he was checking off by his schedule certain barrels of corn meal that were being rolled on to the barge. One of the barrels slipped from the hands of the darky who was steering it on the gangplank, and falling a few feet, burst asunder. From the broken barrel rolled out on to the ground a keg which when examined proved to be "loaded" with percussion caps. Some Confederate sympathiser within the city had made use of this shipment of provisions (it is quite possible in fact that they had themselves reported upon the starvation condition) to get across the lines to their Rebel friends certain munitions of war.

The disclosure from the one barrel necessitated of course an examination of the entire shipment so that my quartermaster friend had his hands full. Enough supplies of powder, of percussion caps, etc., were discovered to libel the whole shipment as contraband. I do not know whether or not the connecting links were ever traced, but it is probable that the spirit of benevolence that had permitted the feeding of the women and children of Madisonville was thereafter lessened.

We were in camp at Madisonville for but a few weeks. Word then came that the combination with the Vicksburg troops was not to come off. The force that could be spared from New Orleans was not in itself strong enough to conduct a campaign against Mobile. Our troops were therefore ordered back again across the lake and returned to their camps along the river.

The winter of 1863–64 was marked by no important military event. The hold of the army on the State was gradually strengthened. With the fall of Port Hudson the last of the Rebel war craft had disappeared from the river or from the adjacent bayous, and with the exception of an occasional raid from a flying battery the Mississippi now flowed "unvexed" to the sea as a fairly safe highway for Uncle Sam's gunboats and transports.

XIV

The Red River Campaign

THE authorities in Washington, having regard rather to political requirements than to campaign conditions, considered it important that before the time came for the next State election, the whole territory of Louisiana, or at least the larger portion of this territory, should be under the control of our army. It was also considered very desirable, equally on political grounds, to secure a substantial footing in Texas for the Stars and Stripes. With this general purpose, a scheme was worked out under which General Banks, with his force strengthened by a contingent from the army that had been employed about Vicksburg, should make his way up the Red River to Shreveport (which was then serving as the Rebel capital of the State) and as far westward from Shreveport as possible. He was to have the co-operation of the army under Steele that was then operating in Arkansas. Steele was expected to join hands with Banks at Shreveport and to supply such troops as might be needed for the further advance on Texas. For this plan it was probable that General Halleck was responsible. The first steps towards the carrying out of the rather complex combination had been taken a month or two before General Grant replaced Halleck as commander-in-chief.

Early in March, troops began to arrive from General

Sherman's army, these troops having been selected from the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps. Sherman had placed these divisions under the command of a trusted associate, General Andrew J. Smith. Smith was a West Pointer, but, according to my recollection, was not characterised by the finish that we associate with the officers of the regular army. He was a fighter from the ground up and had as varied and emphatic a collection of oaths as was possessed by the most talented mule-driver in the army, and that was saying a great deal. He had secured with his own men the fullest possible measure of confidence, and later, in the troublesome days of the Red River retreat, we came to understand how thoroughly this confidence was justified by the character of the fighting general.

The army, in its progress up the Red River, was to have the co-operation of the fleet of river gunboats commanded by Admiral Porter. These gunboats were nearly all of them of the variety known as "turtles." Their draft was light in proportion to their armament. The smoke-stacks showed not very high above the water-line. They carried an armour plating of a thickness which to-day would be considered hardly worth calling a protection. Some of the boats bore the name of tin-clads. The armour had very little if any resisting power for round shot or for shell, but did serve to protect the body of the boat from the rifle bullets. With the gunboats came the fleet transports. Some of these were utilised for troops in order to lessen the pressure on the road and thus to hasten the advance, but the greater portion of the boat space was devoted to supplies of food, forage, and ammunition. With the transports came certain empty barges the purpose of which we were to learn later.

The advance up the river was opposed by General Dick Taylor, who had already given evidence of his fight-

ing qualities and who was, at the date of our advance, holding the country from Simsport to Opelousas. Dick Taylor constituted a serious "obstacle" to our plan of advance and he had, in addition to his troops and his own fighting capacity, the advantage of campaigning in a very difficult country, the difficulties in which were much greater for the assailants, to whom it was comparatively unfamiliar, than to the defenders. By the middle of March, the greater portion of the troops selected for the expedition were assembled at the mouth of the Red River. The first portion of the active work was confided to General Smith, who also some months later did some of the most active of the work that was required by the rear-guard on the retreat. Grover's division of the Nineteenth Corps with which the 176th Regiment was associated, found its way into Alexandria on the 25th of March. We were called upon for some little skirmishing along the forest road, but the most important part of the fighting had been done, before we got up, by General Smith with his Western troops, in the capture of Fort de Russy. Porter's fleet had also made its way up the river, breaking through certain rather serious obstructions, and taking possession of a few river gunboats that had been abandoned by the Rebels. The headquarters of my regiment were at Alexandria for a number of weeks. It was our fortune, good or bad as may be interpreted, to be left in the rear on garrison duty when the army, having completed its preparations, started for the further movement up the river.

I found, in reading later the record of the campaign, that General Banks was at this time under certain special perplexities. Under the instructions given to General Steele, who could now no longer be reached even by the roundabout route of Little Rock, Steele was to expect Banks at Shreveport before the close of April. Shortly after the capture of Alexandria, however, instructions

were received from General Grant, who had then taken command of the whole army, looking to the co-operation of the more effective forces in the Department of the Gulf in a combined movement to overwhelm the Rebel forces in the Southern division of the States east of the Mississippi. Grant was a believer in the concentration of the resources in his command so that these might be brought to bear upon the two remaining armies of the Confederacy. He was entirely opposed to Halleck's scheme (a scheme which, as explained, was political rather than military) of scattering important divisions of his troops for the purpose of bringing about a more or less nominal control of political territory. It was hardly practicable at this late date to withdraw Banks's army from the Red River. The orders were explicit, however, that if Shreveport were not taken by the 25th of April, then the troops loaned from the Mississippi army were to be returned, even though this should lead to the abandonment of the expedition.

By the time that Banks was ready to march westward from Alexandria, he had but twenty-six days remaining before the date fixed by the commanding officer for the breaking up of his army. He could in any case not get away from Alexandria until the river, which was slowly rising, was high enough to enable the gunboats to pass the difficult rapids which obstruct the river just above the town. What happened to Banks's army between Alexandria and Shreveport is a matter of history. My narrative is of necessity confined to personal experiences with my own regiment which, as explained, was left with the rear-guard at Alexandria. It is sufficient here to say that, advancing under some pressure of speed and with what now appears to have been almost criminal carelessness in the presence of an enemy as active and as capable as Dick Taylor, Banks's advance guard was pressed forward too far

in advance of the rest of the army, and being sharply attacked at Sabine Cross Roads, had to make every effort to save itself from being overwhelmed. The advantage of this first fight certainly rested with the Rebels. In the fight of a day or two later at Pleasant Hill, our army succeeded in administering a satisfactory counter stroke. The delay caused by the first repulse was, however, so considerable that it was evidently not going to be practicable to complete the campaign within the date first fixed by General Grant. It also happened, moreover, that further instructions came from Grant, brought in person by General Corse, ordering the return by the 10th of April of General Smith's troops. Our army was within four days' march of Shreveport, and, in spite of the losses in the two battles, was still considerably stronger in numbers than the Rebel forces. Under the pressure, however, of Grant's instructions, it was evident that the campaign could not be completed on the original plan. It only remained to get back to the Mississippi as promptly as possible and to send word in some way across to Steele's army to prevent him from undertaking alone the assault on Shreveport. It was, of course, an essential defect in Halleck's whole plan of campaign that it depended upon a successful combination of a fleet and of three armies, armies which were separated by many hundreds of miles.

For the troops which had been left in Alexandria to protect the rear, there were for a fortnight no very active duties. We completed, under instructions from the engineers, lines of earthworks to protect our encampment against any sudden assault, earthworks which became later of importance when, after the main army had found its way back to Alexandria, the advance of Taylor's force came up almost to within touch of our picket line. Within about a week's time after we had taken up this rear-guard position at Alexandria, connection with New

Orleans and through New Orleans with the North was cut off. The active field artillery of Dick Taylor had succeeded in so placing its guns at various points difficult for river navigation that it was impracticable to force up the stream either transports or gunboats. One or two boats were captured at this time and others made their way back with greater or less difficulty to the mouth of the Red River. Our rear-guard had no instructions at that time to take action against these river batteries, and in fact it would probably not have been safe for us to have left our works in Alexandria for any such purpose, the more particularly as some of the most annoying of the batteries were from some fifty to eighty miles distant.

There were at this time available no river gunboats of any force excepting those which were engaged higher up the stream in protecting the flank of the main army. The stoppage of the river had the effect of cutting off supplies and made it necessary to lessen our daily ration. The necessity of limiting rations became the greater because we had assumed the obligation of feeding the women and children in the town. The men folk of these same Alexandrian families were at this time largely engaged in cutting our connections and in preventing any additional supplies from reaching us. Under the ordinary routine of warfare as practised in Europe, the women and children of these opposing forces would have received scant attention and would certainly not have been permitted, in reducing our available food supplies, to lessen our prospects for making a successful defence. But the American standard of warfare as carried on in districts which were still claimed to be a part of the American Republic was of necessity a different one.

When the fortifications were completed, our rear-guard had some leisure on its hands and took up certain things in the way of amusements. I remember helping to organ-

ise for our own regiment a baseball nine which won the championship of the rear-guard, defeating some active nines from Connecticut and Massachusetts. For our regimental team I served as pitcher and I believe as captain.

The baseball contests were, however, brought suddenly to a close through an unfortunate misunderstanding with the Rebels, upon whose considerateness in this matter of sports we had, it appeared, placed too much confidence. We found no really satisfactory ground for baseball within the lines of our fortifications and, after experimenting with a field just outside of the earthworks, we concluded to take the risk of using a better field which was just outside of the line of the pickets. It was, of course, entirely contrary not only to ordinary regulations but to special orders prohibiting any men from going through the picket lines. It was particularly absurd for men without arms to run any such risk. I do not now understand how the officers of the 176th, including the major commanding, could have permitted themselves to incur such a breach of discipline, but the thing was done and trouble resulted therefrom.

We were winning a really beautiful game from the 13th Connecticut, a game in which our own pickets, who were the only spectators, found themselves much interested. Suddenly there came a scattering fire of which the three fielders caught the brunt: the centre field was hit and was captured, the left and right field managed to get into our lines. Our pickets fell forward with all possible promptness as the players fell back. The Rebel attack, which was made with merely a skirmish line, was repelled without serious difficulty, but we had lost not only our centre field but our baseball and it was the only baseball in Alexandria.

Further than that, when the captain in charge of the pickets (a member of my own regiment whom I had myself

detailed for the work) made up the report of his day's operations, he was obliged to include the fact that a number of the men of the 176th had been guilty of a breach of discipline. We were called up before General Grover, the commander of the post, and received a severe rating, to which we were fairly entitled. It happened, however, that Grover's attention on the following day was very much absorbed in receiving from the front the first groups of the wounded men and the reports of the defeat at Sabine Cross Roads. This news, involving, as it was understood it would involve, the abandonment of the attempt to capture Shreveport and an entire change in the campaign, was sufficiently serious to put into the background our little escapade.

The first column of the returning soldiers was followed in due course by the main body of the army. The rear-guard came some days later, having been detained in order to help protect the retreating fleet from the assaults of the Rebel sharpshooters and of the Rebel batteries. The Red River above Alexandria is a twisty stream and the channel, difficult at best to find without a pilot, is at certain stages of the water rendered the more difficult by rapids and adjoining shallows. At any points where the vessels were delayed in sounding for the channel, they had to incur the risk of a fusillade from the banks. The sharpshooters naturally made a special aim of the poor chaps in the wheel-house. If a pilot could be killed or disabled, the vessel was likely to swing across the stream onto the shoals and could then be attacked at leisure. One of the Rebel assaults deserves mention on account of its exceptional character. It is not often that the capture of a fleet is undertaken by cavalry, but this attempt was made under the leadership of General Green with a couple of troops of Texan horse.

At the point selected, the river widened out over a

considerable expanse of shallows with a twisty channel winding its way through the centre. The leading boat of the fleet was feeling its way along the channel, the men taking soundings as they went. It was necessary in order to keep the boat from grounding, first to the east and then to the west, to use long fending poles, and the men working at the fenders and the two pilots in the wheel-house were equally exposed to fire. Some successful shooting from the bank disabled both the men at the wheel. The vessel swung around to the stream, grounding stem and stern. Attempts to pry her off with the fenders proved unsuccessful partly on account of the Rebel fire. Green then took his horsemen out into the stream, the water in the shallows of which was about up to the shoulders of the horses. He succeeded in leading his men close to the edge of the grounded steamer, whose decks had been kept clear by the cavalry carbines as well as by the sharp-shooting from the bank, and for a moment it looked as if the Rebels would be able, if not exactly to ride on board, to pull themselves onto the deck and get control of the vessel. If this attempt had been successful, the vessel would have been sunk across the channel. The ten larger gunboats would then have had very great difficulty in clearing the channel and in making their way down stream, and they might, in fact, have found the task impossible.

Our gunners finally succeeded from below decks in bringing to bear a couple of short pieces loaded with shrapnel, and one of their volleys took effect at almost point-blank range in the leading group of the Rebel cavalry, killing General Green. This discouraged the others and they made their way back to the shore. The wheel was again manned and the fenders or stilts were put into action. Notwithstanding the continued sharp fire from the shore, a fire which succeeded in putting out of action

from time to time the men on the deck, they succeeded in getting her again into the stream and in bringing her past the point from which the Rebel firing was most serious. They might not have accomplished this if it had not been for the prompt return of a portion of A. J. Smith's troops who were acting as rear-guard and who on hearing the fire hurried back up stream. Smith's men succeeded in cutting off some of the cavalry and brought them in, horses and all, to Alexandria. They also succeeded in getting hold of two of the guns that had been in use, guns which had formerly belonged to what was known as the Chicago Mercantile Battery. We found these pieces of service later as we made our way down the river. The larger gunboats came through with less difficulty. The fire from their decks was searching and made the banks of the river an uncomfortable abiding place. The eleven vessels were finally gathered together in the basin above the rapids at Alexandria and within the town were mustered the battalions of the retreating army.

The men were equally discouraged and disgusted. They could see no reason why, in spite of the check at Sabine Cross Roads, they could not have gone on to Shreveport. They felt the mortification of retreating before a smaller force. We of the rank and file had of course at the time no knowledge of the imperative orders of General Grant which made it impossible for Banks to continue his advance. Banks was a pretty poor commander, but it appears from later history that he did not deserve quite all the damning that we gave him. There was a feeling of irritation on the part of the troops who were returning discomfited and tired out to Alexandria, in learning that we were no longer in connection with New Orleans. This meant, of course, stoppage of mails and, as previously explained, a stoppage of supplies of all kinds.

Grover had done what was practicable to economise with rations and with fodder, but with the full army now to be provided for, it appeared that we had available on the half-ration basis supplies for no longer than about three weeks. The matter was complicated by the continued necessity of taking care of the women and children in the town. Taylor's force, while undoubtedly smaller than that which Banks had available, was quite large enough to keep our picket lines occupied and to make it difficult for the troops to do any effective foraging in the country about. Such foraging would, however, have been attempted if there had been any supplies within reach, but the country, at best but poor, had been thoroughly ransacked.

The immediate problem that Banks had before him was the getting the army back to the Mississippi with all possible promptness, a promptness necessitated not only because of the limited supplies of rations, but for the purpose of obeying as far as practicable the original instructions of General Grant for the return of A. J. Smith's troops.

The road back to the Mississippi led for the greater portion of the distance immediately along the river bank. In this Red River district, as elsewhere in southern Louisiana, the dry ground was to be found immediately along the watercourses, and the swamp basins deepened in proportion to the distance from the rivers or bayous. Taylor had utilised to good advantage the time required for the consolidation of Banks's retreating troops at Alexandria, to put up lines of works across the road and at right angles to the river. Unless these works could be outflanked by fire from the river, it would have been necessary for the troops to take the greater part of them by direct assault. The army would doubtless have made its way back to the Mississippi, but if it had been necessary to assault earthworks from point to point on the way down we should certainly have arrived in an attenuated

and unsatisfactory condition. The distance from Alexandria to the Mississippi was about 120 miles. The season was now well advanced towards summer (my own brigade left Alexandria on the 12th of May) and the temperature was high, averaging perhaps ninety in the shade and a hundred and anything in the sun.

The soil, which through the rainy season march had been a fine mud, drying out under the action of the sun, had become a red dust so very fine that it made its way into the eyes, nostrils, ears, mouths, and the pores of the skin, and in thus choking up the system, exercised a very exhausting influence on the physique of the men through a long day's march. The march was therefore attended with difficulties and these difficulties would have been very seriously increased if it had not been possible to retain the co-operation of the fleet. During the retreat from Sabine's Cross Roads, the river, in place of rising, as was customary at this season of the year, had fallen rapidly. There was not water enough on the rapids just above Alexandria to enable the vessels to get over. The problem was to raise the water at the shallowest point of the rapids from six to seven feet, backing it up so as to float the gunboats over what was called the upper fall. The difficulty of constructing a dam was increased by the fact that there was no stone in the country.

A plan for such dam or dams was submitted by Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Bailey of the 4th Wisconsin regiment, who had before the war been working as a civil engineer. Colonel Bailey was at that time serving on General Franklin's staff. In the month that had elapsed since the fleet had ascended the rapids, the river had fallen more than six feet. In the channels through the rapid there were at this date but three feet four inches of water, while the largest of the gunboats needed nearly seven feet. The current was swift, running from six to seven miles an hour,

and the total fall of the average rapids was thirteen feet. The river was about eight hundred feet wide. Colonel Bailey was given by Banks full control of the men to be detailed and over the materials available. Under his instructions, the troops were first employed (working in four-hour details) in pulling down the sugar-mills, the iron and bricks from which were to be utilised for the dams. While this work was going on, other details were getting trees out of the forest for use in the cribs. These cribs were constructed like four sides of a small log house, the logs being pinned together by wooden pegs. In the work of tree-cutting and log-pinning, the experience of the troops from the North-west was of course particularly valuable.

The suitable trees had to be secured for the most part from the bank opposite Alexandria and the wood-chopping was interfered with from time to time by the Rebel skirmishers. At the beginning of this work, the troops took turns in the chopping and in protecting themselves from the skirmishers. When, however, the Western men saw the clumsiness with which the New Yorkers handled their axes, they suggested that we had best take care of the skirmishing line and of the bringing up of the bricks and the ironwork and that they would attend to the wood-chopping. It was interesting to see the precision with which this chopping was done even at times when the choppers were actually themselves under fire.

The wooden cribs were sunk into the places selected in the stream by the aid of bundles of broken ironwork attached to the four corners and when so sunk they were filled up with the brick. The bottom of the river was soapstone and it required a thorough wedging of the cribs in order to hold them in their places. Much of the work of filling the cribs had to be done by men standing in the water. Bailey himself was, if I remember rightly, some-

thing over six feet tall. I recall the genial manner in which on one day at least he ordered the detail of my own battalion into the water. "It's all right, men," he said, "it's only up to your waists." This was all very well for the six-footers but the small Adjutant, whose business it was to lead his men in, found the waist mark of Bailey pretty well up to his own shoulders and there was no little difficulty in maintaining footing against the fierce current. It would have been in order to suggest that the smaller men at least ought not to be immersed below the "Plimsoll mark," but the Plimsoll system was not invented until some years later. In the course of the work, men were swept off their feet from time to time. Most of the soldiers knew how to swim and after a ducking through the falls would come up in safety in the quiet water below. But there was an occasional loss of life through drowning.

The purpose of the dams was to throw the water into a funnel the narrowest portion of which should be at the shallowest point of the rapids.

For this purpose, the dams were constructed in pairs, the longest pair with the narrowest passageway between being close up to the rapids and the shortest pairs or wing dams extending farther up the river. Through the passageway at the lowest dam the water rushed at an incline like that of a waterfall. It was difficult to understand how vessels, having at this point no steerage way, could be brought over in safety.

The river current twists sharply just below the fall and there was the risk that the vessel accomplishing the fall in safety might drive in to the bank below. To lessen this difficulty, a couple of pair of barges were attached to the two ends of the dam and anchored at the downstream ends at such an angle that the vessel passing over the fall was bumped back into the line of the stream. The building of the dams occupied about a fortnight. The

total increase in the depth at the most difficult point was four feet six inches. During the last four or five days work had gone on without intermission night and day. The men engaged in this work had looked forward with not a little interest to the opportunity of seeing the vessels come over the falls, a spectacle that must have been dramatic in itself apart from its engineering and military importance. My own brigade, which had done its full share of work in the construction of the dam, was, however, deprived of witnessing the culmination of the undertaking. The day before the time fixed for the passage of the rapids, we were ordered down stream to "feel the enemy" and to report at what point the first opposition was to be encountered. We marched a distance of about six miles, at which point we struck the first line of earthworks. The works were built straight across the road, the Rebel right resting on the river and the left being protected by the swamp. We "felt" the opposing force so as to draw its fire and to ascertain that the works were fully manned. Having no instructions to force a passage at this time, we sent back our report and waited. We thought that we might possibly have occasion to meet an attack of the Rebels, but they like ourselves were awaiting with interest the test of the engineering works. At noon on the 9th of May, we could see from our river point looking up stream (the intervening forest cut us off from any direct view of the town) the columns of smoke going up over the tree tops, indicating that some of the boats were getting up their steam. The smallest pair of these smoke columns moved slowly out downwards towards us and we realised that the little *Lexington* was preparing for the plunge. The smoke columns advanced with increasing speed, hesitated for a moment, came down at a sharp angle and then, still upright, moved off with the current to the right. We realised that one boat doubtless

had come over in safety. The *Lexington* was followed, as we afterwards learned, by the three boats next in size, the *Osage*, the *Neosho*, and the *Fort Hindman*. We could trace by the smoke the advance and the passing of the boats without of course at the moment identifying their names. The larger gunboats were obliged to wait for three days longer until a few inches more depth could be secured.

I heard later that for the biggest of the series there was, after the final work, still insufficient water, and that her commander succeeded in bringing her over only after lightening her draft by taking off the two rows of the iron plates. The unriveting of these plates was done during the night and the plates themselves were quietly dropped to the bottom of the stream. The strip where the plates had been was hurriedly painted with an imitation of the rusty black of the hull and with the marks of the rivets. From the shore our big gunboat looked as if she were still protected and fortunately for us she gave this impression also to the Rebels who were occupying the river earthworks and these earthworks were promptly abandoned at her approach. I suppose that if her actual condition had been known she would have been obliged to run the gauntlet on her way down the river of a pretty severe bombarding and might very possibly have been destroyed. We in the advance brigade, with of course no knowledge of this little detail, felt that the matter had been decided when the first pair of smoke columns made its successful plunge, and we sent up a yell of encouragement for ourselves and of defiance for the men on the other side of the works.

Our opponents also felt that the plunge of the smokestacks, which were of course as visible to them as to us, meant business. They promptly got out of their works, falling back down the river road, and we, with a great feeling of satisfaction that our approach did not have

to be made under fire, tumbled over their trenches and took possession of their camp. As the Rebs had retired in good order it was not to be expected that they had left behind them property or impedimenta of any value. They had in fact even succeeded in dragging away safely certain field-pieces which had been mounted on the earthworks and which would have helped to make our crossing of those works a matter of difficulty. We did find however in one portion of the camp material which interested us very keenly, while our interest was mixed with no little sense of aggravation. The temporary control of the lower regions of the river and the blocking of communication between Banks's army and New Orleans had enabled this energetic advance division of Taylor's army to capture certain transports and convoy boats which had started on their way up from the Mississippi before information had reached the Mississippi posts that the lower Red River was blocked. With certain of these boats Taylor's army had secured some very valuable supplies of provisions and ammunition. Their captures had also included the greater portion of two battalions which were returning to the front after a leave of absence of ninety days, an absence secured in connection with their re-enlistment for the war. A few of the more enterprising of the officers and soldiers from these battalions had made their escape after the transports had grounded (the men in the wheel-houses having been shot) and under sharp fire from the eastern bank had made their way by wading or swimming to the forests on the western bank and in straggling marches had, with a few exceptions, reached the army lines at Alexandria. The exceptions were either lost and starved in the forest or picked up by the Rebel pickets.

One of the boats captured in this fashion had brought with it an accumulation of mail matter. The mail had

evidently been hastily examined and the official documents, orders, etc., had been extracted. The private letters, of which there were some thousands, had for the most part been torn across the middle and then thrown in one pile in a corner of the camp. It was this pile of torn envelopes that first caught our attention as we clambered over the entrenchments. We sifted them as carefully as possible, naturally in the hopes of finding missives belonging to our own brigade, and later, with a little more altruism, placing to one side the letters that could still be identified as belonging to men of other commands. I was busied myself with this sifting process when I came across the two halves of a longish envelope which had been torn across but partly and which still held together, and the name on which was very clearly my own. The envelope contained a pair of adjutant's shoulder straps together with a wreath. If there had also been a letter this had been abstracted or lost. The straps and wreath were naturally very welcome. While some months had passed since my promotion to staff rank, I had not been within reach of any army stores where I could supply myself with any proper insignia. I was naturally curious to ascertain what kind friend from the North (the mailing stamp on the envelope had been dampened and was effaced) had been so watchful of my promotion and of my interests, but this knowledge never came to me.

Two or three days later, the advance guard of the retreating army came down the river accompanied by the leading vessels of the rescued fleet. Our brigade, that had been in the advance, was for the first day's march ordered to hold the rear of the column and we waited therefore until the entire army had passed. I was told by the adjutant of the brigade which had been the last to march out of Alexandria that as the troops came clear of the last houses of the town flames broke out in a quarter

some thousand yards or so distant. The colonel commanding the brigade was unwilling, for his own repute as well as for that of Banks's army, that our troops should be exposed to the charge of having set the town on fire in leaving it. The flames had probably been kindled by darkey stragglers on the lookout for plunder. The brigade was marched back and did active service in putting out the fire, which was confined to one or two small houses. It then caught up with the main column but in so doing had a sharp little skirmish with the advance lines of the Rebels that were making their way through the woods on either side of the road.

The incident is noteworthy as marking an important distinction in the fighting conditions of our Civil War as compared with the usual routine even of civilised modern warfare. It is not likely that German troops in France or French troops in Germany would have been permitted to delay so important an operation as a retreat for the purpose of saving houses and property in an enemy's country. Our commanders in Louisiana and elsewhere were labouring under the difficulty that the country was not strictly to be classed as "foreign" or as belonging to the enemy. We were fighting under the theory that we were suppressing insurrection within the territory of the United States. This theory (quite necessary under the special conditions of our war) hampered not a little the planning of campaigns and the execution of military movements. Not a few of the operations in strategy or in tactics which were, on strictly military grounds, open to criticism from foreign critics, were due to so-called political necessities or to considerations of friendly interest in the population, considerations which to these foreign critics would naturally be entirely inexplicable.

Before leaving the record of our sojourn in Alexandria, I should recall one incident that I forgot to note in its

proper chronological order. Some days before the return to Alexandria of the main body of the army, the brigade that was holding the town was exposed to sharp attacks on its picket lines and to repeated alarms in the later hours of the night or in the early hours of the morning. It is probable that these attacks were made by a comparatively small force merely for the purpose of tiring us out in advance of the operations that were still to be completed. There was however the risk that our lines might be pierced by a larger force and that Alexandria might be taken possession of in advance of the arrival of Banks's army. Such a capture would have been for Banks (particularly in advance of the possibility of utilising the guns of the fleet) a very serious disaster. Our commanders gave orders therefore for the construction of some heavier lines of trenches. Our force was only just large enough to hold the picket line with the usual reliefs and the task of doing digging in between these duty-hours, with a temperature that in the sunshine was a hundred and anything, was rather a serious additional burden. The troops tackled the job as best they could. Each battalion was given a certain section of the works to complete, these works comprising a deep ditch on the outer side with a substantial bank on the inner. Our own regiment was at this time rather smaller than the average and was also reduced in numbers on account of invalid absentees. I found that our piece of the works was lagging and that we should not have it completed by the date fixed. I suggested to the Major that it would probably encourage the men if we should put the officers into the ditches with them, while there would be a direct advantage in the addition of some twenty pairs of fresh arms wielding the picks and the spades. "That's all right, Adjutant," said the Major, "I will give the order at once and will myself lead the party." The order was therefore worded that

the commanding officer of the battalion with his staff and the company officers should report for duty with picks and spades and should take their turn in subsequent details until the line was completed. The preliminary growling on the part of the captains and lieutenants was checked when the Major himself came out with a pickaxe. The Adjutant was of course obliged to follow. We divided the officers into two columns, which had some little competition between themselves as to the amount of work done. The men in the trenches gave a cheer of satisfaction and the result of the suggestion was that we brought our line to completion an hour or so before that of the 13th Connecticut with which we were to connect.

The road back to the Mississippi led, as has been said, for the most part along the banks of the Red River. We crossed at successive bends the entrenchments that Taylor's advance guard had put up, entrenchments so placed as to cut off the road on the one hand and to command with field-pieces the channel of the river on the other. At these points there was now no fighting to be anticipated, as the guns of the fleet made a comfortable protection for the left flank of the column as we marched.

At certain portions of the route, however, the road diverged inland and at these points we had a little fighting. I remember one typical skirmish in which my own battalion was engaged on one of the days when we were acting with the rear-guard. It was the usual routine that the brigades took turns in leading the column and in protecting the rear. We had been ordered to start before daybreak, partly for the purpose of making headway and partly because notwithstanding the disadvantage of sleepiness the troops made better time before the rays of the sun became fierce. As day broke, the men were plunging along through the red dust, sleepy, hungry, and cross. There was some gap between us and the brigade in

advance, a gap which was not sufficient however to prevent the dust which had been kicked up by our predecessors from remaining to harass us. A group of little pigs, who if they had stayed in the woods would have been quite safe from any Yankee assaults (we had no time for game hunting), started with a piggish perverseness to run across the road in front of our files. The greater number of the pigs found themselves spitted on the points of bayonets before they could again reach the safety of the woods. We were under strict orders not to halt, but the men were so hungry that they got out of hand, and in spite of the remonstrances of the officers, they persisted in delaying long enough to start some brush-wood fires for the purpose of cooking the chunks hastily carved out of the pigs. Before the chunks of pork had been much more than smoked in the brush-wood blaze, there came a scattering fire on flank and rear and we had to tumble forward as best we could in order to make connection with the troops in front before we should be outflanked and cut off. The men were still carrying on the points of their bayonets the smoked and charred chunks of pork. A piece was given to me by my orderly and it was, according to my memory, so fresh that I could almost taste the squeak.

We had to face around at least once to make a replying volley to the advancing Rebs, and then on the double-quick we rushed around a curve of the road and were well pleased to find a column of Michiganders waiting to help us. In accordance with the word given to us by the Michigan commander, we passed through their double column drawn up on either side of the road with the idea that they would close in behind us and give us a breathing spell. As we reached the lower edge of the road curve we turned to look back and our Western friends had disappeared. We saw in a moment what had happened: the road at this point formed a gully and the steep road-sides

were covered with a fairly thick undergrowth. The Michigan men had pulled themselves up on either side of the road into this scrub growth and were waiting for the Rebs. Around the curve in a few minutes came the advance of the Butternut skirmishers, who must have been rather surprised to find the roadway apparently clear. A second later and they were met with a plunging fire from either side of this "clear" road. This unexpected double volley so far discouraged them that they fell back hurriedly, leaving on the roadbed quite a group of dead and wounded. Under the circumstances it was of course impossible to delay to help these poor chaps, but, leaving them to be cared for by their friends, we pressed forward to take advantage of the breathing space. Our gratitude to our Michigan friends took the shape of dividing with them some portion of the "squeaky" pork that still remained.

There were two or three fights of some moment in which different portions of the army were engaged on the road back, before we reached the Mississippi, but my own battalion was concerned with but one of these. The place was called Mansura. I have a memory of a small village centred about a sugar plantation, and stretching eastward and southward from this village of a series of sugar-cane fields which were at that time covered not with growing cane but with the stiff stubble. Beyond the field, was a narrow bayou which had to be crossed and which we were particularly desirous of reaching as at the time the fight opened we had had no water since the previous evening. The "Rebs" had taken possession of the line of the bayou and of some covering woodland beyond the bayou. They were peppering at us with a fairly effective line of field-guns, guns that included certain pieces captured from ourselves a few weeks before at Sabine Cross Roads.

As the troops came within range of fire of the enemy's batteries, the mounted officers (including according to the usual routine the field and the staff) were ordered to dismount and their horses were left in the rear with the orderlies, who were instructed to keep up with the advance at a proper distance of safety. The "safety" in question was not that of the orderlies but that of the horses, as horses were becoming very scarce and when killed or disabled could be replaced only with great difficulty. I had lost in one way or another two or three horses and had finally been reduced (it would be technically more correct to say "elevated") to the back of a big gaunt yellow mule. It was difficult to say on which side of the lines this mule had originated as he carried branded on his flanks the two sets of initials, C. S. A. and U. S. A. He had strayed into our lines from the swamp and had promptly been taken possession of for the use of field and staff and assigned to the Adjutant. I do not know how I should have gotten through with the long march to the Mississippi without the mule's services. He was patient with next to nothing as far as fodder was concerned and could go very much longer without water than could the horses. He also stood better than the horses the choking influence of the red dust in the nostrils.

The march would begin at daybreak with the Adjutant properly placed in his own saddle, carrying with him, in addition to regimental archives, certain of the more precious of the headquarters baggage. As the day wore on, other impedimenta would be added to the load. The headquarters cook would drop out exhausted, and rather than to lose the invaluable coffee-pot and frying-pan, means would be found for fastening these to the Adjutant's saddle. Then some soldier would report that he could carry himself but not his musket, and rather than to abandon the musket to the Confederates, this would be

fastened to the mule. Then the drummer boy would report that he was played out and the drum would be hoisted up. When the drum was followed a little later by the boy himself, the Adjutant would get down. The mule as he came in at night to the bivouac presented the appearance of an overloaded caravansary.

Just before the order to dismount, we came under rather a sharp volley from the opposing batteries. One or two round shot came bounding and ricochetting across the cane furrows and I was amused to see the cleverness with which the mule jumped over one of these curving shot which if it had not been dodged would have broken or carried away one of his front legs. One of the new recruits in the second line, who had not before been under fire, got the stupid impression that the round shot was not coming very rapidly. He started to stop it as he would have stopped a football, with the natural result of a broken leg. A little later, as I was lying face downward on the stubble on the left of the battalion line, I had occasion to make calculations concerning a shell from a different point of view. The shell buried itself in the side of the ditch two or three feet in front of my end of the line and the group of men who were within reach waited with some interest for its explosion. We had of course no right to move and in our position if we had raised ourselves to do this we should have been exposed to rather an ugly musketry fire. We waited for a time that to our imagination seemed to cover weeks, but the shell did not go off. Later in the afternoon, after the fight was over, I went back with the lieutenant of the company, who had, like myself, been within immediate reach of the missile, to see what had been the matter with it. We dug up the shell, which bore a Birmingham mark, and found that the fuse was defective, a little drop of lead having run in and cut off the connection between the end of the fuse and the

powder in the shell. We did not see any ground for being critical but were disposed to be thankful that in buying their ammunition in England the Confederates did not always secure good material.

We advanced slowly across the cane stubble, lying down from time to time as the commands reached us in order that our own batteries might get a line of fire over our heads. It must have been about three o'clock in the afternoon when the advance was finally fairly under way. I remember that the heat of the sun was so great that the mere touching of the ground with the hand caused annoyance. The necessity of lying on the ground full length and face downwards so that the sun had a full assault on the marrow of one's backbone was wearisome to a degree. For myself I can say that my head was simply boiling with ache and my comrades were as impatient as I to get away from the cane stubble and from under the sunshine. Our batteries were doing some good shooting and the "Rebs" were being pushed back field by field. These fields were divided not by fences or hedges but by ditches, at that time dry. I was myself in my proper position at the left of the battalion. The Major had hurt his ankle and was following in an ambulance behind the lines. He had refused to give up the command of the battalion to the senior captain, and as I could not reach him, I was myself taking the responsibility of such commanding as had to be done. This did not appear however to be a very important responsibility. We were advancing in brigade line and I had nothing to do but to pass along to my company officers the orders as they came to me from the brigade adjutant on the left.

We had been advancing a field at a time and lying down on the edge of the dividing ditches until the order came for the next advance. At one point, as we lay down, I caught the word (as I understood it) from the brigade adjutant,

"Next time, we'll take two fields," and this word was passed along in due course to my company commanders and from the right of our regiment to the battalion beyond. We were all glad enough to think that the advance was to be hastened. Any dread that we might have had of the Rebel fire was very much more than offset by the burden, not to say the torture, of this June sunshine on our backs. The word came "Rise and forward" and we fell forward with a will. When my battalion reached the first ditch, instead of stopping it continued and accelerated its pace, as did of course the troops on our right. The line on our left had however halted at the first ditch. For a moment there was a gap, and if the Rebel commander, a field or two farther down, had taken advantage of this opportunity, he might possibly have broken our lines and gained a substantial advantage. There was in fact however hardly time for any such counter movement on his part. As the men on the left saw the troops on the right working forward, instead of lying down according to their own orders they also pressed forward, irrespective of their officers, until they were again if not in touch at least in alignment with my own battalion. At that point the men took the little affair into their own hands. They were unwilling to do any more lying down. In absolute disregard of the commanding and damning of the several staff adjutants and of the growling of the old Maine colonel who commanded the brigade, the instant the troops were again in continuous line they continued their advance with increasing speed until it took the form of a charge.

For such an advance the Rebel line was not in the least prepared. They had expected to see our men again on their faces, and while the guns of their batteries were sighted for a mark beyond us, namely our own batteries in the rear, their infantry on the other hand was not

ready with its musketry fire. As a result we ran right over their position. The more active of them managed to make their way through the bayou and tumbled out on the other side under rather a sharp fire from our advancing lines. The greater portion of their artillery they got away, but two guns that were immediately in front of our battalion they did not succeed in saving. These guns the 176th had the prestige of capturing, a prestige that would not have come off had it not been, first, for some misunderstanding of orders and second, for rather an aggravated case of disobedience of orders. The fight was over and, after plunging into the water and getting the worst of the dust out of our mouths and nostrils, we were pleased to hear the decision of the colonel that we were too tired to press forward in pursuit. He was also afraid of being detached too far from the main column.

On this day, our brigade had had the advance. We therefore went into bivouac by the bayou. I had barely got my own men together when I was ordered to brigade headquarters. The old Maine colonel, who was sitting on a stump which for the time represented headquarters, and the brigade adjutant, one of the captains of his own regiment, were looking about for some material with which to make a couch. As I approached, the adjutant stopped and went for me rather sharply. "Well, Adjutant," he said, "what in h— were you doing on the left of your line just before the tomfoolery of that advance?" I began to explain that I had mistaken the order as passed to me, but I was so faint with the effect of what was practically a sunstroke that I found it difficult to get any words into shape. The old colonel, seeing that I was not in shape to defend myself, said, "Never mind, Adjutant, we got there all the same," and he held out a very welcome flask. I drank and touched my cap. It was one of the chances that do sometimes come up in campaigns. If the line

had been broken I might myself have been broken for disregard of orders. As the result of my blunder was, however, the capture of guns and a decided feather in the cap of the brigade commander, there was no reason why he should be particularly dissatisfied. As a fact he shortly afterwards secured his brigadier's star, which was in part at least due to the pretty little victory at Mansura.

Our fight was, as explained, the action of an advance guard, and we waited on the line of the bayou until the division next in column had come up. We resumed the march in the cool of the evening, but did not again come into touch with the Rebel force which had apparently been discouraged if not disgusted at our irregular onset. A day later, the second division, then acting as advance guard, had a somewhat similar fight, but I was not myself again under fire during the retreat.

The fighting on the retreat impressed us as the least important of the botherations. It was the marching in the hot sun and with the choking effect of the fine red dust which was so particularly exhausting. It was on this ground that any regiment was well pleased to find itself in the advance, because it was thus spared the necessity of breathing in the dust raised by those who had gone before. Those who were marching in the centre or in the rear of the column were able to see but a foot or two before their faces. They were surrounded by the dense red dust that, raising itself to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, was almost as dense for the horsemen as for those on foot. The dust finally made its way into nostrils, ears, eyes, throat, and permeated the clothing and worked in through the pores of the skin, choking up the entire system. It was, under the circumstances, not so much a matter of surprise that men gave out in the middle of the day or early in the afternoon, but that they should have found it

practicable to put in ten hours' marching daily. It was a relief when, after reaching the Atchafalaya bayou, we again struck muddy roads. The bayou was wide at the point where the road came to it and the engineers were called upon to improvise a bridge. This was put together with barges pieced out with certain of the transports, and when the last brigade with its impedimenta had crossed over, the westward end was cut loose and the column of boats swung down the stream and was hauled in on the Mississippi side. The final operation was, I was told (we were again in the advance), enlivened by some sharp battery practice from the Rebel side of the bayou, but this did not prevent the programme of the engineers from being carried out successfully.

The army reached the Mississippi in safety but in what could hardly be called a satisfactory condition. The men were exhausted, discouraged, and disgusted. Many had been left along the roadside to be picked up as prisoners. Others, who had managed to drag themselves to the last stage of the march, were only fit for the hospitals. In addition to the physical fatigue, there was also the feeling of exasperation that an army undoubtedly stronger than the force opposed to it had, partly through a combination of adverse circumstances and partly through the stupidity of its leadership, been driven back and compelled to evacuate territory which it had advanced to control. The troops lay along a mud bank on the Mississippi which in connection with the aftermath of the rainy season was each day becoming muddier. We had secured some camp equipage from Baton Rouge but there was, if I remember rightly, still a shortage of tents so that many were exposed to the rain. The troops that had been lent to Banks from Sherman's force were placed on transports and carried promptly up the river, having at least during the time of their sojourn on

the boats a comfortable and fairly dry place for resting. The rest of us lay waiting and growling.

Before we had been there very many days, General Daniel E. Sickles reported at camp with instructions to make an inspection of the force. It was the gossip that they had no special use for Sickles in or near Washington, and that in order to get rid of him they had sent him off to inspect all the armies in the field outside of Virginia. We were ordered to fall in on the day following Sickles's arrival for a march past in column of companies. The day fixed for the review was ushered in by a pouring rain, a rain such as I have never seen outside of Louisiana. We assumed naturally that the inspection would be postponed. It was hardly to be supposed that men that were as exhausted as were our troops, should be ordered to incur in weather like this needless fatigue and exposure which must mean for many sickness and possibly death. Sickles had, however, the martinet's notions that usually characterise the officer of unmilitary training, and in this respect General Banks was himself in sympathy with the inspector-general. I received peremptory word, on inquiring at headquarters, that my battalion must be in readiness in half an hour, and it was. I remember now the appearance of the group of officers before whom our weary and bedraggled soldiers were parading. They like ourselves were exposed to the rain, but they had wooden quarters (a plantation house) to go back to and a change of clothing available. Sickles sat on his horse in front of the group with the end of his wooden leg sticking out from one side of the saddle, and from this wooden stump poured a great stream of water. As the men marched, I could hear, and I think that Sickles and Banks must have heard, the growl through the column. There was a kind of undertone of "Damn Dan Sickles" that, starting from the head of the column, was taken up from company to

company like an exaggerated murmur. A single battalion could of course have been punished for insubordination, but it was hardly possible under the circumstances to arrive at any punishment that would be suitable for this expressed indignation of an entire army corps. I should have been interested in seeing the wording of the report given to the authorities in Washington by the inspector-general.

A week or so later, another general reported from the North. This was Major-General Canby, an old regular army officer who came to relieve General Banks. Banks's service in the Civil War was terminated with the close of this disastrous Red River campaign. He had shown pluck, initiative, persistency, a great faculty for choosing the wrong men to do important things, an utter incapacity for working out the position or the intentions of the enemy, and an ignorance of the first conditions for an effective commanding of troops in the field. He was, on the ground of personal character and of previous services in his State as Governor and in Washington as Speaker, one of the most promising and most noteworthy of those who were brought from civil life into responsible military command, and he had achieved in such command a larger measure of failure than had fallen to almost any other independent commander.

My own active service in Louisiana came to a close during this same week in which Banks was relieved. The brigade surgeon decided that I was used up from the campaign and that I had some recurrence of the swamp fever which had very nearly terminated my service the year before. I was therefore put onto a hospital boat and taken down to New Orleans for a sojourn in the St. James Hospital. The reference to the hospital boat recalls one little incident of my sojourn on this part of the Mississippi. The bivouac of my regiment was on a

small point stretching out into the river which gave us the convenience of a partly isolated camp. The hospital boat on its way down the river touched for a moment one morning at that point, not to take on sick (it was already full), but to leave an orderly with despatches. My major took the opportunity of jumping on board the boat during the few minutes of its stay and, with an expenditure of five dollars, of corrupting a hospital steward to let him have a small chunk of ice. The ice was brought back to our shelter tent in a small tin pail that had been included in the purchase and in which it clinked deliciously. The major and myself were gloating over the clink and delaying the final satisfaction of drinking the cool water. At this moment the colonel commanding the brigade came in for a morning call and the small adjutant recognised that his chance of sharing in that cupful of ice-water was lessened. "Have you anything to drink, Major?" said the colonel; "this damp hot weather makes one thirsty."

"Sorry, Colonel," said the major, "I am just out of the real thing, but I can give you some water," and he held out the tin can. The colonel grimaced a little at the word water, but as he lifted the cool tin to his lips his disapproval disappeared, "Ice-water?" he said, "where in thunder did you get that?"

"Oh!" said the major lightly, "the 176th never travels without ice." This word went through the brigade and our regiment got more glory for this little bit of luxury than for the capture of the two guns at Mansura.

The matter of the ice recalls another little bit of ostentation credited or debited to the 176th. I had been able to preserve through the dust and misadventures of the retreat a few paper collars which had finally, before we reached the Mississippi, been reduced to one. This was carefully preserved for the use of the regimental commander or myself on the occasions

on which we reported to brigade or division headquarters, and I remember being received on one occasion by the captain, acting as adjutant of the division, with the inquiry: "What has this damned dandy of an adjutant got to say for himself now?"

One of the incidental advantages in connection with a retreating campaign is the opportunity afforded to officers who are responsible for property, company and regimental commanders, quartermasters, etc., to straighten out their obligations for articles of one kind or another which have been delivered (usually under some special urgency) without the proper voucher. The quartermaster's department of my time (and the routine is probably the same to-day) issued, among other forms, two numbered, respectively, 40 and 41. The former form was filled up by an officer who had found or captured property which came properly into the ownership of the United States. He debited himself in such case with so many muskets, or haversacks, or canteens, as the case might be, for which later he would have occasion to render account. Form 41 was entitled "Lost or destroyed in action," and under this heading the officer was instructed to enter any articles for which he had been responsible but which had in one manner or another gone out of his control. When he could secure for this statement the approval of his regimental or brigade commander, his responsibility was cleared as far as these particular items were concerned.

Hans Breitmann speaks of the convenience of being on the road (he was even recommending for the purpose the desirability of making a trip to church); "Gott only knows wat dings ve might pick oop upon de way." The wise officer who "picks up dings upon de way" retains these in what might be called a reserve fund. He knows that other articles will disappear later and that it will be

a convenience to have something with which to offset his account. On the other hand, if articles disappear without vouchers, the commander, who has already had similar experience, makes a practice of carrying them as on hand until his command is involved in anything that could be called a fight. After such fight is over, the articles will be duly disposed of in form 41 as "lost or destroyed in action."

When my regiment landed in Louisiana, the quartermaster and the company commanders were alike responsible for quite an accumulation of articles which had been duly utilised for the benefit of the United States, but for which they had no proper vouchers on file. The first fight (a mere swamp skirmish) was, on this ground, hailed with delight. I remember going up to the post commander (I think it was at La Fourche Crossing) with a long list of property that had been "used up" in this very serious combat. The Colonel looked at the paper rather quizzically. "Quartermaster," he said, "I see in this list seventeen boxes of hatchet heads. The fight must have been very fierce indeed if the boys were under the necessity of throwing hatchets at the enemy." But he certified to the paper and I was, therefore, not called upon to make payment for those hatchet heads. Our consciences were fairly clear in regard to such special shaping of statements or certificates. We knew that no portion of such property had been or could be utilised in any way for our own personal advantage. The articles really had been "expended" in service, and it was not always possible under an urgent requirement, say for an axe or a pair of trousers, to make sure that the officer got the proper voucher on his file, and still more difficult to take the measures necessary in active marching to preserve such file of vouchers. Whatever might happen with officers in control of property in a wicked city like New Orleans, we men in the field did what

we chose with our vouchers, each having the certainty that his particular *mens* was *conscia recti*.

After a sojourn of a week or more at this point, I was, in company with a number of others who had been more or less used up on the retreat, ordered to report to the hospital at New Orleans, and we were sent down by a hospital boat. There was no little luxury in the quiet comfort of a boat for the three days as compared with the bivouacking of the previous weeks. I was assigned to the St. James Hospital, which had been formerly occupied as the St. James Hotel. A second of the noteworthy hotels of the city, the St. Louis, had in like manner been taken over for hospital services, while a third, the St. Charles, possibly the best known in the city, was for a time utilised for the headquarters of the department. The wards of the St. James contained, in addition to men laid up as I was with camp fever, a number of those who had been wounded in the actions along the Red River. In the room next to mine lay General Fessenden of Maine, who was the son of Senator Fessenden, later Secretary of the Treasury, and who had at the battle of Sabine Cross Roads sacrificed a leg in the service of his country. I remember in my own ward a young lieutenant named Stack, whose leg had been shot through in two places. The surgeons were endeavouring to save as much of the length of the limb as possible and for this purpose had hung the leg in a support suspended from the ceiling. This appliance prevented the owner from turning either to the right or left, and his position must in the course of the long weeks have become very wearisome. He was, however, the cheeriest man in the ward, and at times when conditions permitted he enlivened our tedium with brisk Irish songs.

The visitors to the hospital included groups of the ladies of the city, but their ministrations were, as far as I can remember, confined entirely to the sick and wounded of

the Confederacy who shared our quarters and who had of course precisely the same treatment. I remember the attractiveness of certain plates of fruit that passed my bedside on the way to some more fortunate patient who had fought in a grey coat instead of a blue. I knew that in the hospitals in Washington, or elsewhere in the North, the women did not undertake to make any distinction between the grey and the blue; but the women in New Orleans were a hot-blooded lot, and the bitterness that had grown up among them under the rule of General Butler had not permitted itself to pass away later, although they would have found difficulty in putting their finger on any legitimate ground of complaint, as far as they were concerned, with the regulations of the Banks administration. My sojourn in the hospital lasted about three weeks, at the end of which time, being still diagnosed as weak and unfit for duty, I received leave of absence and was placed on a transport sailing for New York. The sea air and the freedom from hospital environment on the one hand and from regimental cares on the other proved reinvigorating, and by the time the transport reached the harbour of Charleston, where we delayed for some days, I was again in condition for work or for fun. It must have been in the month of August (1864) when I found myself on James Island looking across the waters of the harbour at the pile of brickdust called Fort Sumter, at which the first shot of the Civil War had been fired and where, three years later, the Palmetto flag of South Carolina still floated in defiance of the authority of the United States. The broadsides of Admiral Dupont had succeeded in doing little more than batter into dust-heaps the upright walls of the fort while still leaving intact the bomb-proof vaults that protected the garrison. There were, if I remember rightly, obstructions in the channel which prevented the vessels from approaching near to the fort and the

several attempts made with boating parties had been successfully repulsed.

Beyond Fort Sumter, could be seen the battered lines of Fort Moultrie, from which had been fired the first shot of the war; and to the left across the waters of the harbour rose the spires and buildings of Charleston, about ten miles distant. General Gilmore had succeeded some months earlier, with the big gun that came to be known as the "swamp angel," in throwing shells into the city. This "swamp angel" was placed at a point about six miles from the city, and the range of the gun was, I believe, the greatest that had yet been secured. The gun itself, an eight-inch Parrott, burst after some forty rounds, and was not replaced.

On the seaward end of James Island, at what was called Cummings Point, was the work known as Fort Wagner, which at the time of my visit was in our possession. The name stands out in the record of the siege in connection with the magnificent pluck shown by the 54th and 55th Massachusetts coloured troops in the fruitless assault of July, 1863. These coloured regiments, which had been under fire for the first time but little before, fought with the persistency of veterans and left a very large proportion of their number on the field. The loss among the officers (who were white) was particularly heavy, and included Colonel Robert G. Shaw of Boston of the 54th Massachusetts, and in the same regiment an old schoolfellow of my own, Captain Cabot Russell.

In September, 1864, it had apparently been decided that the works protecting the city could not be taken by assault, but a strict blockade was maintained and the lines of our batteries were being pressed steadily closer, bringing larger districts of the city within reach of our guns. Gilmore was simply holding the place as in a vice until a few months later the approach of Sherman's army

compelled its evacuation. Our troops must have had some leisure for I remember being taken as a guest (we officers from the Department of the Gulf were all on the hospitality list of the Tenth Corps) to witness a dramatic performance. A couple of English comedies were given by the amateurs of Gilmore's troops and the acting impressed me as very spirited and as furnishing an agreeable relief to the tediousness of camp life. I should have been quite ready to make a longer visit if only for the opportunities of inspecting the siege works and of going over the scenes of the conflicts which had occupied the troops during the preceding two years, but I was also of course for other reasons ready enough when the time came to resume my homeward voyage in the transport.

I must have been two or three weeks at home because it was late in September before I was again under orders to report to my regiment. I should have mentioned that while I was lying in the hospital in New Orleans, orders had come to New Orleans to shift the Nineteenth Army Corps to Virginia. In carrying out his plans for a concentration of the two principal armies of the South, Grant had decided to abandon for the present any attempts to extend the Federal control in the comparatively unimportant territory of the south-west. He believed he could utilise the troops from the Department of the Gulf, who were now of course seasoned veterans, to better purpose in extending his lines to the south of Lee's army and thus gradually breaking off his connections and his supplies. The Nineteenth Corps, now under the command of General Emory (General Canby had been left in command of the Department of the Gulf), was placed on transports (this time they had a sufficiency of steam vessels and were not under the necessity of utilising any old whalers) and in due course was landed (about July 8th) at Fortress Monroe. General Emory was on the

10th of July expecting orders to take his troops to the left of the lines at Petersburg. He understood that he was to take part in the movement for the occupation of the Weldon Railroad.

On the evening of the 10th, he received orders for transportation in quite a different direction. The energetic veteran General Early, with whom the Nineteenth Corps was to have transactions later, had, early in July, crossed the Potomac above Harpers Ferry, and after a short fight at Monocacy Creek, where General Wallace with a small force succeeded in delaying Early's advance through the long afternoon, was hastening up his troops with the plan of attacking the defences of Washington. The capital had at that time but a very inconsiderable garrison. It was not supposed that any Confederate forces were available for operations in that region and the able-bodied men had been pushed forward to do fighting at the front. The lines were manned with men of the Veteran Reserve Corps who were more or less disabled and who were then under the command of Colonel Wisewell, himself a one-legged veteran.

The news of Early's approach was of course promptly telegraphed to Grant and he hurried forward for the defence of the capital two divisions of the Sixth Corps, then commanded by General Wright, and the troops of the Nineteenth Corps as far as these had reported at Fortress Monroe. The brigades that were in the slower transports did not get up in time for this little unexpected campaign. The Nineteenth Corps was in convenient shape for a hurried movement as the troops were in what might be called light marching order. Their heavier impedimenta were left behind at Fortress Monroe while on river steamboats they hurried up the Potomac to the lines of Washington. Early arrived in front of the Washington lines on the evening of the 11th of July. It was probably the

case that if he had been willing to risk a night attack, he could have made his way into the city. The heavy guns on the fortifications could not have done any very effective firing after dark, while within the defences there were probably not more than six thousand men bearing muskets. Early's force comprised at this time about fifteen thousand. He could of course have held the city but for a few hours, but the moral effect of even such a temporary capture would have been very considerable on both sides of the Atlantic. He could fairly have expected to have captured the President, while he certainly would have secured the money supplies of the Treasury and could probably have destroyed munitions of all kinds in the armories and army warehouses.

At this time Louis Napoleon was still pressing upon England the policy of recognising the establishment of the Southern Confederacy. The news that, more than three years after the beginning of the war, a Confederate force had been able to penetrate into the lines of the national capital would certainly have been used as a text or argument for the contention that the Confederacy was fairly established and that success for the North was an impossibility. Looking at the matter with the full records now available of the relative forces and with the knowledge of the undiminished war spirit of the Northern States, it is easy to say that the occupation for a few hours of the capital could have had no other effect on the Northern cause than possibly the hastening of enlistments and the sharpening and strengthening of effort. Even the approach of a French fleet to the coasts at this period in the history of the war could hardly have changed the result that was to be secured ten months later. But in July, 1864, the full data for trustworthy historical conclusions were of course not available; the risk seemed to be, and really was, serious, and the anxieties were great.

I have understood that Early believed that some portion of the re-enforcements had reached the city. Colonel Wisewell adopted the course (very exceptional from the point of view of military routine) of putting on his picket line practically the entire infantry force that he had available. To this force he added all the male nurses of the hospitals who were capable of bearing arms, and in addition, a number of volunteers, young men and old, from the Departments, whose muskets might help to increase the firing force. Troops scrambled together in this fashion would have made but a poor show by daylight against Early's veterans but could be used to advantage after dark to strengthen the show of force on the picket line. It is stated that Early ordered the picket lines to be "felt" by his own pickets or skirmishers with the idea of testing both the continuity of the line and the strength of the force by which it was manned. The Federal pickets had received instructions (quite contrary to those usually given) to keep up a rapid firing of their pieces with the smallest possible pretext or even without pretext and also to shift places to the right and to the left. A large number of them had received breech-loading carbines, which were just beginning at this period of the war to be utilised for our cavalry but which at no time during the war were issued to the infantry. With the aid of these carbines and with some activity of movement along the extent of their lines, the pickets kept up an active firing at the slightest evidence of the approach of the opposing line and they succeeded in giving a very good impression (that is to say an exaggerated impression) of their numbers. There were possibly on the picket lines that night about five thousand men. The reports that came to Early gave him this estimate. It was his very natural conclusion that the entire force represented must be not less than from twenty to twenty-five thou-

sand. If this were the case, it was evident that the divisions of the Sixth and the Nineteenth Corps had begun to arrive; and if that were true the sooner he got back to the Potomac the better for his own safety.

Instead, therefore, of taking the risk of a night attack on Washington—and the record shows that he could have entered the city without serious difficulty—he waited for the arrival of a delayed rear-guard, and then through the following day carried on a losing fight against the outer line of entrenchments. It was a portion of this fight that President Lincoln had an opportunity of looking at from the ramparts of Fort Stevens. Through this day, however, the landing of the troops from Fortress Monroe continued, and in the course of the afternoon Early decided that his business in Washington would wait, and that he had better get back to Virginia. On the following morning, General Wright was able to start in pursuit of Early's forces with two divisions of the Sixth Corps and two of the Nineteenth, but it was too late for the pursuit to be effective.

The immediate military purpose of Early's raid was to emphasise with the authorities in Washington and with the commander in the field the necessity of keeping troops detached for the protection of the capital. The pressure brought to bear upon the lines at Washington might help to relieve some of the pressure which was becoming so serious upon Lee's lines in front of Petersburg. The correspondence of President Davis with Slidell, at that time Commissioner of the Confederacy in Paris, shows, however, that the raid had also a political purpose, or at least a political possibility. Slidell was at the time making very hopeful reports to Davis as to the prospects of securing from Louis Napoleon a decision for immediate intervention. The Emperor, who had for two years been pressing upon

England through his friend Palmerston the desirability of intervention, had, as Slidell reported, finally become tired of waiting for England, or had given up the hope of English co-operation, and was about ready to act for himself. He had convinced himself (and probably with truth) that the maintenance of the French power in Mexico, which was important not only for the prestige of the Empire, but for the profit of the great company led by his half-brother Morny, might easily depend upon the success of the Confederacy. It was Slidell's word that the intervention would come as soon as he was able to report some decided Confederate success. The capture in the third year of the war of the national capital, even if it could have been held for but twenty-four hours, could have been emphasised as such a success, even though we may understand to-day it could have affected but little, if at all, the military situation; and it was for such a result that it was quite in order for General Early to utilise at whatever risk his little army.

This same correspondence of Slidell indicated that the two preceding invasions of the North, that which closed in September, 1862, with the battle of Antietam, and that which culminated in July, 1863, with the decisive conflict of Gettysburg, were also political in their purpose. The military historians of Europe, who were quite prepared to recognise the ability of Lee and the skill with which his defensive operations had been conducted, have criticised, or at least questioned, the wisdom of both of these campaigns. They could not understand why Lee should be willing to impair his resources in men and munitions, which had been made, and which were still to be made, so effective for defensive operations, by the waste and losses necessarily to be incurred in aggressive undertakings in territory in which he could not hope to maintain him-

self. It is now pretty well understood that these campaigns were not planned by Lee, but were ordered by Davis, and that however risky or unwise they may have been from the purely military point of view, they did represent a sound policy as far as the interests and prospects of the Confederacy were concerned. Louis Napoleon, from the outset keenly interested in the success of the Confederacy, was, as before indicated, anxious for an opportunity, or at least for a pretext, for the threatened intervention. Slidell speaks sometimes with confidence, and then again with irritation at the vacillation of the Emperor, but he was hopeful from month to month that, after some satisfactory Southern victory, he would still secure the order for the departure of the fleet. If Lee had won at Antietam and was able, as he would then probably have been able, to isolate the capital, or if on that critical afternoon in July, 1863, he had broken the centre of Meade's army and had taken possession of Philadelphia, the intervention would have come and the existence of the Confederacy would have been secured. The possibility of such a result certainly warranted the risk of both campaigns.

XV

The Shenandoah Valley

THE attack on Washington had an important influence on the fortunes of the Nineteenth Corps. It was decided by General Grant and the authorities in Washington that in place of returning to the lines in front of Petersburg the troops that had been sent up to the defence of Washington, these troops should be held as a defensive army for the line of the Potomac with a view of using them later for offensive operations through the much fought over territory of the Shenandoah Valley. It seemed evident that Washington could not safely be left to raids of the character of that which had just been repelled and that the best position for an offensive army to hold would be in the Shenandoah Valley, which had been the usual line of advance for the Confederate invasions of Maryland.

The activities of those interesting little campaigns of July and August were lost to me on the ground of my being invalided at home. I learned later that in addition to my very natural interest in following the line of march of my regiment and my army corps, I had had a personal interest connected with the advance of Early. My sister Edith's friend, Rebecca Shepard, whom I had met once or twice before going to Louisiana, was, during these summer months, working in one of the Washington hospi-

tals on the staff of Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell. She made her home with two old-time friends with whom she had lived in New York, Mrs. Satterie, the widow of a Tennessee planter, and her sister Mattie Griffiths. The two sisters had inherited a considerable property in slaves. Mrs. Satterie's share had been disposed of by a dissipated husband; Mattie Griffiths on coming of age had set her slaves free and had used some remnants of her property to make provision for their migration northwards. The sisters afterwards kept a boarding-house in New York, but they were at this time devoting themselves to the care of a few invalided boarders in a cottage on the outskirts of Washington. Rebecca told me afterwards that on the night before our troops began to arrive, she, in company with the other women nurses in the hospital, were asked to take night duty in addition to the work they had done in their usual day hours because the male nurses were being used on the picket line. She had gone home in the morning and was standing at the gateway of the cottage at the time when the first files of our dust-covered troops were hurrying along the road from the point on the Potomac on which they had been landed. They were being marched with urgency, the day was hot and the road was dusty, and she said that the men were so covered with the white dust that it was impossible to trace their uniforms or to determine to which side they belonged. The first impression of both the girls and their companions was that Early's troops were returning. Miss Griffiths said that she had herself no dread of falling into Early's hands because she had known him pleasantly enough in years past and had, in fact, refused him twice. To the girl Rebecca this seemed rather a curious ground for confidence. She did not see why General Early might not under the circumstances be a little irritated with this recreant young Southerner who had been so unapprecia-

tive of his admiration. The test was however never made. The dusty soldiers proved to be men of the Nineteenth Corps and the women were promptly busied in handing out to them as they passed tin cups of water.

My army corps had some more exciting service to go through from which I was still to be shut out. The plans for the troops collected in the Shenandoah speedily took more decided and aggressive shape. General Sheridan, who had been in command of some cavalry divisions of the Army of the Potomac, was selected to take command of the army of the Shenandoah. He had had assigned to him for the purpose, in addition to the Nineteenth Army Corps, the Sixth Corps, the remaining divisions of which were now sent to him from Petersburg, and the Eighth Corps under General Crook. The latter had only recently been organised and was made up in part of the regiments from the loyal districts of Maryland and West Virginia with the addition of one or two brigades of Western troops. The latter included the 26th Ohio, in which was serving as Major William McKinley, afterwards President of the United States. One of the brigades in the Sixth Corps now associated with the Eighth was commanded by Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, who preceded by a few years William McKinley in the Presidency. Another brigade in the Sixth Corps was commanded by General Keifer whose personal reminiscences were published (in 1901) by G. P. Putnam's Sons. With the army thus confided to him, Sheridan promptly undertook the task of clearing the Shenandoah Valley, a task that had been attempted often enough before and with very varied success. On the 19th of September, he gained a decisive victory over Early's troops at Winchester, and on the 23d of September, he followed this up with another blow at Fisher's Hill. The army then went into quarters on the

line of Cedar Creek and it was at this point that I was to report in joining my regiment.

I had I judge become fairly rested by my sojourn at home. The family at that time were domiciled at a cottage at Five Mile River Landing, on the Sound, the place for which my father secured later the more convenient name of Rowayton. I passed the greater portion of my days with the home circle but as I became stronger I went into town occasionally with my father. I remember being taken by him, probably early in September, to a gathering of the Union League Club and being called upon very unexpectedly to tell the citizens who had organised the club for the purpose of strengthening the hands of the Government, something about the life of the soldier at the front. I managed, with, I remember, a good deal of hesitancy, to give them some narrative of personal experiences which the Union Leaguers decided to be pertinent and interesting. I know that my father was pleased with the impression produced. I did not undertake to give any opinion about military operations, and I congratulated myself on my own reticence when, in getting down from the platform, I was brought by the secretary of the club to be introduced to Major-General Hooker, who had come in while I was speaking. I have quite a clear memory now of his six feet of stature, the big dome of his head, and the red (probably too red) complexion. He had a genial face, but in spite of the size of his head, he did not impress me as a man of brains, and his record in the army showed that he was much better constituted to lead a division or army corps under the direction of some one else than to plan out for himself a campaign or a tactical operation.

I was also called upon, at some war gathering or holiday gathering at Rowayton, to say something to the villagers,

which was of course a much easier task. It is probable that there I should not have been questioned or criticised if I had laid out an entire plan of campaign for the several armies of the Republic.

XVI

The Battle of Cedar Creek

ON the 20th of September, the day the news arrived of the battle of Winchester, I started on my return to the front. I had allowed what seemed to be a full sufficiency of time before the expiration of my leave of absence, and a day to the good. There were, however, unexpected delays of several kinds. My route lay through Baltimore and Washington, and the breaking down of a bridge delayed the train some hours, so that in arriving in Washington I missed the only train of the day for Harpers Ferry. In Washington I was fortunate enough to meet a captain of my regiment, William Badger, who had also been on leave of absence, and whose time was expiring at the same hour as my own. He was, like myself, anxious enough to get to the front. He was a good fighting man and a good executive officer, but he disliked the necessity for accepting, in between the active operations of campaigning, the trammels of discipline. Badger's own opinion was, he held, of more value than the opinion of anyone else in the regiment, not excluding the commanding officer himself. He was a good comrade, however, and a man of resource, and I was very glad at this time to have him as a companion. We finally got what was called a mixed train for our journey to Harpers Ferry, and arrived at this abandoned and uncomfortable

little town late at night. We had a few hours' sleep before taking a second train, which was to start at some unearthly hour of the morning for Martinsburg, the end of the railroad connection with Sheridan's army. We had not gone many miles before we were brought to a halt with the report that a bridge in front of us had been burned, and that the train which had preceded us (the train that Badger and myself ought to have caught) had been captured by Mosby. There was nothing to do but to wait until engineers, brought up for the purpose from Harpers Ferry, could improvise some trestle work by which our train could be gotten across the deep creek. This took the greater part of the day. Late in that day, we passed the still smoking ruins of our unfortunate predecessor and learned further details of Mosby's attack. It appeared that this particular train had carried a paymaster who was going to the front with $180,000 belonging to my own (Grover's) division. News of this special cargo had been conveyed by some Rebel sympathisers to Mosby, who naturally enough had "gone" for the money.

A month or two later, I met in prison the poor paymaster himself, who was still borne down with the trouble of the loss of his money and of the necessary "mixing up" of his accounts. We had expected to reach Martinsburg in time to go up to the army under the protection of the waggon train, which twice a week took to the front supplies of food and munitions. The double mishaps on the railroad on our route brought us into the town some hours too late for this waggon train. Martinsburg was at that time the chief base of supplies for an army of thirty thousand men. It was also a hospital station. We applied promptly to the quartermaster in charge of transportation, a certain Captain Tolles, for a loan of a couple of horses. Tolles was in a bad humour for some reason or other. It was my experience that quartermasters, under the pressure of

demands of commanders on the one hand and lack of adequate supplies on the other (a lack which was very frequently due to unexpectedly energetic operations of the enemy), were often out of temper. I had been a quartermaster myself and I had reason to know. In any case, Tolles took the ground that horses were valuable and could not be spared. "Why," he said, "Mosby's troops are now between us and our own lines. They got this train yesterday and with it supplies that could be ill spared. Anybody going up the valley unless with an escort will be gobbled. One officer more or less is of no importance, but I'll be damned if I'll spare horses!" A plea for a pair of mules even was met by a similar emphatic refusal. Our threat that we would go to the front on foot and that we would report the quartermaster for failure to expedite our efforts to obey orders, produced merely the derisive answer that our reports, bad or good, would be given in Libby Prison and would not do him any good or harm.

We started back to our inn in a frame of mind that was a mixture of apprehension (for our broken leave of absence) and indignation. In taking a short cut through a lane that went out from what was, if I remember rightly, the only real street in Martinsburg, the Captain stubbed his foot and caught the toe of his boot in a hole at the side of the lane. Leaning down to disentangle his boot, he shouted, "Adjutant! I hear a horse below here. He must be in a cellar to which this hole is an opening." "Well," I said, "that would be a queer place for a horse, at least for one that is likely to be of any use." The hole was in front of a little cabin, which proved on investigation to be occupied by a couple of ancient darkies. The old man was sitting in front of the fire (the weather was already autumnal) warming his hands and feet, and his old woman was bustling about on some show of household

undertakings. "Uncle," said the Captain, "we want that horse that you have down in your cellar."

"Why, Massa," said the old man, "I ain't got no hoss. Fust the Rebs dun took all the hosses, an' then the Yanks come an' took all that war left an' there ain't been no hosses in this yere town fur two years, leastways no loose hosses."

Nothing further was to be gotten out of the old man, and it only remained to undertake for ourselves the investigation of the not very extensive premises. Pushing open the back door, we found ourselves in a little yard from which we made our way through another door and an inclined passage down into a space beneath the house which might be called a cellar and which extended out beneath the street. It was entirely dark and we did not happen to have with us even a match. We felt about in the space and placed our hands upon the form of the horse. A slight pull served to break away the much decayed halter, and the Captain pulling and the Adjutant pushing, the horse was with some difficulty pushed up the slope and out into the back yard. He was, for the time at least, quite blind, as was natural enough after his underground experience. He was covered with a kind of mould and, notwithstanding the sunshine, he shivered so violently in coming into the open air and was generally so weak on his pins that we feared he might fall down. We propped him up into one corner of the yard, the sunshiny corner. We rubbed off his mould and, while the Captain was washing out his nostrils with some whiskey and water, I hurried around to the commissary warehouse, the officer in charge of which proved to be better tempered than Captain Tolles, and "commandeered" some oats "for the good of the service." The smell of the whiskey and the taste of the oats revived our charge very much, and when we got him fairly rubbed down, he looked (although woefully thin)

as if he might still be made fit for service. In the yard stood an old buggy, which had doubtless come in with the horse, but which could not be gotten out again until a part of the back fence that had been nailed over the old gateway had been taken down. That, however, was not a difficult task as the fence was pretty well decayed. The buggy itself was very mouldy and called for repairs in every direction. Another application at the commissary's gave us the use of hammer, nails, etc., and with a good deal of patching and tying and nailing, the buggy was put into such shape that, apart from any hidden delinquencies, it could be made available for at least a short trip. We were not a little relieved when we had gotten the horse in between the shafts and had put on the harness. The latter was taken from the commissary on the strength of a receipt given by the two of us in the name of Grover's division. I hope that this informal voucher did not stand in the way of the balancing of the commissary's monthly accounts.

Assured now that the horse could not fall down and not dreading any attempt at running away, we went back into the kitchen of the cabin to make a bargain with the (so-called) owner. We told him that if he would come to the front with us, we would give him five dollars and he could bring the horse back. The old gentleman did not want to go. He had heard that Mosby was about and he was much afraid of being killed or captured. His missus did not share his fears. "Now, Sam," she says, "yer go with the gen'lemen an' git thar five dollars an' bring the dollars an' the hoss back." She had the stronger will of the two, and after a little time she got him into his overcoat, with an extra comforter about his neck, and with groans, partly of rheumatism and partly of apprehension, he pulled himself onto the seat of the buggy. We steered the vehicle out into the back lane and

from there into the street leading to the Winchester pike. Neither the Captain nor myself ventured to get into the buggy until we had gotten away from the cobble stones of the town, partly because we dreaded the effect of the extra weight and partly because it was still important to watch the working of the craft with reference to further repairs. We did have to make one or two halts before clearing the town, but having brought with us the hammer, some pieces of board, and some extra nails, and also a good supply of rope, we were able to do the further patching and tying that proved to be necessary.

As we went through the town, the soldiers of the quartermaster's guards came out along the street and jeered at us: "Hello! Captain, when did you come out of the Ark with your beast? Adjutant, where did you dig up that horse? Are you going for a funeral or for a fight?" We said nothing, partly because there was nothing very pertinent to say, and partly because, as said, we were very busy watching our machine, and if it were to collapse we preferred that our collapse should be delayed until we got away from our critical spectators. The horse went, however, really better than we could have expected, and the buggy was still holding together when we reached the high-road. Our valises had of course been thrown in as we started. The Captain mounted at the front and I took a more modest place on the back of the seat where I could still keep a watch over the wheels, etc., and we bowled along the pike at a rate of at least three miles an hour, keeping a sharp lookout for Mosby. We drove through the remaining daylight hours and when it was too dark for safety we pulled out into a field sufficiently far from the road to be hidden from the observation of any passers. The horse had an unwonted meal of oats, and the passengers (not venturing to make a fire) had to be satisfied with hardtack and cold pork.

The Captain and I kept watch and watch through the night while the darky slept the sleep of the irresponsible.

I was taking my last doze as the dawn broke and was aroused suddenly (one wakens easily in war time) by the sound of sharp though still distant musketry firing. I jumped at once, calling to the Captain, and the darky wakened at the sound of my voice. The Captain, who had been leaning up against a tree keeping himself awake as best he could, ran forward to the next slope in order to locate if possible the position of the firing. I took the course of climbing the tree. We both got a view at about the same moment of what was happening. I could see by the increasing daylight a mile or more southward on the pike the last waggons of what was evidently our delayed waggon train. A little farther along came gleaming through the dusk the flashes of rifles and pistols. These flashes soon died away. The skirmish, however sharp, was evidently over. As far as we could judge from the retreating sound of the firing, the attacking party, doubtless some of Mosby's men, had been repulsed. If the attack had been made on the rear of the train, we should have been in a bad position as we should have been cut off from our friends. I scrambled down the tree as the Captain came running back from his slope. I had been so much absorbed in watching the firing that I had not noticed what the darky was doing. He had busied himself, properly enough, with hitching the horse into the buggy, but to my concern, while I was still pretty well up in the tree fork and the Captain was yet in the distance, the darky, in getting into the buggy, had turned the horse's head northward. I called to him, "No! no! We are going the other way," but he paid no attention to me. I even fired my pistol over his head, but he was more afraid of Mosby's men than of any shooting that a northern Adjutant might do, and as I reached

the ground the darky was driving off through the rough field towards the pike northward at a pace that would as I thought break the buggy into bits. The buggy held together, thanks to our effective repairing, at least as long as we could watch it—and we have never seen it since. We had something to regret, but so had the darky; he got away without his five dollars and I judge that he had a bad time with his missus when he got back.

The Captain and I slung our valises, which the darky (very decently) had not put back into the buggy, onto a branch and trotted with them as rapidly as practicable along the road until we caught up with the tail-end waggon of the train, the train itself being not yet in motion. The valises were thrown into the waggon with instructions to the driver to deliver them to the quartermaster of Grover's division, and we hurried to the front of the train and reported ourselves to the captain in charge of the train. "You are a little late," said the captain, "the fight is over." He soon realised, however, that we had done the best we could to join ourselves to his troop, and that our delay was due to no fault of ours. A company of Mosby's men had, as we had assumed, made a hasty dash at day-break with the expectation of stampeding the mules and possibly of getting the better of the guard. The guard proved, however, to be on the alert and the drivers kept control of their animals. The mules were not stampeded although one or two were killed. A few men had been hit on both sides, but when the "Rebs" found that they were not able to effect a surprise, they gave up the attack and scattered southwards.

Emphasising with the captain of the guard the urgency of our requirement, as we did not have many hours left of our leave of absence, we persuaded him to let us have a couple of the waggon mules which were to be returned later to the train quartermaster. With these mules we

made the best speed possible along the road, munching our breakfast of hard-tack and cold pork as we trotted. We succeeded in reaching camp before noon and in reporting for duty with perhaps half an hour to spare of our leave of absence.

Our comrades looked at us, as I now remember, a little askance. The regiment had during the past few weeks been through some active marching and fighting and we had been absent. It was even thought probable that Sheridan's work in the valley was over and that we might not see any more fighting before the time came for winter quarters. I felt the difficulty and the implied reproach although I had nothing to blame myself for. My surgeon's certificates and my leave of absence were not only in proper form, but had been passed on real disability, and I had had no means of foreseeing the fight at Winchester. I am not so sure about the case of Badger. I think he had secured leave of absence on different grounds, and he certainly did not look like a convalescent. In any case, there fortunately proved to be still fighting enough ahead for the regiment, fighting in which we were able to bear our part.

The Shenandoah Valley, in which was going on the campaigning of the autumn of 1864, is one of the most beautiful portions of Virginia. The length of the region that belongs properly to the valley is about 120 miles. The streams flow into the Potomac so that the trend of the land is northward. The main stream is the Shenandoah River, but this is made up of two forks which unite under Massanutton Mountain about six miles south of Middletown. Near the point of union, there flows into the Shenandoah the little stream of Cedar Creek, which has its rise on the slopes of the Alleghanies eight or ten miles to the west, and which flows for the greater part of its course nearly directly eastward, crossing the turnpike at right

angles. This turnpike was and is the essential feature of the valley. Its lines were selected by George Washington, who was in 1748 carrying on work as a surveyor. I have been told by surveyors who knew the region well that the selection of the route for this pike at a time when the Valley was covered with forests so that the view was limited in every direction, gave evidence of exceptional knowledge and judgment on the part of the young surveyor. His points had to be fixed by flags from the tree tops, as the assistants bearing the measuring chains could not be seen by each other at any distance. The trend of the land also had to be judged from the tree tops or mountain slopes. In any case it has not been found necessary or even advisable to alter the lines of the pike since these lines were first fixed. The roads in Virginia have never been noted for their excellence and, during the war times, had of necessity fallen into bad repair, so that in the seasons of wet weather they were often enough rendered nearly impassable by the mud. The Shenandoah pike was, however, an exception. Notwithstanding the neglect of surface repairs during the war years, the foundations were so thoroughly laid that the road remained in substantial working order even at this late period.

A large proportion of the campaigns through the valley, small and large, were fought for the possession of the pike. It was usually the attempt of the Union forces, advancing southward, to push their opponents westward of the pike so as to separate them from their connections with the Army of Northern Virginia. The purpose of the Rebel commanders, when the advantage and the advance rested with them, was in like manner to push our forces westward towards the Alleghanies and thus to separate them from their base of supplies along the Potomac. The two ridges by which the valley is formed,

the Blue Ridge on the east and the Alleghanies on the west, are distant from each other from six to thirty miles. I think the closest point of approach is that at which Cedar Creek makes its way eastward into the Shenandoah.

The country is very fertile and had from a very early period in the settlement of Virginia been occupied by prosperous farmers. Notwithstanding that active fighting had gone on up and down the valley for a period of more than three years, there still remained under cultivation a good many thousand acres, and hundreds of barns still contained corn and fodder which were valuable as supplies for either army that could get hold of them. One reason why the Rebel leaders found it important to keep forces in the Shenandoah Valley, notwithstanding the pressure upon their lines farther east, was to utilise this granary of Virginia to the greatest extent possible for the supplying of their own troops and, conversely, to prevent northern armies from advancing southward to secure the benefit of these supplies.

One feature of the series of campaigns in the valley was the opportunity for flank attacks, attacks which became almost monotonous in their character. At various points through the Blue Ridge were gaps or defiles more or less passable for troops coming from the east. Through these gaps a force advancing or retreating along the pike could be taken in flank. A timely attack on a line of waggons usually had the result of blocking the road with the bodies of disabled mules and with the wrecks of the waggons. The troops to the north and south of the waggons would then themselves be open to attacks for the repelling of which they were usually in a disadvantageous position. The majority of these flank attacks were made by the Rebel forces, who for the greater part of the war controlled the territory to the east of the Blue Ridge. It is necessary to admit that the advantage in the larger

number of the campaigns that went on through the valley rested with the Rebel leaders, who, in addition to the advantage of position and of a detailed knowledge of the country, showed on the whole a better capacity for utilising their troops (they were often in the minority in numbers) and a greater initiative of attack and activity of movement than were found practicable by the Federal commanders. Milroy, Banks, Hunter, and Sigel, generals who had entered the valley with what seemed to be sufficient and well-organised forces and with the intention of extending Federal control as far south as Lynchburg, had met with misfortune and disaster and had sacrificed for themselves and for their troops prestige and reputation.

The problem had now been placed in the hands of a commander of different calibre. General Sheridan, to whom had been given the responsibility of driving the Rebel forces from the valley, was undoubtedly a man of better leadership capacity than was possessed by his opponent, General Early. It is fair to say also that he commanded larger forces, and forces the equipment of which at this late period of the war was decidedly in advance of that of their adversaries. At the time when I was again in active service with my regiment, Sheridan had already administered two signal defeats to General Early, and it was apparently his own belief, as it was certainly the expectation of the army, that the Rebel forces would not again make a stand in the valley. This belief proved, however, to be unfounded. Early was a tough old soldier who, while probably not very clear-headed, had the courage of his convictions and a persistency which brought him more than once very close to a real triumph. In the very completeness of his defeat at Winchester and the belief that this would give to his opponent an over-confidence as to his inability to make any further stand, Early saw his opportunity. Sheridan

had received from Grant and from Lincoln congratulations on his two victories, congratulations which were themselves evidently based on the belief that the valley campaign was substantially over.

It was Grant's desire to concentrate on Lee's lines at Petersburg all the troops that were available in order to finish up the larger movements of the campaign. Shortly after the battle of Fisher's Hill, the Sixth Corps, commanded by General Wright, which constituted about two-fifths of Sheridan's force (the Nineteenth Corps being smaller in numbers and the Eighth very much smaller), was ordered to rejoin the Army of the Potomac. It had advanced a half day's journey on its march to the Potomac when Sheridan received instructions to report to Washington for an interview with Grant. Grant wanted to ascertain from a direct personal report whether it might not be practicable to abandon the valley altogether and to bring up to Richmond, in addition to the Sixth Corps, the troops of the Nineteenth. On his way to Martinsburg, Sheridan overtook the columns of the Sixth Corps. He had no real apprehension concerning the safety of his army. He writes in his journal that he thought "the snake had been thoroughly scotched" and would not again lift its head. With a feeling of extra precaution, however, he decided that it might be as well not to have the fighting force lessened during the absence of its commander. He therefore directed General Wright to retrace his march and in the course of a few hours the Sixth Corps was again in its lines on the right of the Nineteenth, lines which faced southward up the valley. It was the rather unwonted conservatism of General Sheridan that saved his army from a great disaster. The position of the Sixth Corps extended to a point about six miles west of the pike. General Wright, in command of this corps, outranked General Emory, who commanded my own corps,

the Nineteenth. In rejoining the army he had, therefore, in the absence of Sheridan, the supreme command. On the right of the Sixth Corps, the ground continued to be level for a mile or two until the beginning of the slope of the Alleghanies. The fertile fields of the farms extended at this point right across the valley and well up the slopes of the western ridge of mountains, a ridge which was in any case not steep. From the right of the infantry line extended the position of the cavalry, which was at that time under the command of General Torbert. This position had been assigned to the cavalry, as well because with the level ground both north and south they retained the necessary freedom of action, as for securing a better measure of protection against an attack on the right flank. Next eastward from the Sixth Corps came the line of my own corps, the Nineteenth, which occupied therefore the centre of the position. The left of the Nineteenth Corps extended nearly to the pike. The ground sloped down somewhat towards the pike and the bivouacs of the troops ended with the portion that was level. My own regiment happened to be on the extreme left of the left brigade. Our immediate flank was therefore, so to speak, "in air," as for a space of a thousand feet or so the line was broken by the two slopes on either side of the pike and by the width of the pike itself. Eastward of the pike, at a point where the level ground again began, was the position of the Eighth Corps the line of which extended right up to the flank of Massanutton Mountain. The slope of the mountain was steep and thickly wooded, and it was the report of the engineers and of the adjutant-general with his staff who were responsible for the selection of the lines, that the slope of the mountain could not be traversed by any organised body of troops. To the eastward therefore of the bivouac of the Eighth Corps, the dependence for protection against a flank attack was simply the assumed

inaccessibility of the mountain slope and the lack of roadway and paths. General Crook, who commanded the Eighth Corps, had, in addition to the picket line at his front (to the south), some pickets thrown up into the woods on the east, but the woods were so dense that their range of view was very much restricted. In front of the line of the Nineteenth Corps, at the foot of a rather sharp declivity, ran (eastward) the little stream of Cedar Creek. Our position had been strengthened somewhat, as far as an approach from the south was concerned, by a hastily constructed trench, the earth of which had been thrown to the south. The trench, together with the earth in front, afforded a protection averaging about three feet in height.

It is to be borne in mind, however, that while the position had been selected with care and was supposed to be perfectly defensible against any equal force, there was no real apprehension in the minds either of the troops or in their leaders in regard to an attack. It was understood by all of us that General Sheridan considered the campaign in the valley to have been practically terminated and that his errand in Washington was to arrange for the more effective use to be made elsewhere of the troops under his command. It was assumed further that the retreat of Early had continued southward and that no force of importance was within reach. On the eighteenth of October, General Wright had ordered a reconnoissance in force, which meant in this case a force of three battalions. The troops were commanded by a major of the 26th Massachusetts. Advancing without full measure of precaution, he ran into what was practically an ambuscade; his battalions were caught by a double flank fire and were pushed back with some loss of killed, wounded, and of prisoners. It was evident from the report brought back that there was a force strong enough at least to manage a

direct assault within a few miles to the south of our lines. Even this incident failed, however, to impress General Wright as serious.

On the day of this skirmish, I had myself secured a permit to go outside of our picket line to the south. I wanted to make a call upon a family with which I had before had to do, that occupied the miller's cottage of a flour mill near the pike. I had been able a few days before to prevent the burning of this mill. Up to that time the orders under which we were acting had prohibited the destruction of mills or any other property without special orders. The mill had been set on fire either purposely or through heedlessness by some stragglers who had been camping out in one of the woodsheds. I was able, by calling in some troops within reach, to get the fire under control and to have the stragglers (who were absent from their camp without leave) put under arrest. The miller was absent serving, I believe, in the Confederate army. The miller's wife, her old mother, and several children were in the house. She was very grateful for the service and said that if I might ever need anything which she happened to have, I must not fail to call upon her.

Such a need came up on this sunshiny October morning. The night before I had given leave of absence to a couple of men from my regiment who were to join a foraging party. They had heard that at no great distance from the camp there was to be found some flour and some honey and, as was not always the case with such hopeful rumours, the flour and honey did exist and were secured. I dare not venture to believe that they were paid for. In any case, partly as a matter of respect to regimental headquarters and partly as recognition for the adjutant's passes, a fair share of the flour and honey was placed at the disposal of the major's tent. The question was now how to do the cooking. I had myself mastered the art

of making flapjacks, but our headquarter's griddle had disappeared, and a bayonet point was hardly adequate to supply its place. My errand to the miller's wife was therefore to secure the loan of her griddle. My walk along the pike took me across the bridge spanning Cedar Creek and for a few hundred feet by a bye-path to the mill. The griddle was very cheerfully put at my disposal, with the caution that it was the only one the good woman possessed, and was in constant use for her own children. I promised, on the good faith of a Yankee, that she should certainly have it back not later than the following morning. With the griddle I secured a loan of the *Life of Patrick Henry*, which was, I think, the only book in the house other than the Bible, and with these two treasures I made my way back to camp. I was followed an hour later by the discomfited reconnoissance party whose report made it clear that there must be no further wandering outside of our picket lines. We were still, however, unwilling to believe that this unsatisfactory skirmishing meant any more than some reconnoitring from the Rebel lines.

Orders came to my tent in the course of the evening to send in a couple of companies to brigade headquarters at five o'clock in the morning for a renewed reconnoissance in larger force. This advance was, however, never made as larger movements took its place.

The evening of the 18th of October must, I judge, have been milder in its temperature than some of the autumn nights that had preceded it. I remember lying out on the turf with a group of comrades, studying, under the starlight, the effect of the long line of hills on the east in the centre of which towered up the peak of Massanutton. It must have been about ten o'clock (I know that taps had sounded some little time before) when there came from one of the upper slopes of Massanutton a series of

flash-lights that looked for the moment as if a group of shooting-stars had been suspended over the tree tops. This bit of the ridge was as visible from the eastern slope of the mountains as from our position on the west. The men who, unlike myself, had had to do with the operations of a few weeks back, remembered that Early's signal corps had utilised for their work this commanding point of Massanutton. "The Rebs are signalling again," was the word, and to those of us who, in spite of our inexperience in "larger strategy," were giving some thought to the possibilities of the campaign, the news had significance. A mere reconnoitring party or skirmish line of a rear-guard would have had no requirement to send signals over the hills to the roads on the east of the valley. Such signalling could only mean, first, that there was a force of some importance within reach of our lines in the valley, and secondly, that a second force was approaching from the east.

These thoughts were but vague guesses on the part of the youngsters. Our commanders must also of course have been watching the signals, but their actions do not seem to have been affected. General Crook, who, as before stated, commanded the troops of the left wing which lay up against the slope of Massanutton, took no steps to strengthen his flanks and, as the later records show, did not even give any special word of caution to his pickets. General Wright and his division commanders appear still to have rested on the confidence that, whatever show of activity Early might wish to keep up, there was no chance that the troops that had been so thoroughly discomfited twice within thirty days could be meditating a direct attack on Sheridan's army placed in a position of its own selection. We lay watching the signal lights until long after the proper sleeping hour, notwithstanding that certain of the men with me were ordered to be under

arms at daybreak, and that such an order always meant that the Adjutant himself must be on hand to see it carried out. Leaving directions to the sergeant of the guard that I was to be called at half-past five, I finally turned in under my blanket. The sentries' call never came and was not needed. The waking signal was given instead by the rattle of musketry from the slope on the eastern side of the pike.

The battle of Cedar Creek was one of the many actions in the war the advantages in which shifted sharply during the different periods of the fighting. One of the distinctive features of our Civil War as compared with other wars of modern times was the long series of battles which were not decided, and which could not be decided, by the earlier movements, battles during which the fortunes varied and were even reversed during a time not only of one day but of two days, three days, four days, and (in the Wilderness) of seven days. No campaign in history gives such examples of staying power, and of reviving power on the part of the men who fought. The "men behind the guns," whether they wore the blue or the grey, were not satisfied to accept as a final discomfiture some preliminary disaster which had come upon them because of a disadvantageous position or through the blunder of their own commander or the genius of the leader of the other side. It often seemed to them possible, and it often proved to be possible, to recover what had been lost, and to turn a defeat into victory.

Such battles as Pittsburg Landing, Pea-Ridge, Gettysburg, and many others showed what could be done on the second day with troops who had gotten into difficulties on the first. In all these battles, however, the defeated fighters had had a night in which to think it over and in which to recover their spirits and their fighting power. In these instances also, while the men who had in the first

place been beaten were sharers in the final victory, they had the advantage of the aid of certain fresh troops who had not felt the first discomfiture and who were to contribute not merely fresh muskets but untroubled spirits. Cedar Creek is, I think, the only action of importance during the war (and during any other war of which I have record) which, having been lost in the morning, was won in the afternoon of the same day by the same troops fighting against the same troops and with no advantage of fresh resources of men or of guns. The Northern army received during the day a reinforcement of but one man, Sheridan, but, as this experience showed, a man like Sheridan, put into action at a critical moment, could have the value of an army corps.

It is not worth while in this memoir to undertake to give a description of a battle which was so complex in its events. The events of the day are described in full in Irwin's *History of the Nineteenth Army Corps*, in Ford's *Shenandoah Campaign*, and in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*. I judge that there belongs to my narrative only some record of the details with which I myself had to do and of the immediate fortunes of my regiment. Wakened, as stated, by the near sound of musketry, a sound which came not from straggling picket firing but from volleys, and gave evidence therefore of masses of men, I tumbled out of my little shelter tent, and got into my equipments in a very few minutes. My next task was to help guide the men, some of whom, more or less confused, had slipped into our line of trenches, a line which, as before explained, faced to the south with its left extended to the edge of the slope of land down to the pike. There was a heavy morning fog, a fog so dense that we could see but a few feet before us. We peered down the slope southward towards the bridge by the pike across the creek, but could trace neither by sight nor by sound

any approach from the only direction in which the enemy could properly be expected. This enterprising enemy was, however, as we soon realised, not behaving in any proper or expected manner. In the course of a few minutes, round shot came bowling into our line of intrenchment directly from the eastern slope on the other side of the pike, a position which was, as we had supposed, controlled by our own left wing, comprising our comrades of the Eighth Corps. Without being able to get at even a trustworthy guess as to what had happened, it was apparent that we were facing the wrong way. The attack was to come upon us not from the south but from the east.

My own battalion was as promptly as possible gotten out of the trenches and faced to the left on the crest of the slope, and within twenty or thirty minutes the rest of the brigade, facing to the rear, had made its way into position on our left overlooking the line of the pike. The pike itself was still hidden in the mass of fog but through the fog we could now see the larger flashes of the field artillery which the Rebel advance was bringing to bear upon our position. The musketry fire had for the time ceased. It was evident that the first contest to the east of the pike had been decided altogether too promptly and that our men had been driven back and scattered.

The movement executed by the line of Macauley's Brigade, which constituted, as said, the extreme left of the Nineteenth Corps and of the line to the west of the pike, represented on a small scale the movement that General Wright was under the necessity of making with his entire army. The line of his position extended westward for about four miles; the troops in this line were all, as far as the present requirement was concerned, facing the wrong way. Wright's task was to face his army to the rear and to execute a wheel on what was then to be his right flank. For a moment, a moment extending possibly to

the space of half an hour, the 176th New York was the pivot of this wheeling operation. While the movement seems simple enough as stated, and was one which there would have been no difficulty in executing in a drill-room or on a plain with a battalion brigade or division, it was by no means so simple a matter when the troops to be moved constituted two army corps of infantry, a partial corps of cavalry, and a full complement of field artillery, when the wheel itself had to be executed across ground more or less broken by hedge and by ditch, and when further, as the most serious consideration of all, the pivot on which the wheel was to be based was continually being shot away and driven back.

The force of General Early's attack was directed against this pivot, the command which had first formed the left wing but which through this wheel to the rear came to be the right wing of Wright's army. The Rebel divisions, led by Gordon and Kershaw, outnumbered very considerably the troops that were at first opposed to them. It was therefore only a question of time as to when we should be forced back. This position of affairs, while easy to analyse now with the full evidence of the day on record, was of course by no means well understood at the moment. The men of the Nineteenth Corps had, to be sure, gotten under arms before the attack had reached their position. They were still, however, confused and perplexed, first, at the disappearance of the troops on the left which should have protected their flank, and secondly, at the direction of the attack itself which, as the Rebel advance gained position farther to the north on the pike, came not only from the left but actually from the rear. Our own brigade was for the time under fire in fact from three directions, and this is a kind of fire that troops find it very difficult to withstand. There was the further embarrassment that the fog continued to confuse the whole position. Towards

seven o'clock, however, the fog became thinner so that the line of the pike and the mass of slope behind came into view. As the fog lifted, the strength of the Rebel attack became evident. The troops were coming across the pike in masses, and were so sure of their advance that they could even afford in part to disregard the portion of our line that was most immediately to be reached, and to press their way northward with the view of occupying the pike and of cutting off the retreat of our division. Colonel Macauley, a well-trained soldier, had done what he could to get his brigade into fighting shape and to hold his ground until the position of the division should be selected and fairly occupied its portion of the crest. He had to assist him in the undertaking a field battery comprising, if I remember rightly, six pieces. The guns were probably twelve-pounders. These had been placed a hundred feet or so in front of the line of the 176th and, although very much in the way of shot coming from the other side, were throwing their own missiles into the fog, guiding the range as nearly as might be by the flashes of the enemy's guns. When the Rebel infantry line got its musketry to bear, the position of the battery became untenable. The horses were killed or disabled, and the captain in charge used his men to drag the guns back within the shelter (a very temporary shelter) of our infantry line. One gun was, however, left on the slope, and in the haste of the movement, and in connection with the serious damage inflicted by the enemy's fire on the men of the battery, it had not been practicable to spike or otherwise disable this last piece. Colonel Macauley, who had mounted his horse not, as I understood later, because there was any riding to be done, but for the purpose of getting a wider range of view, called from behind the centre of the line for volunteers to drag in this gun. I was probably the officer who was nearest in line to it and

with a group of men, possibly fifteen or eighteen, who hurriedly came together for the purpose, I dashed out across the space to get the gun back. As we moved forward, the slope between us and the road was suddenly covered by the lines of men in butternut. By the time we reached the piece there were not enough men left to perform the task of dragging it across the rough ground to the rear. I do not know what may be the weight of a twelve-pounder with its carriage, but I do know that under the conditions eight or ten men could not manage it.

As I learned later, Macauley was shot through his chest just after giving the order about the gun. The colonel next in command, seeing that the thin line of the brigade was liable to be cut off by the advance of the "Rebs" northward, gave the order to fall back just about the time that my little group was falling forward. It was for us an unfortunate combination of circumstances. The first files of the butternut line had cut across our route of retreat and a second line in larger masses was coming up from the back. The slope itself was for a few moments peppered most uncomfortably with shots from either side. I ordered the men to lie down, an order for which there was hardly necessity because the lying down was done instinctively. We had still a faint hope that the rest of the division remaining to defend the line of our brigade, might retake the position, but the hope proved delusive. I remember having a feeling as I lay face downward on the turf that I must be about the size of an elephant. It seemed in connection with the peppering of the balls against the little ledge occupied that one could not possibly escape being hit. I felt a keen desire to be as thin as the knave of spades.

In a few minutes, however, the fire slackened. Our men were too far back to reach the slope and the second line of "Rebs" reserved their fire for fear of hurting their own

men. I took my sword from the belt and hid it in a cleft of the rocks. I also half mechanically (I certainly had not thought out the matter with any definiteness) took the cylinder out of my Remington revolver and, tossing it away, placed the revolver itself back in my belt. It was a presentation sword bearing, in addition to my own name, the names of the company officers of my regiment, and I have been hoping since the war that some impecunious Southerner might be interested, for a proper consideration, in looking up the owner; but fifty years have passed and I have had no tidings of it.

Within a very few minutes after the cessation of the fire, the second line of the enemy ran over us. We were promptly disarmed, and were relieved not only of weapons but of certain portions of our equipment which the Rebels thought we could spare and which doubtless they needed, such as overcoats, rubber blankets, and the contents of our pockets, particularly greenbacks. The first man who ran up to me put his hand upon the pistol. It was of course proper enough that I should be disarmed and pistols had value for the Confederacy. He drew the pistol from the holster and as long as he held it frontwards, looked satisfied enough with his acquisition. In turning it sideways, however, he saw the hole where the cylinder ought to have been and then he was a very mad "Reb" indeed. Bringing up his musket with a well-emphasised threat, he told the "damned Yankee" to find that cylinder or he might lose his "damned Yankee brains." I could not have found the cylinder if I had wanted to, and naturally I did not want to very much. The man had evidently captured some whiskey before he got hold of me and he was drunk enough to be dangerous. Fortunately for me, one of his officers was within reach. The musket was promptly struck down and its owner sent to the front where he belonged, and I was put into line with some five or six

hundred other prisoners who had been gathered in mainly from the commands of the scattered Eighth Corps.

When the first onset was substantially completed, and the lines of the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps had been occupied by the Rebels as our men fell back, the prisoners were mustered together and were ordered to stand in a long line for the purpose of being relieved of certain property held to be unfitting for prisoners. The articles so classed comprised the overcoat, the woollen blanket, the rubber blanket, all moneys, and the pocket knife. Some of the older hands, who had had previous experience as prisoners or who knew by the experience of others, were wise enough before their turn came in the search to stow away their money within their innermost garment. I had myself some three months' pay which I could ill afford to lose. It was, I think, about three hundred dollars. In advance of any thought of capture, I had placed the money in an inner pocket of my shirt, saving only a few dollars for the pocketbook. The latter was promptly appropriated, but the inner pocket remained undiscovered until a week later when it was emptied of its contents under the more thorough ransacking of the sergeant of the guard at Libby.

The most serious requirement of our captors was for shoes. I do not think that the Rebels had the idea of putting upon their prisoners any unnecessary harshness or annoyance. They were, however, at this time very much in need of all the necessities of life and for campaigning purposes shoes were particularly important. In any case, the officers in charge of the business ordered the "Yankees" to kick off their shoes, and these were promptly appropriated by the Rebel soldiers of equivalent size. In certain cases the battered and largely worn out shoes of the "Rebs" were thrown over in place of the articles appropriated. Those of us who had been campaigning

for any length of time in the valley realised that we had a long march before us. I did not myself like to think of making this march barefoot or in shoes that did not fit. Before the sergeant of the guard reached my point in the line and before, therefore, my pockets had been emptied, I used my pocket knife to slash the upper leathers of my shoes, taking care not to break the uppers so far that the shoes should not hold together. The shoes looked so very unpromising for campaigning purposes that when they were reached in the examination the sergeant decided that they were not worth the trouble of appropriating. I had therefore the satisfaction of walking up the valley on my own shoe leathers and the shoes held together in fact for some weeks after I reached Richmond. One of my comrades in the line was still more fortunate as he succeeded in preserving his shoes intact, and it was, I think, the only pair (with the exception of those worn by the general officers who were not thus intruded upon) that was preserved through the prison winter. The comrade in question was an officer on the staff of General Russell's division in the Sixth Corps. His name was Vander Weyde. He told me that he had been ordered by his division commander to ride over to the left of the line of the Nineteenth Corps and to order the withdrawal of the brigade to which my regiment belonged. He rode too far, because at the time he got to the left of the line our men had already fallen back. As a result he was giving orders in the mist to men who belonged as he supposed to Macauley's command, but who were as a fact the first files of the Rebels' advance. They said "All right" to the orders, and to make sure that there was no confusion in the matter they took possession of the staff officer. My friend's feet were small and as his duties had been mainly cared for on horseback, he had indulged himself in the luxury of patent-leather boots. Concerning these boots he had

had to stand a certain amount of chaffing from his fellow-officers, chaffing that he had taken good-naturedly enough. He was standing next to me in the line of prisoners and I saw these same patent-leather boots taken from him by three different Confederates in succession, no one of whom was able to get them on. The last man gave up the task as hopeless and chucked back the boots with some such word as, "You can keep your boots, you little Yankee dude! Much good may they do you"; and much good they did do him through the long winter in which most of us became barefoot.

We passed the long waiting hours as best we could; some of us who did not know any better, wondering when the signal for dinner was coming. Most of us had begun the day's work in the morning without any breakfast, and we were pretty nearly exhausted by three o'clock in the afternoon, when the order came to "fall in, column of four," and our column began its weary march across the bridge at Cedar Creek and southward along the pike. We should have felt less discouraged if we could have known what was happening at this time six miles to the north. Just about the hour when the column of prisoners started its tramp on the pike, the advance lines of Early's army led by Kershaw and Gordon were being repulsed by Wright's men in position across the pike at Middletown and a little later came the unexpected onset of these same men with Sheridan at their head, sweeping across the fields that had witnessed their discomfiture through the first half of the day.

The fighting at this hour was, however, too far north to enable the prisoners to gain any trustworthy understanding as to the way that it was going. We had no reason to hope that our friends who had been driven so thoroughly from their positions would be able to pull themselves together again in time for an advance southward

during the day. We did have good hopes that the morrow would bring better tidings. We were at the same time interested in noting a certain urgency on the part of our guards in getting us started southwards. We noted also that the column of prisoners was being followed by increasing groups of stragglers and also by waggon trains and by the pieces of artillery that had been captured early in the day on the left of the line. We were somewhat puzzled why this artillery should be moving southward if Early intended to hold his position. My own station in the column was near the rear end where I found myself in company with the staff officer of the patent-leather boots. I had known him but slightly before the occurrences of this day, but our association at the close of the battle and during the march brought us into such closer relationship that we became chums and remained so during the long months of the winter.

Crossing the bridge (which was to become famous an hour or two later through its breakdown with consequences so serious to General Early in the loss of his captured guns and waggons), we passed the mill house where the day before I had procured the loan of the griddle. The good woman was standing with her two children in front of the cottage and I threw over to her a word of greeting. She was able to understand the several reasons why the Yankee officer had not kept his word about that griddle. She told me that through the earlier hours of the day she kept her children in the cellar of the mill. She was quite sympathetic at my trouble in being a prisoner, but we were hurried past and there was no time for further words. The further word was probably not important, but I should have been well pleased to have had another minute which would doubtless have brought into my hands something in the shape of food.

The record of the battle of Cedar Creek is in print in a

number of war histories and documents and there would be no service in repeating here my impressions of the causes of the morning's defeat or of the afternoon's victory. I may refer, however, to the incident of the Cedar Creek bridge which played so important a part in the completeness of General Sheridan's triumph. Early in the afternoon, General Lowell was bringing his division of cavalry from its earlier position on the right of the line to aid in the recovery of the Middletown pike. His main purpose was accomplished. He got his cavalry placed across the pike and succeeded in holding an important position well to the east of the pike until the cavalry carbines could be reinforced with some infantry from the left of the Sixth Corps. It was while he was absorbed in this fight in which for a time his little command was outflanked that he himself received his death wound. A portion of his cavalry division which had been farther to the west had been cut off and had not been able to get back into position with the line of the army at Middletown. Some of the troopers made a detour to the west and north and came in later in the day to join in the pursuit. The others thought that they would have a better chance of getting back into our lines or at least of escaping capture (for a considerable force of the Rebel infantry was now between them and Wright's army) by working southward to the pike and then getting north on the east side of the pike. They got to the south of Cedar Creek and found that their path northward on the east was blocked. They made position for themselves in a copse just beyond a curve of the road south of the bridge, and waited there for something to turn up that should open a way for their retreat northwards. The lieutenant in charge of the party (I do not now recall how many men were with him) had picked up somewhere in the march an infantry brigade flag. They had not been

in their position very long before Early's quartermasters began to bring back over Cedar Creek the captured waggon trains which were, as stated, seen to be followed by the captured artillery. The cavalrymen saw their opportunity. Early's troops were well to the north of them and the teamsters could, they believed, be stampeded. Instead, therefore, of concealing themselves, as had been their first thought, they put up the infantry brigade flag and opened fire at the mules which were on the bridge. They had breech-loading carbines which were during that autumn beginning to be issued to the cavalry and they were, therefore, able to keep up a pretty persistent peppering. The killing of a few mules brought the waggons to a halt and the bridge was blocked. The blocking of the bridge, the sound of the musketry, and the word passed hurriedly back by the teamsters who were nearest to the front, that the Yankees were to the south of the bridge and were cutting off their retreat with infantry, threw panic among the whole column of teamsters along the road. The waggons were at first hurried upon the bridge before it was known that the bridge was blocked by the dead mules and by the first two or three of the waggons. The result of the crowding of the bridge was a breakdown. The further result was the scattering of the teamsters to the left and right into the fields and woods, the waggons being left in the road and making this impassable for organised infantry. The creek was shallow enough to be waded without difficulty; but the banks were steep and nothing mounted could get across and certainly nothing in the shape of a waggon. Later in the day, as Early began to move his tired men southward from the field from which they were now being driven by Sheridan's repeated onsets, the retreating troops were met with the discouraging news that the road was blocked and that the Yankees were to the south. Giving up the thought of

keeping in line, the troops followed the example of the teamsters. They scattered to the right and left, making their way across the creek but without any further attempt at maintaining an organised column. Our troops that were pressing the pursuit did not realise until later what it was that had suddenly slackened the defence and thrown terror into their opponents. The broken bridge, the blocked road, and the panic-stricken cry "Yankees to the south of us!" had not a little to do with the collapse of the opposition to Sheridan's final attack, an attack which was itself checked only by the quick darkness of an October evening. The result of the plucky action of the cavalrymen was to leave in the hands of Sheridan not only all the waggons and guns that had been captured or abandoned earlier in the day, but every gun Early had himself brought north of Cedar Creek. The Rebel infantry, swarming across the creek, finally got possession of the road to the south of the bridge. Our cavalry scattered and was, I believe, for the most part captured, but their service had been done.

I should have mentioned that just before our column crossed the bridge I had a glimpse of a red-faced man who had lost his hat and who seemed to be in a considerable state of excitement, excitement which was being expressed pretty freely and in a string of oaths. One of my guards said, "Why, there is the General." It was Early. He had reason for excitement. For the second time within the year an opportunity for a great success had been in his hands and just escaped him. The bitter regret of failing to get into Washington in June could only have been paralleled by the great disappointment of failing to maintain with Sheridan the really brilliant victory he had won over Wright. The plan had been most ingenious and the execution in the first portion of the work was certainly plucky and effective. It would seem now, however, in

looking back over the records, that Early had attempted the impossible. Even before Sheridan had retaken the leadership of his army, Early's onset was stayed. His men were exhausted; they had had but little sleep during the night and they had been fighting and marching since daybreak. They had done all that men could do and their effort was spent. Early's partial success had been due mainly to the surprise. With the conditions fairly understood, the veterans of Sheridan's army could not be really beaten by men inferior in numbers to themselves, men who were so largely the same that had themselves, within a few weeks' time, been thoroughly beaten at Winchester and at Fisher's Hill.

XVII

A Prisoner in Virginia [1]

THE fall of night brought no check to our march. We understood later why it was that this march was being pressed so rapidly. Sheridan had sent such of his cavalry as were still available to pursue the column with the hope of recovering the prisoners. Tired as our guards were and exhausted as were the prisoners themselves, it proved possible to keep up the march with such persistency that the cavalry, whose horses were themselves jaded enough, could not overtake us. I think that every two hours or so there was a halt of a few minutes such as was absolutely necessary to provide breathing facilities. At one of these halts, we had handed out to us some corn meal and we were told that we could take time to cook it over wayside fires. The cooking under the circumstances was difficult and inadequate and the result was not much more than a lukewarm paste. I was fortunate enough to get a mouthful or two of something more substantial. The brigade dog which had been attached to Colonel Macauley's headquarters had managed in some way to be included in the group of prisoners. One of our men

[1] In 1912, I brought into print, under the instructions of the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, a volume giving, under the title of *A Prisoner in Virginia*, a fuller record of my experiences during the winter of 1864–65.

(probably not belonging to the headquarters staff) decided that it would be a pity for the poor dog to have a winter in prison and, to save the dog from that misfortune, he mercifully killed him with a bayonet borrowed from the guard. At one of the halts, time enough was secured for the hasty broiling of the dog and one of the chunks came to my share. Without this I do not quite see how I could have gotten through the night. At about midnight, we were halted in an open field close to the road, in a region of which I found I had some knowledge. My chum Vander Weyde whispered to me as we lay against the road bank: "I have a girl in a farm-house a field or two farther north who would be glad to be of service to me. I got word to her in the course of the day that I might slip in there at night." It seemed he had been of some service to the family in the farm-house and had had some conversation with the daughter of the house and he had promised to befriend her, and she had answered that perhaps the opportunity for friendly service might come the other way. He suggested that we should make a dash across the line of the guards, hiding in a ditch at the farther end of the field until the column of prisoners had passed. We could then steal back along the edge of the road until we reached the farm road that he knew, and on the farm he thought that we could be stowed away in an outhouse and await further chances. The night was pretty dark and there was no special risk in drawing the fire of the guards. The real difficulty would have been in working across the fields in the dark, and it was for that reason that we had planned to lie in the ditch. The first part of the scheme was successfully carried out. We got close behind the back of one of the guards so as to be as distant as possible from the attention of the next guard in line. On a whispered signal, we then made a jump for the edge of the road and a skip over the first ditch. Two or

three muskets were fired but with no possibility of aim. Stealing across the field until we were well out from the road, we dropped into the second ditch with the idea of waiting until the noise of the tramping on the road should have ceased. The second ditch unfortunately had a little water in the bottom, but having once tumbled in, it did not seem wise for us to make any further motion. We were near enough to the road to hear the tramp, tramp of the column and the muttered talk of the men, prisoners and guards. We were puzzled, after waiting half an hour or so, that the tramp still continued. We knew that we had ourselves been close to the rear of the column of prisoners and we could not understand what other men were doing in the road at midnight. Finally the thought came to us that Early's army was retreating, that, notwithstanding the disaster that we had witnessed, there must still have been something in the shape of victory before the close of the day. It was sad for our immediate fortunes that the victory had been as complete as it was. Early's men were so much in a hurry to get away from Cedar Creek that many of them could not wait for the road to be cleared but did their retreating on the fields to the right and to the left. One of these field squads managed, the men being pretty well asleep, to tumble into our ditch on top of my friend and myself. They said things, and so did we, but they managed to wake up enough to understand the position.[1] We were dragged out, muddy as we were, from the bottom of the ditch and were pushed back on to the road and handed along from one group of guards and retreating troops to another until finally, late in the night, place was again made for us at the tail end of the column of prisoners. We were then too far south and road and fields were too full of

[1] Our state of mind was like that of South Carolina three years earlier: we only wanted to be left alone. But that privilege was not granted to us.

retreating Rebels to make possible any further dashes for liberty.

The remaining hours of the night were spent as in a fatiguing dream. The prisoners, while still marching, were really asleep, and the guards, no less weary, managed to keep their feet moving while their eyes were shut. By daybreak we were allowed a little longer interval for a snooze, not I imagine out of personal consideration for our fatigue, but because the guards actually refused to go farther without rest. For two or three days and nights, the routine was still tramp, tramp along the road which even in the frostiness of October threw up clouds of dust from the many weary feet. Finally in the clear sunshine of the early morning, the dusty column filed into the town of Staunton, which marked the south-western corner of the valley. The prisoners were huddled into an open space, a kind of village common, in front of the old town inn, and with the exception of a line of sentries which encircled the common, the remaining guards were marched off to barracks for rest and rations. The officers went into the inn for their breakfast and through the windows came the attractive clatter of knives and forks and the entrancing odour of fried ham. The prisoners alone seemed to be forgotten in this matter of breakfast. We had had just enough corn meal (supplied in the form of heated paste) to keep us going through the long hours of the march, but it seemed that if nothing more substantial could be provided there was no more marching possible. Finally, when his own breakfast had been satisfactorily completed, the commissary of the guards came to the little front piazza of the hotel, followed by half a dozen darkies carrying boxes of hard-tack. We could recognise from the marking that these boxes had been taken from our own commissary waggons. The boxes were, under the orders of the commissary, thrown from

the piazza into the common below with the apparent expectation that the prisoners were hungry enough to scramble for the biscuit. The performance was undignified enough and was unworthy of any officer who pretended to be a gentleman. Fortunately, however, some discipline was preserved by our own little group of officers over the files of the prisoners. They were not permitted to break into a mob for the sake of getting the biscuit. One of our sergeants was detailed to act as commissary and the biscuit was divided as best as could be done. Then there was another weary wait of some hours before the train was in readiness which was to take us to Richmond.

We were crowded into box cars (preferable to the open freight cars for the carrying of prisoners, because the guarding was easier) and the train moved off at the pace of a "slow freight." One of the side doors was left open for ventilation, and in the doorway sat two guards with their muskets across their knees. Other guards, we could not see quite how many, sat on the tops of the cars and moved across as they wished from time to time, the speed of the train never being so great as to make the crossing dangerous. Excepting that we were hungry and before many hours thirsty, the trip was not in itself disagreeable. It was something to have gotten through with the tramping, and we were weary enough to take long dozes on the hard floor of the car. I remember waking up to see one humorous little tragedy. One of the guards sitting in our open doorway was a youngster from the mountains whose training as a soldier was evidently just beginning. As the train passed over a deep ravine or cutting he was dozing and probably thinking of home. One of our men saw his opportunity, and, giving a jolt at the proper moment to the drowsy soldier, tipped his musket out into space a hundred feet or more below. The Confederacy was short one

piece. The boy waked up with a start and began crying with the dread of trouble later with his sergeant. "Never mind, it will be all right," said our man, in sympathy that his joke had been played upon a youngster, and sure enough he succeeded, a little later, in stealing a gun from one of the other guards. I believe the boy escaped punishment.

We reached Richmond in the late hours of the evening; it was too dark as we marched through the town to get more than an impression of the looks of the street or of the people. On arriving at the building which still bore the sign of "James Libby & Son, Ship Chandlers," we were made to enter in single file in order that the recording sergeant could more conveniently take the name, rank, and description of each of his "guests." We were then taken to the examination room, where we were very thoroughly searched for articles contraband of war. As before stated, we had been relieved on the battle-field, or shortly after leaving the field, of those portions of our equipment that were needed by our captors—that is to say, of our overcoats, blankets, and shoes, together with such money as was available in the pockets. The older soldiers had, in accordance with the usual routine, in the cases in which they had any money in stock, taken pains to keep the bulk of it in inner pockets of the shirt or in some cases sewn inside of the shirt. The search that was now being made speedily brought these concealed hoards to light, as we were stripped and our clothing was examined piece by piece. The men of the Nineteenth Corps had, unfortunately for themselves, been paid off a few days before the battle, and we were therefore losing savings which represented the earnings of three months or more. I had myself about $300, the parting from which made me very cross not only on general principles but because I had heard enough of prison life to realise how valuable a few

greenbacks could be made.[1] The search over and the clothing restored (less a few pieces which had proved too tempting to the searchers), we made our way to the two upper floors which constituted the permanent abiding place for the guests of Hotel Libby. The ground floor, on which our examination had taken place, could be passed through with the consent of the guard, but the prisoners were not allowed to remain there. The prisoners who came into Libby comprised only the commissioned officers; the privates and non-commissioned officers had been separated from us on entering the town and had been marched off to the two prisons reserved for them, one of which, Belle-Isle, secured for itself a record of mortality somewhat worse than that of Libby.

We reported ourselves to the senior officer among our prisoners and our names were duly recorded by the adjutant appointed for the purpose. I was relieved to find that military organisation was maintained even within the prison walls. Imprisonment is bad enough in itself, but if it is accompanied by lack of discipline, there results a discomfort and a brutality which produces a kind of pandemonium rule. Pains were taken by the adjutant to secure floor spaces for us as far as practicable according to our own preference for companionship. My friend Vander Weyde and myself were soon stretched out in a corner, not far from the front windows, which served our purpose as well as any other. On the brick against which my head rested as I lay, were already scratched the names of several previous tenants. I asked about the man whose name came last in the line and was told that he had been comfortably buried the week before. I added

[1] We were interested to see the adjutant of the prison noting down in a memorandum book the sum taken from each man. "It will be all right, gentlemen," he said reassuringly; "these moneys will, of course, be returned to you." The survivors knew better at the close of the winter.

my own name with an old nail borrowed for the purpose and I then controlled as tenant (I hoped it was not to be for a very long leasehold) the space of floor extending from the brick towards the centre of the room. I could not in fact actually occupy the full six-feet length to which I was entitled.

After we had slept off the accumulated fatigue of the past week, the hours, at least at the outset, hung pretty heavily. The group of prisoners in the building, comprising in all perhaps 450 officers, included a number of pleasant companions, and there were of course always experiences and stories to exchange, but the men who had been there for any considerable number of months were pretty low in their vitality and were too despondent to feel very conversational. I understood that the social atmosphere of the prison had varied not a little from winter to winter according to the pluck, enterprise, and suggestiveness of the men who were on hand to assume the social leadership, and we happened to have rather a dull lot. Certain occupations and amusements were, however, in the end arranged. I began at once to do some playing of chess, having been able to manufacture a chess board from a piece of plank that a civil guard secured for me and carving, with the aid of Vander Weyde, a set of men out of a stick of firewood. I began also the study of Spanish with a Mexican who had secured a commission in one of our regiments, and a little later, in company with Captain William Cook, a clear-headed chap from Yale, made up a class in German, the instruction of which was divided between Captain Cook and myself. I had a knowledge of German, but as I had studied it purely through the ear (my eyesight having been very limited during my stay in Germany) I had no acquaintance with the grammar. Cook knew nothing about German, but had a good knowledge of Latin and of the principles of

grammar. When I had given him a certain number of examples of a way in which a thing was said in German, Cook would evolve a rule. He would then teach the class the rule and I would show them how to apply the rule.

The building which was used for the prison has been described in a good many of the war narratives, and views and accounts of it are given, among other places, in the narrative written by Colonel Rose of the escape by the tunnel that was dug in the fall of 1863. It had been, as before stated, utilised for ship-chandlery supplies. It backed on to a kind of creek that connected directly with the James River, and fronted on a street, the name of which I have forgotten, that ran into Main Street. The building was in three stories with a cellar. The prisoners were allowed to sleep and to remain in the two upper stories and to pass through the ground floor out to the yard. On the ground floor itself and in the yard was a full supply of sentries, and the sentries also paced about the entire building outside. The tunnel of '63 had been worked from the cellar, but the story is too long to give here in detail. The undertaking had been planned by Colonel Rose, who was unfortunately not one of those who secured his freedom. Of the 120 odd men who made their way out through the tunnel, all but about 40 were recaptured. They were of course separated from the Union lines by the whole force of Lee's army. The surprise is that any men got through.

In my time, there was no opportunity for even an attempt at a tunnel. The cellar had been thoroughly sealed with cement and access to it was carefully guarded. A trained bloodhound had been added to the prison guard. I do not know when that dog took time to sleep for, according to all reports, he accompanied every round of the guard (the rounds were made once in two hours) for the entire circuit of the building. He had thoroughly

learned his prison duty, and with his trained instinct and keen scent not only would there have been a prompt detection of any disturbance of the ground, but an absolute impossibility of the man making the disturbance getting away out of the dog's reach. When Richmond was captured, this dog was among the prisoners, and I read that he was taken to New York and sold at auction on the steps of the Astor House for a large sum. I judge that the buyer, whoever he was, must have found it necessary to keep away from the dog's observance any member of his family or friends who might be wearing blue cloth. It was quite clear to the hound that any one wearing blue was to be torn up. I was told that when a hound was young he could be trained to almost any duty, but that when grown up any change of training was practically impossible.

From the back windows of the upper floors we could look across the stretch of the James River, and, if I rightly remember, we had a view of a corner of Belle-Isle where hundreds of our own men were freezing to death throughout that last dreary winter. Beyond a bend in the river could be seen the fall of shells from the advance lines of the right of our army. The artillery firing was sometimes carried on at night when the path of each shell as it curved through the air was of course visible for a considerable distance. We did not get the full extent of the curve as the shells were coming towards us, but in December, as our lines came closer and we were hopeful that the city must soon yield to the pressure, we used to take counsel through the hours of the night with the artillery officers, whose judgment was of course better in calculating any possible advance in the position of our batteries.

The food throughout that winter became scantier and worse in quality as the weeks rolled on. This was not to be wondered at when we bear in mind that Lee's army

and the non-combatants of Richmond and of Petersburg were being fed by supplies brought from a considerable distance, and that there were during this winter but two lines of railroad, that of Danville on the south-west and that through Weldon to the south. The Weldon line was also by no means a trustworthy channel of supplies as it was cut by our cavalry from time to time, until as a result of the battles of April 2 and 3, 1865, it was taken possession of altogether. The road to Danville was cut but once; but it was in poor repair and was very much overworked with the pressure of the army not only for food but for ammunition. There was of course but little food left available for the prisoners. The stupidity, not to say the barbarity, on the part of the Confederate administration was in undertaking to keep prisoners at all through that winter when there were many places available south of Virginia where the prisoners could have been better cared for and where the labour and expense of caring for them would have been much less. General Winder, who was the commissary of prisoners, and Jefferson Davis, to whom his reports were made directly and from whom came his instructions, must share together the responsibility for this stupidity of management which cost the lives of hundreds of good men and which did the Confederacy no real service. A similar responsibility rests of course with both men for the long-continued brutalities of Andersonville, Salisbury, and other of the prison pens in the South. The judgment of any intelligent Northerner who had himself been a prisoner or who, irrespective of personal experience, had taken pains to collect the direct experience of prisoners and the statistics of the Southern prisons, must hold Winder and Davis guilty of the murder of thousands of good Americans. Fortunately for Winder, he died within a few weeks of the capture of Richmond. Fortunately for

Davis, his direct responsibility for this brutal mismanagement of the Southern prisons was for the time lost sight of in connection with the suggestion that he should be brought to trial for treason. With the decision (a very wise decision) on the part of our Government that the charge for treason should not be pressed, and the release of Davis after two months' imprisonment, the charges that ought to have been made for the unnecessary loss of life among the inmates of the Southern prisons were lost sight of.

The rations that were given to us in November comprised chunks of corn-bread and occasional half pints of bean soup. The bakers of the corn-bread had not troubled themselves in making any careful sifting of the meal, so that we found in the chunks a miscellaneous variety of objects, including pieces of stick, pieces of coal, cockroaches, and occasionally a mouse. The beans were hardly more attractive, because they had been badly stored and were full of weevils. They probably represented supplies which had been condemned by the army commissary as unfit for his own troops. We were not sorry when the supplies of beans gave out and the ration was brought down to the simple chunk of corn-bread. It is my memory that we received each day but the one chunk, that was given at eleven o'clock in the morning. We would occasionally cut this into two or three pieces with the idea of making two or three meals, but most of us found it impossible to avoid eating it all within the first hour. On the ground of some convenience in the measurement by the prison commissary, the corn-bread was divided into chunks, each chunk of which represented the rations for two men. We were grouped in "messes" of twelve, and then were, of necessity, grouped further into special messes of two. My chum Vander Weyde and I took turns in receiving the little chunk or slab that belonged

on our piece of the floor, known as our "quarters." We took turns also in the division of this into two pieces. However this division might be made, one piece usually looked bigger than the other and it was always the piece that the other fellow had. A pocket knife in which remained one broken blade was an important part of the household furniture of my chum and self, and was used for this dividing. When this little slab had been cut in two, the man whose turn it had been to do the cutting, laid the knife on one of the two pieces, and his comrade, with eyes shut, called out his choice of "with" or "without" (the knife). In later days in dining in London with Vander Weyde who, like myself, pulled through the various risks of the campaign, his invitation was usually connected with the phrase "with" or "without" which would pleasantly recall hungry hours of the past.

On the first Tuesday of November, it was decided to hold in the prison a Presidential election. I may admit to having shared the doubt expressed by some others as to the wisdom of the attempt. There was among the prisoners a dissatisfaction, which might be called well-founded, at the manner in which they had been neglected, or appeared to have been neglected, by the authorities in Washington. At this time, the exchange had been blocked for more than six months, and when, in the following March, exchange arrangements were finally resumed, there had been no general exchange for nearly twelve months. As the war progressed, and the resources of the Confederates were diminished, it was impossible, at least as far as the prisons of northern Virginia were concerned, to make appropriate provision for the care of the prisoners. Even if there had been an honest desire on the part of the authorities to save the lines, or to protect the health of the helpless men for whom they were responsible, the task would have been difficult; but it was quite evident that

there was no such desire. I remember among the war correspondence that is in print a letter from Commissioner Ould to President Davis written in the winter of 1864–65, urging the policy of a prompt renewal of the exchange arrangements. It is evident, writes the Commissioner (I am quoting only the substance of the letter and, therefore, do not use quotation marks), that we need for our depleted ranks all the fighting men that can be secured. The men who have returned to us from the Northern prisons are for the most part able-bodied and fit for service, while but few of the fellows that we should send North in the exchange will be permitted by their surgeons again to handle muskets.

Some months later, I realised the truth of Commissioner Ould's observations. The men who on the first of March, 1865, came out of Libby and Danville were, with hardly an exception, unfit for service, and the same was, of course, true for Andersonville and for the other prisons in the far South. The Confederates whom we met on the steamboats coming to Richmond as we went down the James looked to be in good working and in good fighting condition. By November, 1864, the mortality in the Virginia prisons had become serious. The men who were not entirely broken down were, through lack of food and through the exposure to the cold from lack of clothing, physically discouraged and depressed, although they did what they could to maintain their will power. I could not but fear, therefore, that in an election which was to indicate their approval, or their disapproval, of the management of affairs on the part of the authorities in Washington, and of the inaction in regard to the renewal of the exchange, the majority of their votes might, not unnaturally, be cast against the re-election of Lincoln. The men who had planned this test election trusted their comrades and their confidence proved to be justified.

When the vote was counted, it was found that we had elected Lincoln by about three to one. Years afterwards I learned from Robert Lincoln that the report of this vote in Libby Prison, reaching his father months later, was referred to by the President as the most satisfactory and encouraging episode in the Presidential campaign. His words were in effect: We can trust the soldiers. The votes had, of course, no part in the official count, but, as Lincoln understood, they were important as showing the persistence, courage, and devotion of the men. My own ballot would in any case have been illegal, as I was but twenty years of age, but I have always felt that it was on the whole the most important vote I had ever cast.

In December, 1864, the authorities finally decided to transfer the prisoners in Richmond to a point farther south, and the town of Danville was selected for the purpose. The transfer ought, of course, to have been made a long time earlier. During the last year of the war, Richmond was an absolutely unsuitable place to utilise for the "storage" of prisoners. Richmond had but two lines of railroad communication with the regions from which the supplies had to be brought, the Weldon road running by way of Petersburg directly south, and the Danville road running south-west and reaching North Carolina through the south-western corner of the State of Virginia.

The left flank of Grant's army stretched southward from Petersburg almost to the line of the Weldon road, and a number of the actions of the campaigns of '64–'65 were fought for the purpose of cutting this line of communication. As a fact, it was interrupted quite frequently, and it is only surprising that Lee's quartermasters were able to use it as largely as they did. The Danville road was fully within the Confederate lines and suffered only from an occasional cavalry raid. It was, however, in a bad state of repair and was in any case

an insufficient line of supply for a town which still contained thirty or forty thousand people and for an army of a hundred thousand. It was not unnatural that, under the circumstances, the rations for the prisoners should be brought down to the lowest possible compass. It is probable, as suggested, that we were fed chiefly from the stores which the army commissary had condemned as unfit for use. While there was on this ground of the difficulty of supply quite sufficient reason for the transfer of the prisoners, it was our understanding that the immediate cause of the decision was the dread, in the latter part of December, 1864, that the Confederate lines which were being "crowded" on their left, might be altogether broken. At all events when we were hastened out from our beds (so-called) at two o'clock in the morning, we got the impression from the urgency of the guards that "something was up," and, notwithstanding the prospect of a fatiguing journey, we moved out of "Libby Hotel" with some cheerfulness of expectation. We thought we could hardly find worse quarters, while if the "Rebs" were apprehensive there was something for us to be hopeful about.

We were hurried across Richmond at a double quick pace as if the matter of getting rid of us was really urgent. We had very little to carry in the way of baggage. A tin pan or two, a scrap of blanket, a chipped plate, and an occasional broken jack-knife comprised about all the "properties" that the groups or messes had been able to accumulate. We were put on board a train made up of box or freight cars and started off on what proved to be a very tedious journey to Danville. It is my memory that the road at that time comprised only a single track. I know that our train had to be switched or sided from time to time to make way for the trains coming north with supplies or "recruits." The latter, one of our

guards frankly admitted, were not men newly enlisted, but in great part deserters or stragglers or men who had declined to enlist and had succeeded for a time in evading the conscription. The Rebel provost-marshals were, particularly during the last eighteen months of the war, carrying on an active campaign in the mountainous districts of western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee to recover their "deserters," the term including as they used it, the men who had run away from the conscription.

Danville is an old settlement on the river Dan which had been, and which probably is at this time again, the centre of the tobacco industry. The town had during the century and a half of its existence been utilised by the tobacco planters for the storing and curing of their crop. The town lies so close to the North Carolina boundary that we could, looking across the river from the back windows of our prison, which was itself a tobacco warehouse, see the crests of the great Smoky Mountains. We had understood from the gossip of our guards and in other ways that these mountains included districts which had never acknowledged the authority of the Confederacy, and there naturally came to be much talk in the prison as to the possibility of slipping away from the prison, getting across the waters of the Dan, and joining in the mountains the groups of those whom our Confederate friends ranked as Rebels.

The tobacco warehouse that was assigned to us in Danville was not much of an improvement on Mr. Libby's ship-chandlery building. It was, or it soon came to be, somewhat dirtier, because the supervision or discipline on the part of the managers of the prison was not so good as that in Richmond. Major Turner, who in my time commanded at Libby, was a good deal of a brute, but he was a soldier and he kept things in order. Colonel Smith, the one-legged veteran who presided at Danville, was a mild-

mannered man who did not appear to have any special ill-will against the prisoners. The discipline, however, of his prison guards was slack and the whole management was slovenly. Smith was a timid man and when we made application for the use of some hoes and spades with which to scrape the worst of the dirt off the prison floors, he objected that it was not safe to place arms in the hands of prisoners. The dirt, therefore, remained and increased as the months went on. The warehouse had three floors and, as at Libby, the prisoners were confined to the two upper floors with the privilege of passing through the ground floor on their necessary visits to the yard. The sentries marched around the building outside and a guard was stationed on the ground-floor room and another in the yard. The chances in any case could not be favourable for the final escape of a prisoner who might succeed in eluding the prison guards. We were now hundreds of miles from the lines of Grant's army and the whole of Lee's force was in between. The path northward through the Shenandoah Valley was also blocked pretty effectively by the remnants of Early's army, while westward and south-westward lay a great wilderness, in part bleak mountains, through which it would be difficult for a traveller, without guides and without food, to find his way. There was the further difficulty that the shoes of all our men were in bad shape and quite a number had no shoes left at all.

These discouragements did not prevent an escape not only from being talked over but actually planned. One of the earlier of the attempts was made by way of the prison yard through the cellar. The cellar was, we found, to be reached from the yard by way of a pair of doors which opened inward and which were closed from within by a bar. After a little experimenting on one of the stormy days when the sentry had retired from the yard,

we found that the bar was wood. A saw was made by notching with a jack-knife the blade of a table-knife, and favourable opportunities (that is to say times when the rain or the sleet had driven the sentry within) were utilised in turn by the men visiting the yard to saw through the bar. When the doors were finally loose, lots were drawn for the privilege or the responsibility, I am not sure just which way it was regarded, of pushing them back and dropping into the cellar below. We had, of course, no means of knowing how great the drop was or what the chances might be of getting back again. The difference in level proved to be not serious, I think about three feet, and the two men who first dropped in, pushing the doors to behind them, found the way clear for the digging of the proposed tunnel. It was necessary, of course, to work entirely by feel as there was no light and no possibility of securing light. Looking from the windows above, we had traced the line of an outer ditch which lay beyond the lane that ran along the prison wall. The path of the sentry was up and down this lane. The scheme was to shape the tunnel so that it would come out into the ditch, with the idea that the men getting through could lie quietly under cover until an opportunity came for slipping across the fields towards the river.

The first explorers in the cellar had upon them the task of fixing the place for the cutting of the tunnel. It was important to find a point in the foundation wall where there was a stone big enough to form a support for the wall above the channel of the tunnel. In connection with this requirement, the first attempt risked producing a fatal result. At the point selected, the foundation stone was not quite long enough to cover the tunnel and it fell in on the shoulders of the unfortunate worker. His comrades (fortunately there were at the time three men in the prison yard) succeeded with very

great difficulty in raising the stone sufficiently to enable their man to be pulled out, and then the work had to be begun over again. The second attempt was successful as far as making a safe passageway through the foundation was concerned. The whole business occupied weeks of the winter because, as explained, it was possible to drop into the cellar only when the weather was bad and the sentry was protecting himself inside the building. With this tunnel we did not have the difficulty, that was usually so serious, of hiding the earth, as there was no inspection of the cellar. The digging was done with a couple of tin plates, some broken knives, a piece of bayonet, and some flat stones. The diggers had no spirit level and if one had been within reach it could not have been used for want of light. The direction of the tunnel could, therefore, be arrived at only by feel, and it was for want of any trustworthy means of guiding the diggers that the enterprise came to failure. The tunnel was permitted to slant upward so that when it came out beyond the building it was too near the surface. The sentry, pacing his beat, found one evening the ground suddenly give way beneath his feet; he fell in up to his middle or thereabouts, breaking his arm as he fell. His cry of alarm was heard by the next man on the beat, who promptly fired off his musket, and then came the firing of every musket that the guards had within reach and the beating of the long roll. The alarm was given that the "Yanks" were attacking the town and the larger portion of the guards were hurried to the picket line, leaving the building for a time almost unprotected. I am not sure how long it was before the unfortunate sentry was pulled out of the hole. The men in the cellar had, however, time to make their escape and to free themselves, in great part at least, from the cellar clay before, through the finding of the sentry, the record of the tunnel was traced. The inspection in the cellar produced, as

evidence of the "hellish" designs of the "Yanks," a tin plate scratched with a single initial. This plate was brought upstairs by Colonel Smith and his adjutant in the attempt to identify the malefactor who had caused him such trouble and anxiety. Curiously enough, nobody was found ready to acknowledge the initial. The muddy shirts of the last two workers had been safely deposited beneath a chap who was laid up with inflammatory rheumatism and whose corner Smith was good enough not to inspect. The cellar doors were however closed with an iron bar and further attempts in that direction were rendered impossible.

Later in the winter, a second experiment was made which also proved a failure and the consequences of which were more serious. Gossip came to us through one of the guards (who had, of course, no business to do any talking of the kind) that some Yankee cavalry were raiding fifty miles or so down the road and had destroyed some bridges. A couple of troops, I think of Imboden's cavalry, were brought up from Staunton to pursue and, if possible, to head off the raiders. They stopped for dinner at the prison guard-house and during their dinner their muskets were stacked in a line just outside of the prison windows. We had no difficulty in counting the pieces and found there were about a hundred and fifty, presumably loaded. The senior officer of the prisoners (and in Danville as in Libby we maintained in prison as out of it army subordination), General Joseph Hayes of Boston, was at this time in the hospital and the prisoners accepted as the commander in charge the second in rank, General Duffié. Duffié was a Frenchman who had seen service in Europe and who had a good record as a cavalry officer. My impression of him is that he was more or less of a madcap; he was certainly in manner both arrogant and self-willed. The idea of taking possession of the muskets stacked so

conveniently within reach and of utilising these to overawe the guard originated, I believe, with Duffié. In any case he adopted it as his own and called for volunteers to fall in and to take action as directed. The first step was to send a party down to the river for water.

It was the routine when water was needed, to send out with the sentry detached for the purpose five or six men with buckets to the river. As the winter progressed and the prisoners grew weaker so that two men could not carry a bucket for any distance, we got permission to double the parties so that the group comprised sometimes twelve or fifteen. As the door was opened to admit the returning party, a hundred and fifty of the prisoners, having overpowered the guards within the building, were to make a rush for the muskets, and, having secured these, were to take possession of the guard-house and to make prisoners of the disarmed troopers as well as of the guards. We youngsters were, naturally, not admitted to the councils but the details of the plan leaked out to us gradually. I understood that some of the older and wiser men submitted the objections that would naturally have occurred. It would not be possible at once to secure control of the telegraph wires and troops could be hurried up from Staunton and elsewhere who could overtake us easily after we had started. We were in very bad shape for marching not only on the ground of lack of strength but for want of shoes. The winter weather was bleak and the roads were in part covered by snow and ice. If the matter could have been put to a vote, the decision would undoubtedly have been adverse. Duffié, however, took the ground that it was a military operation in which his orders must be accepted or those declining to help would run the risk of being reported later for "disobedience in the face of the enemy." With the issue so presented, there appeared to be no alternative. Colonel Ralston, of a New York regi-

ment, who was, I believe, the next senior officer and who had been one of the sharpest critics of the plan, at once expressed his readiness to do the best that was possible, and took charge of the selecting and directing of the force.

The water party was sent out and a dozen men were detailed to overpower at a signal, as the door was being opened, the three guards who were within the building. The water party got back within reach of the door, which was being opened as the signal was given. Two of the guards were successfully throttled (merely a momentary suffocation), but the third, while being knocked down, managed to fire off his piece. The guards outside at once rushed to close the door and our column from within rushed to force it open. We were hampered by stairs and by the difficulty with the third sentry, and the door was closed and barred in our faces. The guards outside then put their muskets through the gratings of the windows and fired at leisure. A number of the prisoners were hit and Ralston was wounded with a wound that proved a few hours later to be mortal. The water party fortunately was not injured and was permitted, when the firing was over, to return to quarters.

One other attempt at escape was made in the course of the winter which secured a small measure of success. The path taken by the daily water parties to the river, covering a distance of perhaps a hundred yards, passed close by the open furnace of a foundry in which, during certain days of the week, work was carried on in shaping balls for the Confederate cannon. When the foundry was at work, the furnace was, of course, inaccessible from the path; but during certain days of the week the fires were, for some reason or other, not in blast, and at such times the open furnace adjoining the path presented a possible place for the disappearance of a prisoner from the water party with

the chance of escape later after dark. Early in the winter, the guards had made a point of restricting the water parties to a small group of four or six or eight. The men had gone out in even numbers because even the Confederates could recognise that, as the result of limited diet, one prisoner was not strong enough to carry a bucket alone. Later in the season, the supervision relaxed; the Confederates felt that the chance of escape was small and even if the prisoner might succeed in getting out of Danville, the possibility of his reaching Federal lines, east, west, or north, was very slight. The Yankees, therefore, had persuaded the guards to increase the numbers of the water parties; the tramp to the river made a little break in the long monotony of the winter days, and the point was also made that many of the prisoners were so weak that they needed to be relieved of part of the carrying burden. Some of the men had in these tramps to the river cast their eyes upon the open furnace and calculated upon the possibility of tumbling into it and lying *perdu* until nightfall. The suggestion finally took shape in a deliberate plan and lots were drawn for the privilege of the first try. If I remember rightly, the lot-drawing was restricted to the men (at best, but a small proportion of the whole) who had available shoes. With most of the prisoners the shoes had been taken, or had been left simply because they were nearly at an end, so that by the middle of the winter, the majority of us were practically barefoot.

The chap who got the first chance devoted himself for a day or two, with no little restraint upon his appetite, to the task of saving a few crusts of the rations of corn-bread. He also picked up from his fellows what information he could in regard to roads out of Danville. He even risked some gossiping with the guard, securing information, more or less trustworthy, as to the position of the nearest Rebel forces. On the day fixed, he succeeded without be-

ing observed by the guard in dropping out from the water party and in rolling into the open furnace. The last man in the party kicked off his fragment of shoe in the mud and stopped with his fellow (and their bucket) to put it on again. The guard, who brought up the rear, naturally stopped too. The stoppage was made just before the furnace was reached, and this was the moment selected by the candidate for freedom to tumble into the hole.

In the course of a week or two, a second fellow got off in the same way and before the winter was over four men had disappeared from our ranks. The question naturally occurs as to the method adopted for concealing the reduction in our numbers. The sergeant of the guard, a genial and not a very quick-witted South Carolinian, made count of the prisoners each morning after guard-mounting and it was necessary that his count should tally in numbers with the roster kept by Colonel Smith, the one-legged officer from Maryland who was in charge of the prison. There was no roll-call by name and it was necessary simply that the numbers in the two rooms (the men were before the counting driven up from the yard and lower room) should make the aggregate called for. It made no difference for the records of the sergeant how many were in one room or how many in the other. Before the first man got away, the problem of the counting had been considered and cared for. A trap-door was cut through the floor between the two rooms at the corner farthest from the staircase. We still had available the little saw which had been prepared by notching with a pocket-knife an old carving-knife. Over the trap-door was placed a prisoner, covered by one of the few scraps of blanket that were available, who was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. There was really no necessity for simulating the rheumatism for there were plenty of cases in the prison. The inspecting officer who went

over the floors several times a week was decent enough to respect the groans of the fellow lying in the corner and he was not disturbed. After the first man got away, it was only necessary when the sergeant had completed his count in the lower room, to pass a man through the trap-door on to the upper floor. This was done while the sergeant was coming up the stairway. The sergeant felt safe in his count as long as nobody was permitted to pass him on the stairs. The matter became a little more difficult when two men had to be passed up on the shoulders of their fellows, but with a little conversational bluffing with the sergeant on the stairs, there proved to be time enough, and the same was true with the passing of three. When, pretty late in the winter, it became necessary to get four men up, it was decided that more heroic measures were necessary than conversation on the stairs. Two of the prisoners began scuffling at the top of the stairs just as the sergeant, having completed his count below, was coming up. The scuffling ended in an "accident" and the two fellows tumbled down the stairs carrying the sergeant with them in their fall. Fortunately, nobody was seriously hurt and there was plenty of time to get the four men through the trap-door and to replace under his blanket the rheumatic patient.

The use of the foundry for escapes came to a close, however, shortly after the passing of the fourth prisoner. Two of the men had made their way south-westward, taking the chances of starvation in the Great Smoky Mountains, while two had preferred the risk of transit through Virginia, hoping to secure from friendly darkies food and guidance. Both of these latter were captured somewhere near Richmond as they were approaching Lee's army, and General Winder, the Commissioner of Prisoners in Richmond, succeeded under cross-examination in finding out from one or from both that they came from Danville

Prison. We learned from one of the guards that on the capture of number one an inquiry came down from Winder to Colonel Smith to know why he had not reported the escape of his prisoner. With the record before him that the count was correct, the Colonel sent back word that there was some blunder or misstatement and that his prisoners were all right. When, however, a day or two later, there came the report of the capture of number two, Smith decided that he must himself look into the matter. We were all driven into the top room and the Colonel made a direct count and called over the roster by name. When he found that not two but four men were missing, he was a very angry Marylander indeed. With curious inconsequence he began to growl at us fellows who had *not* escaped for the wickedness of the comrades who had. We laughed him out of court as there was nothing on our part either to be ashamed of or to be troubled about. It is my impression that the Colonel never discovered the channel of escape, but after that day the counting was always done in the top room with the full group of prisoners and the number permitted to go out for water was again restricted and was carefully checked at the time of their return.

The prisoners had, of course, no trustworthy channels of news from the armies in the front. We were not permitted to secure copies of the Richmond papers which found their way to Danville, and the guards, men and officers, were under strict injunctions to do no talking with the prisoners. These instructions were, however, not carried out consistently. The officers, mainly veterans who had been more or less disabled and were only fit for duty on the reserve, were as a rule unapproachable, but it proved practicable from time to time to get something in the way of gossip out of the guards. Some of the guards, in fact, were fairly friendly in disposition. They

were not the material out of which effective soldiers could be made. The majority of them were conscripts and quite a number had been brought down by the conscription authorities from back settlements on the mountainside. It is my memory that the group included a number of fellows who were not full witted, sons of snuff-dipping and dirt-eating mothers and of very "poor white" fathers. The information that men of this group could give to us was in itself hardly to be trusted, but even through such unsatisfactory channels the scraps of news that came to us were interesting and gave some cumulative indication that things were going badly with the Confederacy.

The fact that a number of the guards were more or less half-witted brought occasional trouble that would not have occurred with veteran soldiers. I remember one day when a man whose position was next to me on the floor was washing a tin cup of which he was the fortunate possessor; the window was open or the pane was broken, and to avoid wetting the floor, he held the cup out of the window. Through pure accident, some of the dripping water fell on the sentry below. The sentry turned and without a moment's warning fired up at the window. The ball missed the delinquent but shattered the arm of a man sitting next, and in this case the wounded chap, in feeble health and with no proper surgical treatment, lost his life. Those of us who had witnessed the shooting put a statement into shape which was delivered to Colonel Smith through the prison adjutant, in which we demanded the punishment of the guard. He was withdrawn for a time, as we supposed for trial and for punishment, but he returned a week later in triumph, carrying the chevrons of a sergeant. In place of being punished, he had been promoted. The greater number, however, of these half-witted mountaineers, as stated, were by no means keenly

interested in the success of the Confederacy. Apart from the scraps of news that trickled in through the guards, we had, late in the winter, further evidence that the faith in the success of the Confederacy was waning. We had visits from one or two of the Hebrews in town, mainly tobacco dealers, who had had business relations with Philadelphia and New York and Chicago and who had, therefore, some knowledge of the names of merchants and other leading citizens in these cities. These dealers, picking out from the lists of prisoners the family names of which they had knowledge, were offering currency in exchange drafts on fathers or on business firms. If these offers had come earlier in the winter they could have been utilised for securing supplies and funds that would have served for saving life. Even at this time, the moneys thus obtained proved valuable in more ways than one. In an army group, and particularly in a prison group, any funds in the hands of one man are equally available for his comrades. A few thousand dollars of Confederate currency brought in in this way, late in March, secured additional corn-bread and a few dozen pairs of shoes and also some blankets. The canny Hebrews were making their exchange on the basis of about fifty to one. The actual "value" of Confederate currency at this time was more nearly expressed by a rate of one thousand to one. Before leaving Danville, I had another bit of evidence in regard to the success of our arms. I had been fortunate enough to save my tooth-brush and I was, therefore, classed with what came to be known as the "tooth-brush aristocracy" of the prison. About a dozen men altogether had tooth-brushes, and partly for the purpose of preserving them from theft or from dirt, and partly possibly with a certain feeling of ostentation, these tooth-brushes were carried in the buttonholes of our blouses. One or two of them in the possession of men with skill for handicraft were, in the course of the winter,

beautifully carved, the subjects being usually of a serious character such as death's heads, skeletons, etc. The lieutenant of the guard, a one-armed Virginian, made me an offer one morning, with some urgency, of $300 for my tooth-brush, which had already been in use for months. I declined the offer but put to him with some appearance of surprise a question as to the supplies of English tooth-brushes that I supposed could still reach the Confederacy by way of Wilmington. "Oh!" said he, "but that channel is now—" and then recollecting himself, "No, no, I do not mean to say that." I could get from him no more information. The reference to the fall of Wilmington was, however, confirmed later by gossip with a friendly North Carolinian, and we realised that the last channel of communication between the Confederacy and its British friends had been closed. The cordon was being drawn tight, and the days of the Confederacy were numbered.

It was my good fortune before the long winter came to an end, to find myself included with a small detachment of officers who had been selected to receive and to distribute supplies for our prisoners. In December, 1864, as a result of the pressure brought to bear upon the Administration by the friends of the prisoners who were indignant and discouraged at the long delay in the exchange, the authorities in Washington entered into an arrangement with the authorities in Richmond under which an officer of the rank of general was to be paroled on either side and was to have the privilege of selecting three or four assistants. Supplies were to be sent through the lines under flag of truce covering the things most needed by the prisoners and these supplies were to be distributed by the paroled officers. Our Government acted promptly under the agreement arrived at and before the close of December liberated on parole General Beale of Georgia, who selected

three or four officers to help him in the work. Some cotton was sent under flag of truce from Savannah and was sold on the cotton exchange in New York for the account of General Beale. It is my impression that the market price of cotton in December, 1864, was about a dollar and a quarter a pound and not very many bales were, therefore, required to put in the hands of General Beale all the funds that he could utilise to advantage. If the execution of this arrangement had been delayed two or three weeks longer, it would not have been possible to ship Confederate cotton from Savannah, as on Christmas day, 1864, the city came into the hands of General Sherman. The authorities in Richmond delayed with their part of the undertaking and it was not until 1865 that General Hayes of Boston, the senior officer in our prison, secured his parole. He selected as his first assistant Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Hooper, an old Boston friend, and he was good enough to select me for his second associate. I had known the General but slightly, and as there was a great pressure for the appointment, I was somewhat puzzled at my good fortune, but there was, of course, nothing to do but accept, with appreciation of the compliment. Twenty years later, I had an opportunity of rendering some little financial service to General Hayes, whose business operations had gone wrong.

A fourth officer, whose name I have forgotten, was selected to take charge of the distribution of supplies first in Danville and later in Salisbury, North Carolina. Hayes, Hooper, and myself were shipped up to Richmond where the General secured quarters in a tobacco warehouse not far from Libby's ship chandlery. A sergeant from one of our coloured regiments was paroled and put at our service as a "junior member of the staff." He served as our orderly. By means of our parole, we came promptly into correspondence with friends at home and secured a change

of clothing and some soap. After a series of months of experience of dirt which had almost dulled the sensibilities of gentlemen, it was possible again to recover our physical self-respect. We also received one or two letters from home, but we had been cautioned alike by the authorities of Richmond and in Washington that, with our responsibilities as paroled officers and with opportunities for observation such as we had not before enjoyed, letter-writing was undesirable.

It was my duty to go, I think, twice a week, to the landing place on the James River, a little below the Libby building, to meet the flag of truce boat. We received by the boat blankets, shoes, and woollen shirts; and there may have been some boxes of trousers. I had difficulty in getting the stores across the town to the warehouse assigned to us. The men on the flag of truce boat had no paroles and were not allowed to land, while the darkies upon whom Richmond usually depended for trucking service had been detailed for work in the trenches at the front. Fortunately I had money enough to purchase any service that was available and I am glad to remember some courtesy extended to me at least once, at the time of a breakdown near Main Street of a rickety old cart on which I had a couple of cases, by the team of a one-armed Confederate quartermaster. Further service was required to enable me to get the blankets, shoes, etc., to Libby Prison and to Castle Thunder. Under the conditions of our parole, we had promised to go nowhere in the town excepting on the most direct route between our warehouse and the two prisons. It is my memory that at this time the prison camp on Belle-Isle, the island in the middle of the James where our men had through successive winters been permitted to freeze to death, had been abandoned. I know that I did not have occasion to visit Belle-Isle and that I should have been sent there if any

prisoners were still on the island. My clean blue uniform made me a little prominent in Main Street, where the prevailing tint for the men of the rank and file was a faded butternut. The dress of the Confederate officers was grey, but at this stage of the war their uniforms were for the most part sadly worn and mud-stained. The mills in Jackson, Mississippi, and in Augusta, Georgia, that had provided the grey cloth had been destroyed, the first by Grant and the second by Sherman, and by 1865 the supplies must have been nearly exhausted. It is my memory that the women of the town were at this time dressed chiefly in black. Many of them were, of course, mourners for fathers, husbands, brothers, or friends, and black, as far as black could be obtained, seemed for their time of sadness the only harmonious garb. It is the impression of sadness and of apprehension that remains in my memory from this little back glimpse of the capital of the Confederacy during the last weeks of the war. It was only after coming into touch with the people in the beleaguered capital and taking hasty looks at the faces of the staff officers as they passed, that I came to realise what we had, of course, already guessed, that the breakdown must be very near.

I do not recall at any time being insulted in the streets, although I met with not a few inquisitive glances and now and then was called upon by the provost-guards to answer questions and to show my papers. My parole, countersigned by General Winder's adjutant, was, of course, my protection. Earlier in the war I should, I think, have met with friction, not of course from the better grade of soldiers but from the half-trained fellows and particularly from country boys with a little whiskey on board. I imagine that by this time whiskey like other things was scarce. I can recall but a few instances of drunkenness in the streets, but the people, men and women, looked hungry,

as well they might. The women were giving their time to the nursing of the sick and wounded and were, doubtless, also getting along with short rations in order to help out the hospitals.

I got one glimpse of the tall figure of Jefferson Davis and hesitated for a moment as to the lifting of my hat. I was quite ready to show respect for a leader who had through the four years of struggle shown such persistency, courage, and devotion to his cause; but when I recalled the responsibility of Davis for the deaths at Belle-Isle, in Libby, and at Andersonville, my hand absolutely refused to reach up to my cap and remained glued in my pocket. If I had had the fortune to meet General Lee, my salute would have been both natural and heartfelt. I believe that I shared the feelings of practically all of the men who had studied the history of the war in being ready to render to Lee homage, not merely for the magnificent defence that he had made under enormous discouragements and with a constant decrease in his resources, but for the exceptionally fine nature and character of the man.

I recall one instance of annoyance in connection with my duty in visiting the prisons. Shortly after the successful attempt at escape from Libby by means of the tunnel that had been projected by Colonel Rose in the winter of 63–64, Major Turner had added to the Libby guard a trained bloodhound. The hound went out with each relief of the guard, that is to say every four hours, bringing up the rear.

At this time the dog was kept at the guard-house adjoining Castle Thunder; I remember my annoyance on my first visit to this prison when the sergeant of the guard amused himself, having lengthened the leash, in seeing how near he could let the dog get to the little Yankee without "chawing" him up. I managed with some difficulty to evade the dog and to get in at the prison door.

I succeeded also on my return in slipping out in safety when the dog's attention was turned the other way. I then made my way to the captain of the guard and submitted a protest. I pointed out that my duty made it necessary to visit the prison nearly every day and I emphasised further that the risk of being "chawed up" by a bloodhound was not one of the ordinary perils of war that I was under obligation to encounter. The captain, a one-legged veteran, accepted my view; the sergeant was reprimanded, and the dog's chain having been shortened, my passage to Castle Thunder was left free.

Castle Thunder had been reserved for prisoners classed as "political." These prisoners included citizens who had come in one way or another into conflict with the Confederate authorities, that is who were suspected of being spies, together with others who had resisted conscription. I do not know what routine was pursued in regard to the length of imprisonment given to suspected parties concerning whose criminality or delinquency no evidence could be secured. There were men in Castle Thunder in March, '65, who told me they had been there for more than a year. I was not permitted, however, to carry on individual conversation with these prisoners. In Libby I was left free to talk with our own men as I chose, but in my visits to Castle Thunder I was always accompanied by the adjutant or by the sergeant of the guard who had the right to listen to everything that passed. The prisoners included certain men from the loyal districts of West Virginia and Eastern Tennessee and it was for these groups that my supplies were more particularly utilised.

I had spoken of having enough money for the expenditures that I was required to make in moving the supplies across the town. When the flag of truce boat made its

first trip up the James to connect with our group, I found with the other cases a chest of Confederate money. Somebody in Washington had the common-sense to remember that we should need money and as blocks of Confederate bills had been captured from time to time during the war, there was ample supply for the purpose. I receipted for one chest of Confederate currency, precise "value" unknown. It would, in fact, have taken a very brilliant financier indeed to determine the proper value of a Confederate dollar in the last of February, 1865. Forty days later, its exchange value had disappeared altogether. As far, however, as the face value of the bills was concerned, we were rich. We must have had millions in our possession. In sending our orderly to market in the morning, I used to go to the chest and take out an armful of money with which the market basket was crammed to the top. The sergeant had orders to purchase anything that there was. Anything that there was, sounded, of course, like a *carte blanche* for delicacies, but as a fact, the sergeant had very little occasion to use his discretion. There was, practically, nothing to buy excepting corn on the cob, a little coarse corn-meal, and an occasional piece of mule steak. The prices paid for our share of this provender must have gone up each morning into the thousands.

I remember one gala day when the sergeant brought back an egg. How any hapless fowl had succeeded in getting time or quiet during these strenuous days for the laying of an egg between the opposing lines, we never discovered, but the egg proved of no service either to the Confederacy or to the Union. General Hayes said mildly, "Gentlemen, as you know, I do not usually lay stress on the privileges of rank, but I think this egg belongs to me." The Colonel and I naturally assented, and when the egg had been boiled and the General had tapped the

top with his jack-knife, there was no further question in our minds as far as "rank" was concerned. The General or anybody else might have that egg. It must have been lying between the lines for months.

The prisoners entering Libby underwent a pretty thorough search and were made to give up money, knives, watches, and valuables of any kind. In an earlier page, reference was made to a little memorandum book in which the adjutant had recorded against the name of each prisoner the property that had been taken from him. "When you are exchanged," he said cheerfully, "these things will, of course, be given back to you, but we must not run the risk of having our guards demoralised with Yankee properties."

This process of receiving and "storing" Yankee property had been going on for four years, but I never heard of an exchanged prisoner who had succeeded in getting back any of the property so taken care of and I never heard of any such property being restored.

I asked the General whether it was not a good time to make application for the return of our money. "That is a capital idea, Adjutant," said Hayes, "they have got $400 of mine 'on storage' which I should like to get." Colonel Hooper added a similar word, and with a card from the General I called first at the office of Commissioner Ould and later at that of General Winder and made formal application for the amounts we had on record as belonging to each of us. General Winder was sympathetically civil in the matter but not very satisfactory. "It is too bad, Adjutant," he said, "that the officer who had charge of that record has recently died and his accounts seem to be in some confusion, but I will look into the matter and will let you know later." A second visit brought no more satisfactory information. A week later we had word that the arrangements for the exchange had finally been

completed, and that a date was fixed early in March for going down the river on the exchange boat. I tried a third visit at Winder's office, but this time he was clever enough to evade me. I went day after day until finally I caught him again.

"General Winder," I said, "General Hayes asked me to report to you with his respects that we should either receive the moneys that belong to us or a definite word from yourself as to the report that we are to make to the authorities in Washington. It is for you, sir, to say what nature this report shall take." Winder understood, of course, perfectly that if we did not get the money we should place upon him the responsibility for the appropriation. "Come in to-morrow morning, Adjutant," he said, "and I will see if we can get the matter adjusted." "We are leaving to-morrow, General," I said, "but I will report." I went at ten and again at eleven and stayed until I heard the whistle of the flag of truce boat, and then giving it up as a bad job, I made a short cut for the pier and for freedom. I think it is probable that on my last walk, or rather run, across Main Street, I did a little damning of the Confederacy.

On the boat, I rejoined my old comrades from Danville. Most of them were in somewhat better condition than when I had left Danville a fortnight back, as they had been able, through the moneys secured from the Hebrew merchants in Danville, to get something to eat and to replace their shoes and blankets. The Danville prisoners had also received a portion of the supplies that came up the James on the flag of truce boat. A group of the men had, however, been too much broken down by the hardships of the winter to be in a condition to recuperate even with something to eat and with the present certainty of freedom. The men with whom the scurvy had worked badly—that is to say, on whose

limbs the trouble had eaten into the bone, were weakened, and as I understand permanently weakened, in the use of their legs. With many, the digestion had been entirely broken down by the attempt to manage the coarse corn-bread into which had been ground, as stated, all manner of dirt and vermin. Most serious, however, was the condition of those who, partly through physical debility and partly through lack of will-power, had lost the control of their minds. There were not a few poor chaps who had fallen into a condition of idiocy and who sat on the floor, twirling their thumbs. I recall among these one exceptionally long chap who passed by the name of "Slim Jim" or the "Swamp Angel." He had belonged to the force with which Gilmore was besieging Charleston and had lost his way in the swamp in one of the attempts that was made to cut the road between Charleston and Savannah. His exceptional height, or rather length, because he was so weakened that he rarely stood up, gave the text to the story that he was one of those that had been detailed to make the foundation for Gilmore's famous gun, the Swamp Angel. The story was that Gilmore had fixed the spot where his big gun was to be placed which with a range of six miles was expected to throw shells into the armoury at Charleston. The artillery captain who was charged with the task of preparing the foundation for the gun reported that the place was a swamp and that no firm foundation could be constructed. He received a peremptory word from Gilmore with the command that the platform must be completed within a certain time and that he could make requisition for anything that was necessary for the work. The captain made his requisition for so many beams and so many boxes of sand and, as the story ran, for twenty men fifteen feet long. He apparently secured the men for the platform was constructed and the gun, entitled the

Swamp Angel, succeeded in throwing shells into Charleston, six miles distant. As far as length was concerned, Slim Jim might have been one of the men, but when we saw him he never could have handled a sand box.

One of the men who came down the river in good shape was Paymaster Frank Swan, a cousin of the young Dorchester lady whom I afterwards married. He had been a volunteer with the party led by Lieutenant Cushing in the daring and successful attempt to blow up the Rebel ram *Albemarle*. Of the fifteen men in the party, I believe that but three escaped, the group fortunately including Cushing himself. Some were drowned in the sinking of their torpedo boat; others fell under the first fire from the *Albemarle* or from the pier to which the *Albemarle* was fastened; two or three were lost in the swamp trying to make their way back to the shore, and the rest were captured. Swan was the only one of the group who happened to be brought to Danville and his account of the progress of the work of closing in on the doomed Confederacy gave not a little encouragement during those last weeks of the long winter to the hungry prisoners at Danville.

We were able, in meeting on the flag of truce boat the comrades from Danville, to exchange experiences for the weeks immediately preceding. Some of the men had, since I had left the prison, passed over to the "majority," but the group was on the whole in somewhat better condition than when I had last seen them. They spoke with some amusement of their trip, fatiguing as it had been, and particularly of an incident of their arrival in Richmond. The funds that had, as before related, come into the hands of the prisoners from certain Danville merchants were used not only for the purchasing of much-needed supplies for themselves and their comrades, but for securing a few bottles of applejack. The older

men realised that strong drink could not be safely used by any of their hungry crowd but they thought it as well to keep the guards in good humour, and with freedom and home now in the near future their disposition to these guards was in fact not unfriendly. There was no difficulty in getting the guards into good humour; but the thing was done a little too thoroughly. By the time the train reached Richmond (and in connection with the condition of the track and the frequent shuntings, the journey to Richmond was a long one), the guards were, with very few exceptions, so far under the influence of the applejack that they were in no shape to march across the city. It was far on into the night hours and the captain in charge of the train was unwilling to leave the prisoners exposed through the wintry night on the platform of the station. On the other hand, it was evidently not possible to muster enough sober men to make the march across the city and to deliver the prisoners, according to his orders, to the officers in charge at Libby. Our senior officers realised his difficulty and proffered their assistance. "Don't bother yourself, captain, about marching us across the city. We will march ourselves across and you can report to Libby with your guard in the morning and call your roll and complete your delivery. Our men will not be likely to be absentees. They all know that any one not on hand to-morrow morning when that roll is called will miss his chance for the exchange. They are not fools enough to take any such risk." The captain realised that this was the only course to be followed and our prisoners, about two hundred in all, comprising in this group only the officers, started on their tramp across the city. Some of them honestly became lost. It was dark, and Richmond was not at that time giving much attention to street lighting and but few of the men had had any knowledge of the topography. Others lost them-

selves for fun, walking about in one part or other of the city in order to get what impression they could, even by night, of the capital of the Confederacy. They risked nothing because when accosted, as occasionally they were, by a provost-guard, they were able to reply that they were Yankee prisoners due at Libby who had lost their way. The result was that all through the long hours of the night, Sergeant Turner of Libby, whom our men had no reason to be fond of, was called up from ten minutes to ten minutes to open his door for a Yankee prisoner. The cry was always the same, "Please let us in. We *must* get into Libby Prison; we have no other place to go to." It really sounded very pathetic, but it was the first and only time in which Libby Prison had been sought as a place of refuge. The sergeant did his full share of the damning of the impudent "Yanks," but with the Major in charge of the prison in his bunk in the adjacent room, and with the knowledge that the roll was to be called in the morning, he did not dare do anything but admit the applicants for a last night's hospitality of Libby.

The historian (writing fifty years later) may recall, with a slight alteration, the lines of Omar:

> And they who stood before (the prison)
> Shouted—Open then the door!
> You know how little while we have to stay,
> And, once departed, may return no more.

Our flag of truce boat stopped at City Point just long enough to tranship the prisoners to the vessel that took us to Annapolis, so that we had only a momentary glimpse of the great base from which Grant's army drew its supplies. If I remember rightly, the day of our release was the third of March, that is to say four weeks before the final battles which broke through Lee's defensive lines. I know that the talk of our men with whom we came into

touch during our hour's sojourn on the pier was all encouraging; the war was, they said, nearly at an end and the boys would soon be going home.

We prisoners were not permitted to journey direct to the several homes awaiting us. It was considered best to put us into the hospital camp at Annapolis for a process of fumigation, cleaning, and toning up. The prison rags had to be gotten rid of and it was thought better that the vermin from the Confederacy carried by these rags should be buried in Annapolis rather than be permitted to infect decent homes in the North. General Hayes made claim for a little different treatment for himself and his two associates, pointing out that we had had a fortnight for the work of cleaning ourselves and that we could claim to be fit for decent society; and as a result, our stay in Annapolis was shortened. Some of the prisoners never left Annapolis at all; with the best of medical treatment, they could not regain sufficient strength for the further journey and they "joined the majority" in the army cemetery beyond the Naval Academy.

XVIII

The End of the War

I HAD a sojourn of about two weeks with the home circle and was glad to find that there was no requirement for a longer furlough. I had stood the strain of the winter's privations better than most of my comrades. It was the fact that in prison as on the march, the little fellows on the whole came out much the best. They seemed to have been less undermined by the small ration (the ration was, in fact, equal for all sizes of men) and they had better average vitality for resisting the other ills of prison life. As far as I could find out from later reports, but very few of the prisoners who were exchanged as late as March, 1865, were permitted to go back to the front. They were, in fact, not needed and the army surgeons decided that it was better for them to finish their recuperation in their homes. I do not claim that I had any special martial ardour, but as I had seen something of the bothersome side of war life, I was naturally desirous of being on hand at the close of the operations.

I learned from Washington that the division of the 19th Army Corps to which my regiment, the 176th New York, belonged, had after the close of the campaign in the Shenandoah, been sent to the North Carolina coast. It was, it seemed, a part of Grant's plan for concentrating his forces on the last armies of the Confederacy that Sherman

in his march northward from Savannah should have the co-operation in North Carolina of all the troops that could be spared from the operations in Virginia. Of my journey to North Carolina, the experience that remains most clearly in my memory was the trip through the Dismal Swamp. My transportation ticket took me first from New York to Norfolk, where I found a little canal-boat that had been fitted with an engine and that was used by the Government for connection by way of the Dismal Swamp canal between Norfolk and the posts on Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds. The boat carried medical stores, a group of navy chaps under the command of a lieutenant, and half a dozen passengers, all like myself veterans coming back to the front. The navy lieutenant was experimenting with a new gun which must, I think, have been the precursor of the later Gatling. The gun, which was mounted on the bow of the boat, was "fed" by the pouring of cartridges into a kind of hopper. The gun was discharged through the turning of a crank, throwing a volley of bullets which must have had the effect of small grape-shot or of a volley from a magnified shotgun. The range was very short, only two or three hundred feet, but this was a matter of no great importance for the defence of a boat in a narrow canal the shores of which were for the most part heavily wooded. The purpose of the gun was to get a sprinkling fire upon any opponents who might be lying in the bushes along the shore. The boat had been attacked upon one or two previous trips and this was the first journey with the new gun. Some experimental firing was done before we got into the zone of danger and the lieutenant felt that his gun was going to be a satisfactory defence. He was so assured in regard to the awe that it would inspire that he had not even taken pains to protect the position of the gunner whose duty it was to put the cartridges into the hopper.

It is my impression that the enemy that we had to consider in the swamp did not, at least at this time, include any regular troops. The swamp had during the war been the refuge for deserters, stray darkies, and predatory folk, and their purpose in attacking a boat like ours would have been not the serving of the Confederacy but the securing of stores. We had one or two sharp skirmishes as we reached the central portion of the swamp and two of our gunners were hit by rifle balls from the shore. The lieutenant then rigged up a defensive screen which gave the gunner some measure of protection and after that the volleys into the bushes kept the shores clear, and on the second day we came out in safety into the open waters of Albemarle Sound. Our boat had a speed of only six or eight miles an hour and I think that another two days were required before we finally reached the pier at Morehead City, which lies at the extreme south-eastern corner of the North Carolina coast on what was called Core Sound. From there, the group of returning soldiers made their way by a very rickety single-track railroad to Newberne where I found a portion of my regiment doing garrison duty. The troops in eastern North Carolina were at this time under the command of General Terry, one of the few civilian officers whose reputation increased steadily throughout the war. He had shown a capacity equal to that of the West Pointers for independent command and for handling large bodies of troops.

My stay in Newberne must have lasted some weeks. The principal incident that I recall was in connection with the breaking out of smallpox in a camp of contrabands that had been established a mile or two from the town. The darkies had, after our occupation of the posts on the coast, worked their way eastward, usually bringing wives and pickaninnies, and asking for work, army service, and above all for rations. In order to retain better control

of the town, General Terry had decided to keep these contrabands in a camp appointed for the purpose, and this decision proved fortunate. At the time of my arrival, the smallpox had just broken out among the darkies and the camp had been promptly isolated from the town by a picket line. It was reported that the camp was in bad shape, that the dead lay unburied, and the sick were receiving no care. There was also no certainty that the provisions passed over the picket line reached those who needed them most or that any adequate means of equitable distribution had been provided. There were at this time in Newberne certain representatives of the Christian Commission, an association that had been instituted early in the war to supplement the work of the Sanitary Commission. The Christian Commission workers took with them to the front Bibles, religious reading matter, and writing materials. They also, however, had medicaments and surgical appliances and were always ready, and were often able, to render valuable co-operation to the work of army surgeons, either in the hospitals or on the fields. The Christian Commission work in eastern North Carolina was at that time under the direction of Vincent Colyer, an artist of New York who happened to be an old-time friend of my father's and with whom I was glad to get a personal greeting on my arrival. Colyer with one of his associates, whose name I do not recall, told Terry that the two were willing to take charge of the contraband camp and to arrange for the care of the dead and sick and for the distribution of the food that was being delivered at the picket line. Terry pointed out that if Colyer and his friend went to the camp they would have to stay there until the smallpox had been beaten out or until the risk of the contagion had passed. It was, of course, essential on every ground, not only that the women and children in Newberne should be protected (the men folk were for the

most part serving in the famous North Carolina divisions), but that there should be no risk of bringing smallpox into the thinned ranks of the Northern regiments. Colyer, of course, understood the requirement and went off with the thanks and the blessing of the General.

He remained in the camp for a long series of weeks until the smallpox had been brought to a close. The dead were buried, the men and women who were strong enough were made to take care of the sick and to clean up the camp, the provisions (which, as usual in such a contingency, had been largely appropriated by the strongest) were fairly distributed, the infected clothing and blankets were burned, and clean garments were, as fast as practicable, distributed to those who needed them. I was told by our post surgeon that it was only through this noble service of Colyer and his associates that Newberne was saved from the incursion of the pest. I need hardly point out that an act of this character calls for a much rarer kind of courage than that required for the storming of a battery or for any simple military operation. It is my impression that Colyer never received any formal recognition for this great service. He ought certainly to have been decorated with the United States Medal of Honour.

After two or three weeks at Newberne, our garrison was moved up to Goldsboro, a distance of about 150 miles westward, and we were stationed at a little village called Greenleaf, a few miles to the north of Goldsboro. Sherman had sent word to Terry, whom Grant had placed under his orders, to vacate the posts on the coast and to concentrate all the men who were available on a line running east and west from Goldsboro. Sherman was pressing northward, pushing before him on his advance the forces of his old opponent, General Joseph E. Johnston. Reduced as Johnston's force was, it still had fighting capacity left, as was shown by the fierce little battle fought on the

19th of March at Bentonville, a few miles to the south-west of Goldsboro. Sherman was anxious to prevent any possible junction between Johnston and Lee, who would, it was expected, be retreating from Virginia southward.

Terry's troops were ordered to make such line as might be practicable between Johnston and Lee, which might serve at least to delay Johnston's march northward. Sherman kept, however, so close a push upon his antagonist that Terry's line was not called upon for action. This was probably fortunate, as the line was very thin indeed and could hardly have withstood an attack from the tough veterans who had turned Sherman's left at Bentonville.

It was at Greenleaf near Goldsboro that we received the news of the battle of Five Forks, the capture of Richmond, and the surrender at Appomattox.

From Greenleaf, we were moved to Durham, where a few days later the war was brought to a close by the surrender to Sherman of the army led by Johnston.

The news of the death of Lincoln came to my division at Greenleaf, I think on the 16th of April, although it may have been a day later. Greenleaf had at that time no wire communication from the north. I know that a courier came to us across the swamp and through the woodland at noon each day with despatches from some point nearer the coast. On this morning I had reported myself for a shave to an old darky whom I had visited once or twice before. He took up his razor, dropped it, took it up again, and again dropped it. I saw his hand was shaking and judged with him that he was in no condition for the task.

"I can't shave you this mornin', Massa," he said.

"Why, what's the matter, Uncle Ben?"

"Why, sir, somethin's happened to Massa Lincoln, and I can't do nothin', sir, but jes' think about it."

"Why," I said, "what has happened to Lincoln? You have no news that I haven't got!"

"We coloured folk," he said, "sometimes get news or half news 'fore it comes to you white people, and we coloured folk here all feel this mornin' that somethin's gone wrong with Massa Lincoln."

There was nothing more to be gotten from the old man and I made my way unshaved to the division headquarters, feeling anxious in spite of my understanding that the darky could have had no real news. The coloured folk were clustered about the streets of the little village muttering, and some of them in tears, but no one of them was able to give authority for the rumour. I found the division adjutant and the officers with him troubled like myself at the report from the darkies, but still unwilling to believe that any trustworthy word could have come to them in advance of the despatches for which we were waiting.

At noon the courier made his appearance, riding out from the woods on the north-east, and we felt at once from the appearance of the man that he had bad news. He was hurrying his horse as he was bound to do, and yet he seemed afraid to arrive. In this instance, as was of course not usually the case, the courier knew what was in his despatches. He handed his bag of documents with one separate envelope, to the division adjutant who stood on the step, and the adjutant, tearing open the envelope, began to speak and then his voice broke down. He was able finally to get out the words: "Lincoln is dead." No more was necessary, and no further word was, in fact, possible. I never before or since have been with a large mass of men overwhelmed by one simple emotion. The whole division was sobbing together. The feeling with all was the loss not only of the great Captain but of the personal friend, of him who was for the troops, as for the whole country, Father Abraham.

After the completion of the surrender at Durham, the army of General Sherman was forwarded to Washington to do its part on the second day of the great parade or march pass. It was a keen disappointment to the men of my division to learn that we were not among the men ordered North. We had assumed that the war being over, we were to be promptly distributed to our homes. Our martial ardour during the last three preceding years had been pretty thoroughly expended, and we had no desire for any more soldiering. It was necessary, however, to do something to keep order throughout the territory of the Southern States until the people could take steps to restore their local governments. The disbanded Confederate troops were a sturdy and on the whole a trustworthy lot of veterans. Their only desire was to go to their homes as far as they still had homes, and to take up the difficult task of securing a living. But apart from the trustworthy veterans, there were scattered about the country many stragglers and deserters and stray darkies. It was not unnatural that the negroes, excited by the defeat of their old masters, by the certainty of freedom and by vague dreams of citizenship and of the wealth that the poor things hoped was to come with citizenship, should, to some extent at least, lose their heads and become troublesome and occasionally obstreperous. In some way or other, the word had gone through the coloured communities that each negro head of a family was to be provided by the National Government with "forty acres and a mule." I do not know how the legend originated, but a great deal of discontent and mischief were brought about before the negroes came to understand that freedom meant not less work but a larger responsibility for work, and that it was only through labour that food for themselves and their children could be secured.

Virginia and North Carolina were divided into districts

for each of which an officer of rank, a colonel or brigade commander, was left in charge with one or two battalions of troops to act as constables. Announcements were distributed on the part of the Federal authorities, calling upon the people of these States to take action as promptly as practicable in regard to the re-constitution of their State, county, and town governments. A similar course was taken in Georgia and throughout the South. The action of the Southerners varied in the different communities. In Virginia they came together with fair promptness and secured such arrangements for local control that the Northern troops were able to be spared in a few weeks' time. In Georgia there was delay, due partly to the fact that the natural leaders of the community got back but slowly to their homes from the places where their final campaigns had been completed, and in part to what was described as a certain sullenness on the part of the older citizens who being at home were more immediately responsible. My division was ordered from North Carolina to take charge of the eastern districts in Georgia and we were shipped from Morehead City to Savannah. The responsibility for keeping order in Savannah, and in a quite extensive adjacent district, was left, if I remember rightly, to two or three regiments of which the 176th New York was one. We had at that time but 180 muskets fit for duty and the other battalions were probably no stronger. I know that there were by no means men enough to go around. The patrol duty in the town itself was fatiguing and it was difficult to secure any sufficiency of horses or mules to do effective patrolling in the outskirts. From week to week came tramping back into Savannah the returning Confederates; some of them were looking for plantation homes which had disappeared under the ravages of successive campaigns. Some actually had no knowledge of the whereabouts of wives and

daughters. Not a few were wounded, while all were fatigued and emaciated with long marches and insufficient food. They were all penniless and discouraged as to the opportunities of the future. From time to time, these Confederate officers, with homes in the outskirts or farther off even in the country districts, would come to the adjutant's office to make application for guards for protection. The word was always practically the same: "You understand, Adjutant, that there are women and children on the place with no men to protect them. The swamps are full of stragglers white and black. We must have help." We could only explain that we had no force available to cover the country districts and there were, in fact, days when, for want of men or from the necessity of resting the men, the patrols in the city had to be intermitted or carried on with skeleton guards. Then came the suggestion that these officers would themselves fall in and help to make at least during the hours of the night an efficient patrol about the city.

I remember one incident (which probably was but one of many similar occurrences) which was rather characteristic of the conditions and relations that obtained. We were, of course, perfectly friendly to the returning Confederates, and there was on their part no expression of bitterness or even of antagonism. It was impossible, in fact, not to be sympathetic with men who had done such magnificent fighting and who had maintained, through years of difficulties, discouragements, and privations, their patience, their hope, and their courage; and who were now through the fortunes of war left penniless with the task of reconstituting homes in territory that had been in great part devastated by war.

The sergeant of the guard reporting to the adjutant in the morning, is asked in ordinary routine: "Did anything happen last night that calls for record?" "Well,

sir," with a little hesitation, "one of them Confederate gentlemen's guns went off about three o'clock in the morning and a negro got killed." Our own men in the ranks were quite ready to give respect to the age, to the social class, and to the official station of the Confederate "gentlemen" who were then serving in the ranks as volunteers. "That is a serious matter, Sergeant. Did you give any orders about the shooting?" "No, sir, and the major he owned right up that it was all wrong, and said that I should have to report him." The sergeant is dismissed and the Confederate gentleman, a major old enough to have been my father, and his associate, a captain of the same generation, march in. Their clothes are worn, their faces haggard, although, of course, in getting back to Savannah, they were again, if not in their own homes, through the post rations, within reach of food, but they were in every way soldierlike and they were undoubted gentlemen. They stood there with their muskets at attention, as was proper for soldiers of the guard until they were ordered to rest arms, and then the major replied to the question. "How is this about shooting without orders?" "It's all wrong, Adjutant, we quite understood that we were to obey orders. We are old soldiers, sir, and we know what orders are. You must, of course, preserve discipline. We ought both to be in the guard-house. But, Adjutant, the damned nigger had no business to be out at three o'clock in the morning."

It is quite probable that in this conclusion the major was right. The "niggers" who were about town in the late hours of the night were usually after mischief, but I never had any chance of verifying the responsibility for the particular darky whose life came to a close that night.

"You will understand, Major," I said, "that this is a serious matter and that I shall be obliged to report it to the commander of the post. Don't forget that the war is

over and that while we still have martial law, there can be no shooting excepting under proper authority."

"You are quite right, sir," said the major as he touched his hat and withdrew. When I reported the case to the commander of the post, who knew both the old officers, his inquiry was: "Adjutant, has that shooting been entered in the guard book?" "The entry has been delayed, sir, until it could be made complete by the addition of such instruction or order as you might have given." "Adjutant, I am not prepared to give you any orders in regard to this matter. I may suggest, speaking, of course, quite unofficially, that there might be some convenience if, through an oversight on the part of your clerk, the minutes for the night should contain no reference to the shooting." The clerk *was* careless and no such record found place. I may only hope that the two old officers (who, unless under stress of special apprehension, were most obedient privates of the guard) succeeded in reconstituting something in the shape of homes and incomes.

The weeks passed slowly in Savannah. We might well have welcomed the relief from the fatigues of campaigning and from the apprehensions of war. The existence of the nation was maintained and we youngsters had done our part as well as we knew how in the great contest. While so many of our comrades had passed away, we were spared to take up again the plans for our careers as citizens. We could not foresee all the difficulties, troubles, and mortifications that were to come upon the people in the task of re-construction, a task that would have been so much furthered and in which so many serious troubles would have been avoided if the leadership in the direction of national affairs could have remained in the hands of the patient, farseeing, and sympathetic Lincoln. Savannah was not an uncomfortable sojourning place. I

have memory of a beautiful little city, well shaded, with homes placed in green squares of gardens. The immediate city had escaped any destruction through actual fighting and the houses rested, therefore, in their original quiet dignity and beauty as they had first been built. As before indicated, the veteran officers, the natural leaders of Savannah society who were returning, were quite ready to accept good fellowship with the representatives from the North; the older men who had been left behind as citizens, and the women, found it, however, much more difficult to be not to say sympathetic but even courteous. For them it was not yet possible to get away from the bitterness of the struggle and the keen disappointment of the defeat. As a result, there were very few houses in the town in which the Federal officers were accepted as visitors, although now and then, in connection with some service to be rendered in furnishing medical or surgical assistance or needed supplies, our presence was welcomed.

We found the management of our officers' mess unduly expensive; at least in so far as we attempted to add to our menu any luxuries not included in the army commissary stores. The old women who had chickens to sell seemed to assume that they had now an opportunity to make good all the losses of the war and the prices charged were simply awful. We did receive at headquarters from some of the citizens or returned officers, in consideration of services rendered, a few bottles of old Madeira which had escaped the requirements of the Confederate commissaries and had remained stored in the cellars for a long term of years. I had myself no knowledge of wine but was told that this Savannah Madeira belonged to the very best of its class.

We had some difficulty in keeping the men of our regiments in good discipline. It is the usual routine, when a command is on post and not immediately in the face of

the enemy, to make employment for the men either with camp work under the directions of the quartermasters and engineers or in drilling. There was, however, very little requirement for camp construction, and it was difficult to persuade either officers or men that duty to the country required hours to be devoted to drilling when the temperature was well up over the nineties. On the other hand, there was a certainty that idle hours would produce mischief of one kind or another; the card playing and the accompanying drinking brought quarrels, and, trained veterans as the men were, there came to be some demoralisation. Later in the summer, however, when the citizens and the returning veterans were able to take care of the peace of the city with home guards, our battalions were scattered out into the country districts and led a more wholesome life.

One of the interests in life in the district posts was searching for concealed cotton. Information would be brought from time to time by the negroes that they could steer us to places in the swamps or in the woods where bales of cotton had been hidden, and in the majority of cases the darkies had themselves done under supervision the work of storing the cotton. They would report, with more or less truth, that the owners had not been heard of for years and were doubtless dead. Cotton so found, for which no local owners made claim, belonged probably to the National Government. There might perhaps have been some claim on the part of the State authorities. It was certain that no rightful ownership could be secured by individual Federals simply on the ground of discovery and of a little expenditure in getting the bales down to the Savannah wharves. It is my memory, however, that some thousands of dollars were made in the course of July and August by Federal officers who were able, in

dividing proceeds with the quartermasters, to secure transportation and to make shipment to New York of this "treasure trove" of cotton. It was these bales for which the English investors in Confederate cotton bonds were waiting to make good their investments of 1862–63, and they waited in vain.

In July, I learned with very great satisfaction that my resignation, which had been sent in promptly after the surrender at Goldsboro, had finally been accepted. I left my regiment still doing guard duty and cotton prospecting in the district west of Savannah, and securing from the quartermaster at Savannah the necessary transportation facilities, made my way by steamer to New York.

I recalled in landing at Whitehall that just three years had passed since my return as a small student from Germany. These years which had covered for the country a period of such fearful stress and a development through fire and sword, had of course, meant also for myself a development beyond what would usually be secured between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. I had lost, and was never to be in a position to regain, the opportunity for a college training. With a keen interest in literary and scholarly matters, I was obliged to do my later reading without the all-important foundation of the routine knowledge of Latin, of literary history, of the principles of science, etc., which any youngster who has made a fair use of college facilities has secured. I had in like manner lost opportunities that had been utilised by others for an early start in business at a time when, notwithstanding the great interference with the ordinary industrial operations of the country, business did present great chances for money-making in one channel or another. I had also to debit against my war experience some material impairment in health. It was my own experience and

I think that of my fellows, that the ordinary experience of campaigning is more likely to help than to hurt the physical condition of a man or a boy who starts right—that is to say, who has ordinary strength and physique, and who maintains habits of temperance. My own campaigning had however, been unfortunate in two respects. I had for two years been exposed to the heat and the damp of the swamps of Louisiana, swamps in which nearly one-third of the Nineteenth Army Corps lay buried. I had barely recuperated from the series of swamp fevers brought from Louisiana before I was called upon to encounter nearly five months of prison life, an experience which, as far at least as the prisons of Virginia were concerned, was undoubtedly more severe during the last winter of the war than at any previous time. I was agreeably surprised to find that, notwithstanding the enfeebling influence of the Louisiana fevers, I had been able to stand the prison privations better than the larger number of my associates and probably as well as any. As previously stated, the deaths in Libby and in Danville prisons during the winter of 1864–5 were very heavy, but I do not dare trust my memory as to the exact number or percentage. The deaths in prison constituted, however, only a portion and probably the smaller portion of the physical results of prison life. It was the case that very few of the men who came down the river from Richmond in March, 1865, were strong enough for further army service or would have been strong enough even if they had had many months' rest with proper nutrition. Thousands of prisoners went back to their homes permanently enfeebled, and many found death within a few months or a year or two after the close of the war. I had, as reported, been able to do duty with my regiment within three weeks' time of my release, and while the summer months in Georgia had been rather enervating, I found myself on landing in New York in

fairly good condition. I remember my satisfaction in being able, in October, 1865, to register my name for my first legal vote. I felt that I had fairly earned my citizenship.

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